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TREE- AND PILLAR-WORSHIP.

BY REV. H. J. DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, M.A., F.R.HIST.S., F.R.S.L.

[Read January 28th, 1903.]

No apology, I feel sure, is needed for bringing before the members of this Society the subject with which the following pages are to deal; for, although it is not one which can perhaps be called "literary," I shall yet hope to treat it in a "literary" manner, such as may make it worthy of attention; and it is, moreover, one which bulks large, if not in modern, yet in all ancient literature, more especially in the mythology and folklore of the past, and in that of primitive peoples to-day. One aspect of the subject also, I may remind you, has been already brought before this Society in the learned and exhaustive paper, entitled "Dendrophoria," by Dr. Phené.

My range to-night extends over wider limits both of time and space, and, so far as is possible in one paper, I shall endeavour to do something more than merely touch the fringe of a vast subject. It is my purpose to co-ordinate its various branches, and from customs surviving in a mutilated and half-hearted fashion, more particularly within our own Islands, to deduce the origin and meaning of "Tree-worship" in the past. The subject is one which touches both anthropology and folklore, and in both these aspects it is worthy of consideration by the members of a learned Society such as this.

Tree-worship has indeed been very fully explored, from the point of view of both anthropology and folklore, by many modern writers, and I can do little more than make use of their investigations, and, from an archæological point of view, plead for the continuance and revival of customs which, stripped of their old pagan associations, are innocent and harmless enough in themselves, and of real practical advantage to the community. Bastian, in 'Der Baum,' and Mannhardt in his 'Baumkultus,' have gathered a vast store of facts from all parts of the world, which prove the universal prevalence of "Tree-worship" among primitive peoples in all ages, and of the facts collected by them Mr. Frazer makes large use in 'The Golden Bough,' as also does Prof. Tylor in his 'Primitive Culture.' The latter adduces the facts to support his theory of primitive "animism;" the former carries the investigation further, and, by means of his demonstration of the idea of the "Tree-spirit," enters the region of Polytheism.

Bötticher has written a long and elaborate treatise on 'Tree-worship among the Greeks,' and Dr. Arthur Evans, by his wonderful discoveries in Crete, has demonstrated the existence of the same worship among the Cretans of the Mycenæan and pre-Mycenæan ages. To these I shall refer more fully in the course of my argument. Our investigation to-night is more especially concerned with what may be learnt as to primitive Tree-worship from its relics among ourselves, and we shall only make use of the wider researches of the writers named, and of others who have dealt with the subject, to illustrate the fact that customs still to be found in England

and Scotland and Ireland to-day go to prove the truth that so universal a form of worship has its roots deep in the mystic past of our race. These customs, floating like wastrels on the sea of time, meaningless in themselves, and apparently confused and shapeless, are yet full of instruction as to the origin and significance of Tree-worship to the careful observer. As long as they are regarded separately and apart their meaning is hidden—each one, like the Cyclops in Virgil, if the illustration may be used, is just "monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, *cui lumen ademptum;*" as it is with the facts of natural science, so it is with the facts of anthropology and folklore: arrangement and co-ordination cause the light to spring forth.

Few, for example, would at first sight associate the customs connected with May Day and the Vernal Festival with "Tree- and Pillar-worship," at least in its most primitive form. They have been explained as survivals of the old *Floralia* of the Romans, without, at least until recently, any attempt being made to carry the investigation any further back into the dim past of our race; and yet, when they are examined with attention, they will be found to be eloquent of the old worship of trees, with which was intimately connected, though as a later development, the worship of pillars, whether of wood or stone—a worship which has come down to us from Neolithic ancestors as it did to the Babylonians, Canaanites (from whom it passed to the Israelites), Cretans, Greeks, and Romans of old.

The customs connected with May Day are too well known to be described in detail. A general account

will suffice, together with certain pregnant details drawn from separate localities. In their later development, as they were practised down to the days of our fathers, and are still in some quiet country villages not yet disturbed by the whistle of the locomotive or the hum of the motor-car, these customs consisted in the gathering of the villagers on the green in the early morning. There they proceeded to erect, in the centre of the green, the May-pole. This was a tall young sapling from the forest, stripped of boughs and leaves, but gaily decked instead with garlands of flowers, and hung with many-hued ribbons and strips of coloured paper. Round this the young people, carrying branches, the maidens also crowned with garlands, danced to the strains of lively music, and the rite was not complete until one maiden, chosen as the fairest of them all, was proclaimed Queen of the May.

This is merely a rough generalisation. We will now look at some details belonging to the celebration, taken from places in our own country in which they may be found still extant.

In a paper read before the British Archæological Association in 1899 by Mr. Chas. Dack the following interesting account is given of old May-day customs at Peterborough, together with examples of the May Songs, and these may be compared with the customs in other parts of Northants described in the 'East Anglian' for April, 1902:

May Day is still a great day with children; from early in the morning till the afternoon you see groups of children carrying garlands carefully covered with a white cloth. These garlands are made with hoops and half-hoops, gaily

decorated with flowers, foliage, ribbons and coloured paper, and in the centre, generally, the best doll to be had. The structure is fastened to a pole, and two girls carry it. The little girls are gaily dressed in their Spring clothes, with wreaths of tissue-paper roses and streamers on their heads, and also coloured tissue-paper trimmings and streamers on their dresses. Then there are their attendants, also similarly dressed; but the most important is the young lady who carries the money-box, who is keenly watched by several pairs of interested eyes. They come round to the various houses, and when the door opens they begin to sing their songs (several of which I have copied), and uncover the garland, and the money-box is rattled. Generally, the doorway is filled with all the family, and a penny is usually given, and off the party trudge to the next house and the performance is continued; sometimes, for a larger gratuity, more verses will be sung. In the afternoon their mothers take the money, and a high tea is provided; and, if fine, the children still sport their finery, and a very pleasant evening is spent.

On old May Day the custom is repeated; but it depends for its success upon the state of the weather on May 1st.

May-day Garland Songs.

I.

Good morrow, Lords and Ladies!
It is the first of May,
We hope you'll view our garlands,
They are so bright and gay.
Chorus—To the greenwoods we will go,
To the greenwoods we will go,
To the greenwoods we will go, go, go,
To the greenwoods we will go.

This bunch of May it looks so gay,
  Before your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well spread out
  By the work of our Lord's hands.
    Chorus—To the greenwoods, etc.

The cuckoo sings in April,
  The cuckoo sings in May,
The cuckoo sings in June;
  In July she flies away.
    Chorus—To the greenwoods, etc.

II.

Come, see our new garland,
  So green and so gay;
'Tis the firstfruits of spring
  And the glory of May.

Here are cowslips and daisies,
  And hyacinths blue,
Here are buttercups bright,
  And anemones too;

Here are pansies weary,
  And hawthorn so sweet,
And the violets fragrant
  Together do meet.

But yet there's no garland
  That we may entwine,
Like the garland of virtue
  Entwinèd divine.

III.

Awake, awake, good people all,
  Awake, and you shall hear;
Awake, awake, lift up your voice,
  And pray to God in fear.

Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Lamb.

A bunch of May have I brought you,
Before your door it stands;
It's only a sprout, but well spread about
By the work of our Lord's hands.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Lamb.

Take the Bible in your hands,
And read the Scriptures through,
And when the Day of Judgment comes,
The Lord will think of you.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Lamb.

I have a purse within my pocket,
It's lined with silk and string,
And all I want is silver now
To line it well within.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Lamb.

It is also sung with this chorus:

And a Maying we will go.
And a Maying we will go, go, go.

IV.

Remember us poor Mayers all,
And hear how we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
For fear we die in sin.

For if we die, and die in sin,
The Lord will to us say,
"Begone, begone, you wicked ones,
For I know not your way."

Here I've been wandering all the night,
And almost all the day;
And just returnèd back again,
And brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May I've brought you here,
  Before your door to stand;
It's but a sprout, but it's well spread about,
  For it's the work of our Lord's hand.

The fields and meadows are so green,
  As green as any leek;
And our heavenly Father waters them
  With His heavenly dew so sweet.

Here is a well where water flows
  To quench the heat of sin;
There is a tree where knowledge grows—
  Lord, lead our lives therein.

Awake, awake, my pretty maid,
  Out of your drowsy dream;
And step into your dairy room
  And fetch a bowl of cream.

If not a bowl of your good cream,
  A mug of your strong beer;
For the Lord doth know where we shall be
  To be merry another year.

Now take your Bible in your hand
  And read your chapter through;
And when the Day of Judgment comes,
  The Lord will remember you.

And now my song is almost done,
  No longer can I stay;
God bless you all, both great and small,
  I wish you a joyful May.
And I hope you'll find your money-box
  Before we go away.

A variant of these Northants verses is found at Abingdon, in Berks, where the young people

formerly went about in groups on May morning singing a carol, of which the following are two of the verses:

We've been rambling all the night,
And some time of this day;
And now returning back again,
We bring a garland gay.

A garland gay we bring you here,
And at your door we stand;
It is a sprout well budded out,
The work of our Lord's hand.

At Narborough, in Norfolk, down to twenty years ago, on May-day morning the boys and girls of the village used to gather. A donkey-cart was procured, in which was placed a large cartwheel, and into the hub of the wheel was placed erect a gaily decorated pole. Streamers of ribbons hung from the top, which the children held, and a boy rode in the cart to drive the donkey. As they went through the village they danced round the cart singing:

It was Nature's fine gay [? gala] day,
And a bright smiling May Day,
When the lads and the lasses tripped lightly away;
'Twas then that he wooed me,
'Twas then he subdued me,
And promised me more than I venture to say.
etc., etc.

Money was collected, which was afterwards spent in a feast for the children, and dances were held on the green in the evening.

At the villages of Saffron Walden and Debden, in Essex, on the 1st of May little girls go about in

parties from door to door singing songs almost identical with the above and carrying garlands; a doll dressed in white is usually placed in the middle of each garland. Similar customs have been and still are observed, as Mr. Frazer says, in various parts of England, and to his exhaustive list I would here refer. Northampton, Uttoxeter, Watford, Abingdon, the village of Bampton-in-the-Bush, Oxon., Sevenoaks, Cambridge, Salisbury, all figure in his catalogue of English examples, to say nothing of his list of places in all parts of Europe where this custom exists, in essence one and the same, but everywhere with local variants. The garlands are generally in the form of hoops intersecting each other at right angles. These hoops are covered with any wild flowers in season, and are further ornamented with ribbons. Sometimes the garlands are fastened to the end of a stick carried perpendicularly, sometimes they hang from the middle of a stick borne horizontally by two children.

In Northants also a young tree ten or twelve feet high used to be planted before each house on May Day so as to appear growing. An ancient custom, still retained by the Cornish, is that of decking their doors and porches on May 1st with green boughs of sycamore and hawthorn, and of planting trees, or, rather, stumps of trees, before their houses. The town of Helston, in Cornwall, had, and I believe still has, a custom peculiar to itself, which, however, took place on May 8th, instead of on the 1st, that is, on the octave of the May-day Festival. I saw it myself some twenty years ago. At a very early hour in the morning a party of

men and boys go into the country, and return about 7 o'clock, bearing green branches, and announcing in a very melancholy ditty that "winter is gone, and that they have been to the merry greenwood to fetch home summer in its place." Having perambulated the town and accepted money from all who will give, they retire from the scene, and the town, for the remainder of the morning, is enlivened by the continuous arrival of carriages from the country and neighbouring towns, bringing visitors to take part in the coming gaiety.

At 1 p.m. a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in summer garments, and lavishly adorned with flowers, gather opposite the Town Hall, and, preceded by a band of music, begin a peculiar kind of dance called "the furry," first tripping on in a double row, and then, at a change in the tune, wheeling round in couples. These evolutions are not confined to the street; for, here and there, where the doors have been thrown open, the dancers enter the houses, band and all, pass through the courts and gardens, and may presently be seen coming out by another door, if the house has more than one, than that by which they entered. In this way they traverse the whole town, presenting an appearance as gay as it is unusual, especially while winding through some of the very beautiful gardens for which this town is celebrated, and which at this season, the lilacs and laburnums being in full flower, are arranged in their showiest livery. Later in the day other parties go through the same performances, and it is not till quite late at night that the little town returns to its wonted quiet.

This custom is of immemorial antiquity, and it may be noted that the air played while the dancing is going on is still traditional in Wales and Brittany, countries inhabited by the same race as the Cornish, and carrying back the celebration, therefore, to at least a time when the forefathers of these three peoples were the dominant race in Gaul and Britain.

The custom of erecting a Maypole was at one time universal in England and on the Continent, though in some parts of the latter the pole was not erected till June 23rd, the Eve of St. John. This is the case in Sweden, in Bohemia, and also in the Basque country round Bayonne. In this last the erection of the pole is associated with two other customs, to which I will only allude here—the lighting of the great bonfires, the Beltan, at night, into and over which the cattle are driven, and round which the youths and maidens join hands and dance, from time to time themselves passing through the fire. In this scene of wild barbaric festivity, picturesque and interesting beyond measure, I have myself taken part. The other custom was that which survives in one form or another in many localities, that young maidens should arise at the earliest dawn on Midsummer morning, and, passing swiftly and silently from the house *in statu naturæ*, should bathe in the dew-covered, sun-flecked grass of the meadow, after which, provided no eye had seen them, they would be sure to secure the husband of their choice in the course of the ensuing year.

A few examples of the May-day Maypole will be sufficient to supplement the general description

previously given. Borlase, the historian of Cornwall, says:—"From towns they make incursions, on May Eve, into the country, cut down a tall elm, bring it to the town with rejoicings, and having fitted a straight taper pole to the end of it, and painted it, erect it in the most public part, and, upon holidays and festivals, dress it with garlands of flowers." In Northumberland, down apparently to near the end of the eighteenth century, young people of both sexes used to go out early on May morning to gather the flowering thorn and the dew off the grass, which they brought home with music and acclamations; then, having dressed a pole on the green with garlands, they danced about it. A syllabub made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cakes, and wine, was prepared for the feast; and a kind of divination to discover who should be wedded first was practised by dropping a marriage ring into the syllabub and fishing for it with a ladle. The mention of the gathering of the thorn and the marriage divination reminds one of the common European custom of placing a green bush on May Day before or on the house of a beloved maiden. In some parts of England this custom took the form of placing a sprig of thorn in the maiden's window, but it should be noted that great care needed to be exercised, for if it should be of *black* thorn instead of *white* (the *real* May) dire disaster was portended, and *white* thorn in bloom is very rare in England on May Day! Mr. Dack describes this custom at Peterborough, with a slight variation in the meaning, as follows:—"On May Day a curious custom was observed: the ardent lover would place a piece of

May in bloom in the window, or the hole of the window-shutter, of the house in which his lady lived; but if there had been a quarrel, a piece of blackthorn was used instead of the May-blossom, so that the neighbours would know the state of affairs." This was a universal European custom, as will be noted later on, although in most places it took the form of putting a green bush in or upon the maiden's dwelling. The usual custom was to bring in a new May tree each year, though in England, in later times, it seems to have been permanent. This was due to forgetfulness of its original meaning.

It will be remembered that in speaking of the May garlands mention was made of a doll in connection therewith. This doll was called the "Lady of the May," and leads us on to the next point—the choice of the fairest maiden to be "Queen of the May;" but before passing to this, the most poetic and romantic part of our subject, we must not forget the procession of leaf-clad mummers, with one specially distinguished at their head, which seems to represent the correlative idea, though in a degraded form, of the "*King* of the May." In England the best known example is the "Jack-in-the green," a chimney-sweep who walks encased in a pyramidal framework of wicker, covered with holly and ivy, and surmounted by a crown of flowers and ribbons. Thus arrayed he dances on May Day at the head of a troop of chimney-sweeps, who collect pence. Chimney-sweeps were probably chosen for the purpose because by May Day the need for fire was supposed to be over, and the sweep

would have no chance of earning money at his trade until the following winter.

As regards the May Queen, she is very familiar to us in England, and is common in France and other parts. In the south-east of Ireland on May Day the prettiest girl used to be chosen Queen of the District for twelve months. She was crowned with wild flowers; feasting, dancing, and rustic sports followed, and were closed by a grand procession in the evening. In some places both a king and queen, or lord and lady, were chosen. I remember when I was at Grenoble in 1873 seeing on the 1st of May a king and queen chosen, and set on a throne in view of the assembled crowd. In England there is a custom at Headington, near Oxford, for each garland to be carried by two girls, followed by a lord and lady,—a boy and girl linked together by a white handkerchief, of which each held an end, and dressed with ribbons, sashes, and flowers. At each door they sang a verse similar to those already quoted, and on receiving money the lord put his arm about the lady's waist and kissed her.

A custom that seems to point simply to the idea of the revival of vegetation in spring was once prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland, and has been thus described:—"Upon the night before Candlemas it is usual, in the Hebrides, to make a bed with corn and hay, over which some blankets are laid, in a part of the house near the door; when it is ready, a person goes out and repeats three times, 'Bridget, Bridget, come in; thy bed is ready.' Another account gives it as 'Brüd is come, Brüd

is welcome.' One or more candles are left burning near it all night."

The rites connected with Sacred Trees must not be forgotten in this connection. In our own country, as Mr. Tylor reminds us, names like *Holyoake* and *Holywood* record our own old memories of the holy trees and groves, memories long lingering in the tenacious peasant mind; while Jakob Grimm even ventures to connect historically the ancient sacred inviolate wood with the later royal forest, an ethnological argument which would begin with the savage adoring of the spirit of the forest and end with the modern landowner preserving his pheasants.

In Ireland, Sacred Trees are met with in many localities, and are of a variety of species. The mountain-ash is popularly supposed in that country to have a peculiar virtue against the attacks of fairies, witches, or malign influences generally. When the dairymaid churns for a long time without making butter, she will stir the cream with a sprig of vowem, and strike the cow with another, thus breaking the spell. The ancient Irish believed that the first man sprang from an alder, the first woman from a mountain-ash. Both trees are still believed to be endowed with mystic properties. On May Eve, withes made of the branches of the mountain-ash are tied round the horns of cows; temporary hoops, formed in the same way, are placed round churns, to counteract the spells of the fairies, always busily engaged before sunrise on May morning, trying to steal the butter of the farmers.

There seems to be some connection in the sacred ash of Ireland with the sacred World-ash of the

Scandinavian mythology. This World-ash of the Eddas, generally called Yggdrasil's Ash, is one of the most interesting survivals of Tree-worship. It is described by the Sibyl in 'Völuspa': "I know an ash called Yggdrasil, a high tree sprinkled with white moisture (thence come the dews that fall in the dales); it stands ever green by Urd's spring. Thence come three maids, all knowing, from the hall that stands under the tree"; and as a sign of the approaching doom she says, "Yggdrasil's ash trembles as it stands; the old tree groans."

Grimnismal says that the gods go every day to hold judgment by the ash, and further speaks of the serpent Nidhögg who gnaws at its root. The connection between tree- and serpent-worship, so well described in Fergusson's monumental work on the subject, lies beyond our province on this occasion, but it is to be noted that, unlike other mythologies, the snake is here the destroyer, not the protector of the tree. The ash is the oracle, the judgment-place of the gods, the dwelling of the Fates, the source of the spring of knowledge. The sacred character of the Ash may also be deduced from the number of place-names connected with it to be found in England. For example, we have "Æscendun," now Ashdown, where Alfred won his great victory over the Danes. On the borders of Kent and Surrey we have "Ashdown Forest;" in Kent there is the town of Ashford, and in Surrey Ashtead; while in Suffolk we have two places called simply "Ash" or "Ashe," "Ashby," "Essham" or "Asham," and "Ashfield;" and in Leicestershire, "Ashby-de-la-Zouch."

In Scandinavian poetry there are frequent allusions

to the old worship of trees, combined with references to the dragon Fafnir, who guarded the tree that was decked with the golden treasure. These occur as "Kennings" or metaphors, but they point to a time when the belief was alive. As Mr. Collingwood remarks in the introduction to his beautiful translation of the "Kormaks-Saga," recently published by the Viking Club: "The Skalds liked a round-about way of expressing themselves; many poets do. Men are called gods of the sword or spear, or 'staves' of the spear, because they carry it; and so the 'trees' of anything they 'bear,'" and ladies are trees decked with ornaments. "The primitive custom of hanging offerings on sacred trees, fetish trees, may have suggested the idea" (no doubt this is the origin of it); "and so, when we read of the Fir-tree wreathed in silk or gold, or carrying shields, we see a picture by no means absurd, though alien to our current coinage of poetical diction, and a symbol, ready to the mind of those days, for a lord and a lady."

For example, when Cormac sings of Steingerd, "She's a ring-bedight oak of the ale-cup," or addresses her as "sweet stem with the dragon's hoard shining," we know at once what he means; while of himself he sings: "I'm a tree that is tricked out in war-gear," and Bersi replies, when asked by Steingerd how it had fared at the Holmgang when Cormac and he had fought, "They call him, and truly they tell it, a tree of the helmet right noble." Indeed, the image is so common, and so evidently belongs to the habit of thought of the people, that it could only have arisen as the result of a universal and deep-seated belief.

The Sacred Tree also, as will be remembered, plays a large part in the story of Jeanne d'Arc, only the spirits or divinities have become, in the fifteenth century, fairies. One of the articles of her accusation was this: "A woman doth say that at the age of thirteen or thereabouts she did with her bodily eyes see St. Michael and St. Gabriel, in bodily form. Since then she hath seen a multitude of angels, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret have shown themselves to her in bodily form, etc. These latter have also formerly spoken to her near a spring which flows at the foot of a great tree, called in her neighbourhood 'The Fairies' Tree.' This spring and this tree nevertheless have been, it is said, frequented by fairies; persons ill of fever have repaired there in great numbers to recover their health."

When questioned as to this tree Jeanne replied, "Not far from Domremy there is a tree that they call 'The Ladies' Tree,' others call it 'The Fairies' Tree'; near by there is a spring where people sick of the fever come to drink, as I have heard, and to seek water, to restore their health. I have heard that the sick, once cured, come to this tree to walk about. It is a beautiful tree, a beech. Often I have heard the old folk—they are not of my lineage—say that the fairies haunt this tree. As for me, I never saw them that I know of. I have seen the young girls putting garlands on the branches of this tree, and I myself have sometimes put them there. Since I was grown up, I do not remember to have danced there. I have sung there more than danced."

Article V of the "Seventy Articles" prepared for

her accusation, is as follows:—"Near the village of Domremy there is a great tree, big and ancient; it is called 'The Charmed Tree of the Fairy of Bourlemont'; near by it is a spring; round this tree and this spring live, it is said, evil spirits called fairies, with whom those who own witchcraft are accustomed to come and dance at night." "What have you to say in answer to this article?" To which Jeanne replies: "For the tree and the spring I refer to my previous answers. The rest, I deny."

Some of the witnesses provide interesting details. For example, one says: "On the subject of the Fairies' Tree I have heard that the fairies came there long ago to dance; but since the Gospel of St. John has been read under the tree, they come no more. At the present day, on the Sunday when in the Holy Church of God the Introit to the Mass, 'Lætare, Jerusalem,' is sung, called with us 'the Sunday of the Wells,' the young maidens and youths of Domremy are accustomed to go there, and also in the spring and summer and on festival days; they dance there and have a feast. On their return they go dancing and playing to the Well of the Thorn, where they drink and amuse themselves gathering flowers." Another says: "It was the custom to go every year, on the Sunday of Lætare, which we call 'the Sunday of the Wells,' to play and walk round this tree. Jeannette went with us, we each brought provisions, and, the meal ended, went to refresh ourselves at the well." Another tells us how "there is a tree called by us the Ladies' Tree, because, in ancient days, the Sieur Pierre Granier, Seigneur de Bourlemont, and a lady called Fée met

under this tree and conversed together. I have heard it read in a romance." ('Jeanne d'Arc,' edited by T. Douglas Murray, pp. 366, 20, 214, 217, 221, 219.) From all this it is evident that the ancient beech tree was either itself, or that it occupied the place of, the sacred Fetish, or Juju-tree of the primitive dwellers of Domremy.

The whitethorn, associated in Christian tradition with the Crown of Thorns, was a sacred tree long before. Hence it is not surprising that the Irish consider it unlucky to cut down the holy tree. "Don't tamper with the 'lone bush,'" is a rustic warning everywhere in remote parts of Ireland. It is unlucky as well as dangerous to meddle with any tree accounted sacred. There is a sacred tree in the parish of Clenor, co. Cork, known as the *Cramm a hulla*. It is a stunted ash, growing in a lofty, bleak situation, and is probably not more than 300 years old. Most likely it is an offshoot from the parent tree. Although quite unprotected, and fuel scarce in the neighbourhood, yet so much as a branch was never lopped off. Another sacred ash, called the "Big Bill Tree," is growing to this day in co. Tipperary, at least its *remains*. It looks like two trees, but is all that has survived of a trunk formerly 30 ft. round. Tradition records that if the smallest portion of this tree was ever burned in any house, that house also would in time be burnt.

In Norfolk the following tree and plant superstitions are still to be found with many others:

ASH.

It is said that if the "ash keys" fail any year, it portends changes in the Government, or a death in the Royal

Family. Up to 1848, when there were very few, a good crop had not failed for sixty years or more.

Yew.

If a bough of yew is brought into a house before Christmas, some one present will die before the next Christmas.

Holly.

It is unlucky to bring holly (locally called "Christmas" or "hulver") into the house before Christmas Eve; and if in taking down the decorations at Candlemas a piece be accidentally left, it is a sign of the death of some one belonging to the family.

White and Black Thorn.

The bloom of either the whitethorn or blackthorn (the former known as "May") should not be brought into the home, or sickness may follow.

Elder.

To bring in elder is also very unlucky, and the same applies to burning green elder.

Broom and Palm.

This belief in ill-luck applies also to palm and broom, and we have the couplet—

> A sprig of broom in May
> Will sweep the head of the house away.

Apple-blossom.

Apple blossom after Michaelmas portends the death of a member of the family during the coming year. The same belief applies to the appearance of any fruit in flower out of season.

Everybody is familiar with the "Gospel Oaks," which are to be found in many parts of our own country, and are traditionally said either to be, or to occupy the spot where stood, the original oak tree under which the first preachers of Christianity stood and proclaimed the Gospel.

The tradition may very likely have a basis of truth, but the sacred character of these trees or their congeners ascends into the dim and distant past. We have all learnt from Cæsar of the sacred character attached to the oak in the mystic rites of the Druidical faith, and Pliny describes the solemn cutting of the mistletoe (which was a sacred plant only when it was found growing on the oak tree) by the white-robed priest with a golden sickle, under the light of the full moon. True, the researches of later critical historians and students have proved a good many things formerly attributed to the "Druids" to be without foundation, and doubt has even been thrown on the existence of any such special class as the "Druids" at all among our British ancestors;* but at any rate there is no doubt whatever that the worship of sacred trees, particularly the oak, and perhaps the mistletoe on the oak, and the veneration paid to sacred groves, formed a very large part of the religion of our Celtic and pre-Celtic ancestors.

* The most up-to-date information as to the "Druids" is contained in 'Social England,' vol. i, pp. 111—115, and 59. They were only found among the *Gaelic* Celts, and continued among them the traditions of the old pre-Celtic Iberian religion. They were not a *caste*, but an *order*, in which there were three classes—the Druids proper, Bards, and *Ovates*, *i. e. Vates*. They were finally destroyed A.D. 61 in the battle of Mona, as described below.

Cæsar (vi, 13) represents Druidism as being on the wane in Gaul, and as having originated in Britain, whither those who wished to study it thoroughly had to resort. "But," says Prof. Rhys,* "as there is no convincing evidence to identify it with any Brythonic tribe in this country, while there is evidence of its prevalence among the Goidels of Mona in the time of Agricola, and of its surviving in Ireland in the time of St. Patrick, and in the Pictland of the North in that of Columba, we infer that *it was a system evolved by the Continental Goidels, or* RATHER ACCEPTED BY THEM FROM THE ABORIGINES" (*i. e.* the *Iberian Picts*, etc.). In later Welsh the word "Druidecht" came to mean the arts of magic.

The Druidism of later times was a new creation. There is no proof of any formal connection between the Druidic priesthood and the Bardic system as it appears in Wales in the twelfth century. "Druidism was suppressed by the Romans, and there is nothing to show that the sacerdotal class, practically destroyed by Paulinus, ever regained its authority or maintained its organisation."

No one will forget the fine words in which Tacitus describes the destruction of the British army, and of the Druids, by Paulinus in the great battle at the Menai Straits, and of the subsequent doings of the Roman soldiers: "Stabat pro littore diversa acies, densa armis virisque, intercursantibus feminis; in modo Furiarum, veste ferali, crinibus dejectis, faces præferebant. Druidæque circum, preces diras sublatis ad cœlum manibus fundentes, novitate aspectus perculere milites, ut quasi hærentibus membris, immo-

* Rhys, 'The Welsh People,' pp. 83, 112, 255.

bile corpus vulneribus præberent. Dein cohortationibus ducis, et se ipsi stimulantes, ne muliebre et fanaticum agmen pavescerent, inferunt signa, sternuntque obvios, et igni suo involvunt. Præsidium posthac impositum victis, excisique luci, sævis superstitionibus sacri. Nam cruore captivo adolere aras et hominum fibris consulere deos fas habebant." It reads like an account of our own doings lately in the Ibo country in West Africa, and of the destruction of the great Juju in the depths of the African forest. We need not, however, make too much of these and other descriptions of the religion of our ancestors, when we remember that Christianity itself was set down by these same writers as a "sæva superstitio," and the Christians were accused of cannibalism and other horrid practices in connection with the celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

In his 'Germania' Tacitus gives us some further information as to the sacred groves, saying, "Lucos ac nemora consecrant, deorumque nominibus adpellant secretum illud quod solâ reverentiâ vident."

With Christianity comes, alike in Germany, Britain, Brittany, and elsewhere, a furious crusade against the Holy Trees and Groves. Constant denunciations were hurled at the practice—first from one Council of the Church, and then another, as at Arles in 452, at Tours in 567, and Toledo in 692.* In England in the reign of Canute we find the worship of stones and all kinds of trees and wood expressly prohibited, as also in a Canon of Edgar

* At Arles it was declared that "if in any diocese an infidel kindled torches, or worshipped trees, fountains, or stones, or refrained from destroying them," he was to be held guilty of sacrilege ("sacrilegii reum se esse cognoscat").

in 967. In Brittany the cult obtained to a very considerable extent, for in 658 a Council held at Nantes, after declaiming against the pagan rites then existing, specially refers to "oaks and stones still in the depths of the woods before which the people burn fires and place offerings;" and then the decree proceeds to strictly enjoin the Bishops of Brittany to have the trees thus worshipped torn up and burnt, and the stones before which idolatrous practices occurred cast down and hidden from those who sought to do them reverence. In spite of everything, however, the old ideas lingered on in the minds of the people, and even at the present time the greatest reverence is paid to the *menhirs* by the peasantry, and Breton women desiring offspring lay at their foot fruit and flowers, besides performing still more curious acts of propitiation. (Worsfold, 'The French Stonehenge,' pp. 13—15.) St. Boniface, with an ardour as keen as that of the soldiers of Suetonius at Mona, hews down, in the presence of the priests, the huge oak of the Hessian Heaven-god, and builds of the timber a chapel to St. Peter. In spite of all such efforts, the old religion of Sacred Tree and Grove, and the rites connected therewith, continued to survive in Europe, and the customs we have been considering to-night are the proof thereof. For the most part, however, the Church showed her wisdom in dealing with this aspect of ancient paganism, by adapting it to her own purposes. Just as she took over the old gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, and made of the days and seasons sacred to them the festivals of Christian saints and martyrs, and of Christ Himself, so she

adapted Tree-worship to her own purposes; she turned the Cross itself into a Sacred Tree (Gal. iii, 13), as in the words of the glorious hymns, *Vexilla Regis*, and *Pange Lingua:*

> "O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
> Ordained those Holy limbs to bear."

> "Faithful Cross, above all other,
> One and only noble Tree;
> None in foliage, none in blossom,
> None in fruit thy peer may be.

> "Bend, O lofty Tree, thy branches,
> Thy too rigid sinews bend,
> And awhile thy stubborn hardness,
> Which thy birth bestowed, suspend,
> As the limbs of Heaven's high Monarch,
> Gently on thine arms extend."

She connected the whitethorn, as we have seen, with the Crown of Thorns, and at Glastonbury with St. Joseph of Arimathea; and of the month of May, sacred above all, as we have seen, to the rites of Tree-worship, she made the month of Mary. For this we may be most thankful, for to it is largely due the survival of those ancient rites, and the possibility of our discovering their meaning, and it would be well if modern missionaries were to act more generally in the spirit of the same high common-sense, both for the good of the native races themselves, and for the benefit of folklorists of future ages.

This is the question it remains for us to discuss. Employing that method of co-ordination of which I have spoken, what is the idea, or what are the ideas,

that lie at the root of Tree-worship, and of Sacred Trees and Groves?

Mr. Frazer, pursuing through all the intricate windings of his three massive volumes the thread that shall lead to the solution of the mystery of "the Golden Bough," deals only with the question as it affects the Aryan races, though in the course of his investigation he arrives at two ideas, one of which is practically identical with, and the other a development of, Professor Tylor's principal hypothesis. Mr. Frazer's thesis is confined to discovering the meaning of that "Golden Bough" which was the passport of Eneas to Avernus, as described in Æn. vi:

> "Ipse volens facilisque sequitur
> Si te fata vocant.
> Primo avulso non deficit alter Aureus,"

and of the rites connected with the priesthood of Nemi, the lake beside whose waters stood the Arician grove, so exquisitely portrayed in Turner's well-known picture, and described by Macaulay:

> "The still glassy lake that sleeps
> Beneath Aricia's trees,
> Those trees in whose dim shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain."

With this main thesis we have nothing to do. He may, as far as we are concerned, be right, or he may be as mistaken as Mr. Lang has endeavoured to prove him in his 'Magic and Religion,' but no one can dispute the infinite labour and industry which Mr. Frazer has displayed in the pursuit of illustra-

tions from all possible sources, and his book is a perfect mine of folklore and folk-religion; but when he comes to discuss Tree-worship as a modern survival in Europe from antiquity, he goes no further back than the antiquity of the Aryan races. His words are: "In the religious history of the Aryan race in Europe"—(this includes all of the Aryan stock—Celts, Teutons, Greeks, and Romans)—"the worship of trees has played an important part. Nothing could be more natural. For at the dawn of history Europe was covered with immense primeval forests, in which the scattered clearings must have appeared like islets in an ocean of green. Down to the first century before our era the Hungarian forests stretched eastward from the Rhine for a distance at once vast and unknown. Four centuries later it was visited by the Emperor Julian, and the solitude, the gloom, the silence of the forest appear to have made a deep impression on his sensitive nature. In our own country the wealds of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex are remnants of the great forest of Anderida, which once clothed the whole of the south-eastern portion of the Island. . . . In the forest of Arden it was said that down to modern times a squirrel might leap from tree to tree for nearly the whole length of Warwickshire." The same, he goes on to show, holds good of Italy and Greece, and proofs of the prevalence of Tree-worship in ancient Greece and Italy are abundant.

All this is perfectly true, and yet we make bold to say that Mr. Frazer does not go far enough back; and the very examples that he proceeds to cite from the customs of modern savages, and from the sur-

vivals among ourselves and in the rest of Europe, prove this.

Tree-worship was, indeed, old before an Aryan set foot in Europe; and though, as we shall see, they had themselves passed beyond the most primitive stage before their arrival here, they probably found the aborigines still in that stage, and hence the fact that the survivals of Tree- and Pillar-worship among ourselves show traces of both the most primitive and the later ideas.

The most primitive stage is that to which Professor Tylor has given, as I have shown elsewhere, the appropriate name of *Animism;* and to this stage many of the details in the customs already described evidently belong, while others are as unmistakably derived from the succeeding stages when animism was becoming merged in, or developed into, polytheism. To the savage, whether in Australia, or the islands of the Pacific, or many parts of Africa to-day, or among the primitive races of mankind, the world in general is animate; stocks and stones, plants and trees, animals and men, are all alike animated, and share an interchangeable life. Man conceives of them all as having souls like his own, and treats them accordingly. This is very noticeable in the case of sacred trees when the individual tree is regarded as a conscious personal being, and as such receives adoration and sacrifice. But the fact that Tree-worship originated in this stage of thought accounts for its being usually, if not always, found united with other cults, especially with the worship of stones and pillars, which equally embodied a life-principle of their own. This earliest

stage of animistic thought must have characterised the first inhabitants of Europe after the passing away of the great Ice Age, and survived among the pre-Aryan Neolithic races down to the beginning of history. As Mr. Clodd remarks: "The warm climate of Europe at the close of the great Ice Age favoured the growth of vegetation. This, in large degree, explains why, amidst the varied objects of their worship, which included stones as well as living things, that of trees played so leading a part among the (aboriginal inhabitants and their) Aryan (successors). All through Nature there are the ever-recurring events of birth and death, of fruitfulness and decay; hence all the festivals rich in flowers and fruits, and the honour specially paid to trees as the embodiment of the great principle of reproduction. Trees and plants grow, bleed when cut (this feature appears also in a Persian story referred to below), sounds issuing from them sometimes when wounded, wither, become old and die. The life, apparently locked up in the tree during the long winter, bursts out in spring, in summer, in autumn, in bud and leaf, and flower and fruit. The leaves and branches murmur in the zephyrs, moan in the breeze, and shriek in the gale. Was not all this a proof of the indwelling soul, that slept and woke, that died and came to life again?" In this aspect the Vernal Festival of the May-time, the garlands and the dances and the rejoicings, is the celebration of the awaking of the tree-soul to life again, the annual revival of Nature, the festival of reproduction and new birth. The Mycenæan religion, and the Tree- and Pillar-cult of the ancient Cretans, described by Dr. A. J. Evans,

probably continued at this stage from its origin up to 1500 or 1000 B.C., though at the period covered by his discoveries its development into the succeeding stage had already been effected, and the Neolithic peoples, who never got beyond it, have left its impress deeply on the peasantry among the cultured races of to-day, notwithstanding the migrations, and wars, and changes of 3000 years.

The connection between trees and stones as sacred objects is seen as a living belief among the natives of Central Australia to-day; *e. g.* in the rites performed at the *Intichiuma*, or sacred ceremony performed by the members of the Honey-ant Totem, with the object of increasing the numbers of the totemic honey-ants. At early morning on the appointed day the men assemble at the men's camp, where they decorate their foreheads, arms, and noses with twigs of the *Udnerringa* bush, and smear their bodies all over with dry red ochre. They then march in single file, and, after various performances, group themselves round a pit-like depression in the rocks, which is surrounded with a horseshoe-shaped wall of stone, open at the western end. "On the east side is an ancient mulga tree, which is the abode of the spirit of an Alcheringa man" (the *Alcheringa* were the mythical ancestors of the present Australians), "whose duty it was to guard the sacred ground. In the centre of the pit is a stone which projects two about eleven inches above the ground, and is the *Nanja* of an Alcheringa man who originated here and performed *Intichiuma*." The *Nanja* is some natural object, such as a tree or stone, which arose to mark the spot where an ancestor of the mythical

past (*Alcheringa*) went into the ground (sometimes he went up to the sky), leaving behind his spirit-part associated with his *Churinga*, *i. e.* the sacred stone or stick of the Arunta tribe, corresponding to the bull-roarers of the other tribes. The tree or stone is the *Nanja* of that spirit, and also of the human being in the form of whom it undergoes reincarnation. The churinga is the *Churinga nanja* of the human being. The ideas of the Australian natives as to marriage and birth are peculiar, and most interesting in their witness to a belief in a world of spirits on the part of people who are still in the lowest stage of Neolithic culture, and they point to a time when our own Neolithic ancestors held the same beliefs. They may be thus described:

The Australian believes that in the "Alcheringa" times, the furthest to which his imagination or tradition leads him, "lived ancestors, who, in the native mind, are so intimately associated with the animals or plants the name of which they bear, that an Alcheringa man of, say, the kangaroo totem may sometimes be spoken of as a man-kangaroo, or as a kangaroo-man. The identity of the human individual is often sunk in that of the animal or plant from which he is supposed to have originated. Going back to this far-away time, we find ourselves in the midst of semi-human creatures endowed with powers not possessed by their living descendants, inhabiting the same country, and divided into totem groups, according to the animal or plant with which they had affinity; and these totemistic groups are reproduced in the tribal arrangements to-day.

"Each of these Alcheringa ancestors is represented as carrying about with him, or her, one or more of the sacred stones, or 'churinga,' and each of these 'churinga' is intimately associated with the idea of the spirit-part of

some individual. Where they originated, or stayed, or camped for a time, there were formed what the natives call *Oknanikilla,* each one of which is a local totem centre; the result being that the whole country is dotted over with *Oknanikilla,* each, of course, connected with one totem. At each of these spots a certain number of the Alcheringa ancestors went into the ground, each one carrying his 'churinga' with him. His body died, but some rock or tree arose to mark the spot, while his spirit-part remained in the 'churinga'; and from these have sprung, and continue to spring, actual men and women who of necessity bear the totem name of the 'churinga' from which they came. The tradition of the natives is that when the spirit-child goes inside a woman, the 'churinga' is dropped. When the child is born, the mother tells the father the position of the tree or rock near to which she supposes the child to have entered her, and he, with one or two of the older men, searches for the dropped 'churinga.' Sometimes it is found, sometimes not; but in either case the natives firmly believe that it is always dropped by the spirit-child." Those found are always of stone: but if lost, wooden ones are made instead. "We have evidently," continue our authors, "a modification of the idea which finds expression in the folklore of so many peoples; and according to which primitive man, regarding his soul as a concrete object, imagines that he can place it in some secure spot apart, if needs be, from his body; and thus, if the latter be in any way destroyed, the spirit-part of him still persists unharmed. The idea according to which the spirit can undergo reincarnation is peculiar to the Central tribes, so far as the Australians are concerned, though there are not wanting indications of it among other tribes. According to the ideas of the Arunta tribe (one of the largest tribes of Central Australia), the 'churinga' is the dwelling-place of the spirit of the Alcheringa ancestors. He does not regard it as the abode of his own spirit-part. If anything happens

to it—if it be stolen—he mourns over it deeply, but does not imagine that damage to the 'churinga' means of necessity destruction to himself. When the spirit-part has gone into a woman, and a child has, as a result, been born, then that living child is the reincarnation of that particular spirit individual." *

Each totem tribe has its *Ertnatulunga*, or place of safety, in which the "churinga" are deposited and kept. No woman is ever allowed to see them; for no woman, in the natural condition of the tribe, dare go near the gap in which is the sacred rock-painting, and near to which lies the *Ertnatulunga*. The youth approaching manhood only sees them after a long and painful process of initiation—

* Allied to this is the idea firmly held by the natives that the child is not the direct result of intercourse, that it may come without this, which merely, as it were, prepares the mother for the reception and birth also of an already formed spirit-child, who inhabits one of the local totem centres. So fixed is this idea, that it is held that the mere fact of a young woman passing one of these centres may lead to conception. For example, in the locality of the plum-tree totem, near Alice Springs, is a special rounded stone which projects from the ground about three feet. This stone is called *Erathipa*. The story is that in the Alcheringa time a plum-tree woman lost her *Nurtunja* (or sacred pole, emblematic of the totem animal or plant). Thinking it had been stolen, she put her baby boy, whom she had with her, into the hollow where the *Nurtunja* was broken off, and leaving with him a large number of "churinga," she went in pursuit of the thief. The boy went into the ground, taking with him the store of "churinga," and the *Erathipa* stone rose to mark the spot. The woman went straight up to the sky, and died of grief, because she could not find her *Nurtunja*.

To return to the *Erathipa* stone: there is on one side of it a round hole, through which the spirit-children are supposed to be on the look-out for women who may chance to pass near, and it is firmly believed that visiting the stone will result in conception.

If a young woman has to pass near to the stone, and does not wish to have a child, she will carefully disguise her youth, distorting her face, and walking with the aid of a stick. She will bend herself double like a very old woman, the tones of whose voice she will imitate, saying, "Don't come to me; I am an old woman."

which constitutes him a fully recognised adult member of the tribe.

Again, in describing the magic of the natives, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen say, "Just as the stones marking the spot where the thin animals and men died" (as previously described) "are associated with magic, so we find the same to hold good in the case of other stones and trees which are associated with special individuals of the Alcheringa. Near to Charlotte Waters, for example, is a tree which sprung up to mark the spot where a blind man died. This tree is called the *Apera Okilchya*, *i. e.* the blind tree, and the spot where it stands, the *Mira Okilchya*, or blind camp. Should this be cut down, it is supposed that the men of the locality in which it grows will become blind; or if anyone wishes to produce blindness in an enemy, all that he has to do is to go alone to the tree, and while rubbing it mutter his desire and an exhortation to the *Arungquiltha* (the magic evil influence) to go forth and afflict his enemy. (Spencer and Gillen, 'The Native Tribes of Central Australia,' pp. 187, 265, 336, 337, 552.)

It is curious that the *word Ju-ju* is not West African at all, but a modification of the French word *Jou-jou*, a toy or doll (cf. the May-doll, in the English May-day customs). Miss Mary Kingsley preferred to use the word *Fetish* to describe the West African religion, but she says of it, "Professor Tylor, most unfortunately for us, confines the word to one department of his theory of animism only, viz. to the doctrine of spirits embodied in, or attached to, or conveying influence through, certain material

objects; but," she continues, "it cannot be used only in this restricted sense; you want the whole of his grand theory of animism wherewith to describe the religion of the West Africans. For, although there is in that religion a heavy percentage of embodied spirits, there is also a heavier percentage of unembodied spirits—spirits that have no embodiment in matter, or only occasionally embody themselves in matter." Again: "To the African there is, perhaps, no gap between the conception of spirit and matter, animate or inanimate. It is all an affair of grade, not of difference of essence; the African will point out a lightning-stricken tree, and tell you that its spirit has been killed. In every action of his daily life he shows you how he lives with a great, powerful spirit-world around him." He is in the Neolithic stage of culture as regards his religious ideas, though the tools and implements of his daily life proclaim him to be in the Iron Age.

Again, she says that "the higher form of the Fetish idea is Brahmanism," and quotes the following beautiful lines to illustrate her meaning:

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the lily and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
In countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It springs to life in grass and flowers,
Through every range of being runs,
And from Creation's mighty towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

(Miss M. Kingsley, 'West African Studies,' pp. 96, 102, *seq.*)

The study of Dr. Evans' 'Mycenæan Tree- and Pillar-cult,' in which he describes and illustrates

his remarkable discoveries in Crete, shows that at the period to which his finds belong the worship of Sacred Trees and Pillars was the predominant factor in Mycenæan religion, as a mere glance at the extent of the objects depicted which present this feature is sufficient to prove, consisting, as they do, of cylinders (like the Chaldæan), lentoid gems, crystal and gold signet rings, and other articles innumerable; and it had reached that stage in which the sacred tree and its cognate pillar represented the *numen* of the indwelling divinity. As Dr. Evans says: "This dual cult is, indeed, so wide-spread that it may be said to mark a definite early stage of religious evolution" (as we have seen, it is not the *earliest*). "In treating here," he continues, "of this primitive religious type, the cult of trees and pillars, or rude stones, has been regarded as an identical form of worship." (We have seen how this appears in the customs belonging to May Day, and in much so-called folklore—cf. Tylor, 'Primitive Culture,' ii, pp. 160 *seq.*, and 215 *seq.*) "The group," he goes on, "is, indeed, inseparable, and a special feature of the Mycenæan cult scenes is the constant combination of the sacred tree with pillar or dolmen. The same religious idea—the possession of the material object by the *numen* of the divinity—is common to both. The two forms, moreover, shade off into one another; the living tree can be converted into a column" (as in the case of the May-pole) "or a tree-pillar, retaining the sanctity of the original. No doubt, as compared with the pillar form, the living tree was in some way a more realistic impersonation of the godhead, as a depository of the divine life

manifested by its fruits and foliage. In the whispering of its leaves and the melancholy soughing of the breeze was heard, as at Dodona, the actual voice of the divinity. The spiritual possession of the stone or pillar was more temporary in its nature, and the result of a special act of ritual invocation." (For the corresponding ideas of the early Hebrews, cf. Gen. iii, 8, and xxviii, 18.)

"In India," he proceeds, "this worship is best illustrated to-day; and in the Druidical worship of the West the Tree divinity and the Menhir or stone pillar are associated in a similar manner, and lingering traditions of their relationship are still traceable in modern folklore. To illustrate this we have to go no further afield than the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire. Beside the prehistoric fence of Rollright the elder tree still stands hard by the King Stone, about which it is told that when the flowery branch was cut on Midsummer Eve, the tree bled, the stone 'moved its head.'" (Evans, loc. cit., pp. 8, 9.)

I have quoted Dr. Evans at some length because the positions which he upholds are those which form the thesis of this paper, and because his discoveries in the Minoan palace at Knossos and elsewhere in Crete have proved to be among the most valuable and interesting of the results of recent archæological spade-work, and have succeeded in bringing to light a flood of evidence as to the life and thought of the people of the Mycenæan Age, which, previously to his investigations and those of Dr. Schliemann at Troy and Tiryns and Mycenæ itself, had been wrapped in the impenetrable mists of prehistoric antiquity.

There is thus no doubt that Dr. Evans' discoveries at Knossos prove that in the second millennium before Christ, as the Cretans were then passing into the Bronze Age, so, under the influence of Egypt, and of Phœnicia, derived from Babylonian sources, they were passing, or had passed, into the second stage in Tree-worship described below. The representations of altars with sacred trees, and aniconic pillars, prove that, as with the Babylonians, Phœnicians, and Hebrews, the tree and pillar have become the abode of deity, and are no longer regarded as themselves inherently divine.

The same idea is seen as universally prevalent on Assyrian and Chaldæan cylinders and bas-reliefs, in Egyptian representations of the *Ba*, or soul, receiving the lustral water from a tree-goddess, in a Mexican manuscript, in the Bodhi-tree of the Buddhists, in Greek representations of Dionysus and Apollo and Artemis, with the sacred tree and the laurel branch and the olive spray. On an imperial coin of Myra, in Lycia, the bust of the goddess is represented in the foliage of the tree, and in the Christian cathedral of St. Mark's, at Venice, the same idea may be seen surviving as ornament when its significance has been lost, for there we find, "embedded in the walls, high above one's head, a number of ancient sculptured slabs, on each of which a conventionalised plant, with foliage most truthfully and lovingly rendered, is set between two fabulous monsters, as fantastic and impossible as any to be met with in the whole range of heraldry."*

* For this and some of the preceding references I am indebted to 'The Sacred Tree,' by Mrs. J. H. Philpot, where also illustrations may be seen.

Representations of the sacred tree, or trees, are also found in Norman sculpture on the tympana of doorways, as at Ashford, in Derbyshire; or on fonts, as at Burnham Deepdale, in Norfolk; though these, as well as, perhaps, those at St. Mark's, may be more directly derived from the story of Paradise in Genesis, with its sacred trees, the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and the speaking Dragon-serpent. Mention of this, however, at once reminds us that we have in that story the later Hebrew version, purified and adapted to moral ends, of ideas of world-wide prevalence, which were as common in China as they were in Egypt and Chaldæa, which are found in Greece in the shape of the tree which bore the golden apples of the Hesperides, guarded by the Dragon, slain by Heracles, and which are seen in their latest living significance in the Yggdrasil tree of Eddas, already referred to. Whether the stone set up "for a pillar" by Jacob at Bethel and the stones set "for a witness" at Gilgal belonged to the same stage of development may be uncertain, but at least we may see in them a testimony, conscious or unconscious, to the old connection between Tree- and Pillar-worship, and the association of tree and pillar, apart or, as usually, together, with the presence of the divinity. The patriarchs, from Abraham downwards, erected their altars beside the giant oaks or terebinths, just as "amongst the Canaanites every altar to the gods had its sacred tree beside it; and when the Israelites established local sanctuaries under their influence, they set up their altar under a green tree, and planted beside it as its indispensable accompaniment

an *ashéra*, which was either a living tree or a tree-like post. This *ashéra* was undoubtedly worshipped as a sacred symbol of the deity, for 'in early times Tree-worship had such a vogue in Canaan that the sacred tree or the pole, its surrogate, had come to be viewed as a *general* symbol of deity.' " * As Dr. Evans points out, the pillars in front of Phœnician temples, the idea of which Solomon borrowed in the two pillars *Jachin* and *Boaz* (the names are significant) † in front of the temple at Jerusalem, and which reappear in the Mycenæan cult in Crete and elsewhere, though they may have originally served a *structural* purpose in the primitive wooden buildings as Pillars of the House, yet served a far more important religious purpose, as being themselves the shrine and symbol of deity, and ensuring the presence of the divinity, and his support and blessing to the House.

Among Mohammedans very interesting survivals of both Tree- and Pillar-worship may still be discovered. The Persians have the legend of the Sacred Tree from which blood oozed when it was felled—a story which is also found in many widely scattered localities; and they tell of the *túba*, the Tree of Happiness, which stands in the Palace of Mohammed, above the Seven Heavens, immediately under the Throne of God; while Dr. Evans gives a graphic account of this worship as he actually witnessed it carried out at a place called Tekekeöi, in Macedonia, and similar examples abound in the seldom-trod byways of the East.

* Philpot, 'The Sacred Tree,' p. 8.

† Jachin = He will establish; Boaz = In Him is strength.

The Persian Tales, as told recently by Mr. Wilfrid Sparroy in the 'Morning Post,' are as follows:

LEGEND OF THE SACRED TREE.

Meanwhile my guide, having struck up acquaintance with a countryman of his from Hamadan, was engaged in conversation with him. This new friend, Murshid Khan by name, was a tall swarthy fellow. He had come to buy a chip of the sacred tree talh', an acacia which has small round golden blossoms, whereof he related the following legend:—"Many centuries ago a certain peasant went to cut wood in a forest near the city of Hamadan. This he had been wont to do every winter in order to eke out his livelihood during the cold weather, as is still the custom among the peasantry in our parts. Now it chanced that his axe struck against a branch of a talh' which, as it happened, was in the way of the tree he was felling. To his consternation a stream of blood oozed out, followed by cries the most pitiable he had ever heard. They seemed, in their distressful anguish, to come from the heart of a mother that had lost her child. The axe fell from the peasant's hand, and he himself sank to the ground in a faint. When he recovered consciousness it was to look for the talh', . . . only to find it gone! He returned to the city as fast as his legs would carry him, and there he told his story, which was spread abroad among the people. And from that day to this the wood of the talh' has been regarded as sacred. Children use it in the place of mázus, and barren women, if they hang a chip of it above their beds for the space of forty consecutive Fridays, will bear children in due course. This is so."

Here the guide, Seyyid 'Alí, interrupted the speaker, saying, "Light of my heart, thou speakest the truth. In my country, in the town of Behbehan, near Shíráz, we have a famous way of protecting our womenfolk against the attacks of Aal—that cursed ogress who comes to cut out the liver of every mother after the birth of her child.

First we draw four lines round the walls of the house; then at each of the four corners we plant a branch of the talh' tree; and a dagger, with an onion atop, is stuck in the ground facing the door. This is the only possible way of keeping Aal out—may she be accursed!"

The Tree of Happiness.

The prayer most acceptable to God is that of Nodbeh, which must be said by the pilgrims on Mount Arafat, with tears pouring from their eyes. The belief is that all the houris of Paradise listen to the pilgrims' supplications from the open verandahs of their heavenly palaces. To tell you the truth, I saw some lovely houris on the earth itself. The Prophet rose to a noble conception of the next life. He not only believed that the pure-hearted will see God; he also proclaimed that blessing to be the height of heavenly bliss. The Muslim Paradise, therefore, in its material aspect unalloyed, is the invention of the tradition-mongers. According to the orthodox among them, it is situated above the seven heavens, immediately under the Throne of God. Some say that the soil of it consists of the finest wheat flour, others will have it to be of the purest musk, and others again of saffron. Its palaces have walls of solid gold, its stones are pearls and jacinths, and of its trees, all of which have golden trunks, the most remarkable is the tree of happiness, túba, as they call it. This tree, which stands in the palace of Mohammed, is laden with fruits of every kind, with grapes and pomegranates, with oranges and dates, with peaches and nectarines, all of which are of a growth and a flavour unknown to mortals. In response to the desire of the blessed, it will yield, in addition to the luscious fruit, not only birds ready dressed for the table, but also flowing garments of silk and of velvet, and gaily caparisoned steeds to ride on, which will burst out from its leaves. There will be no need to reach out the hand to the branches, for the branches will bend down of their own

accord to the hand of the person who would gather of their products. So large is the túba tree that a man "mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years." All the rivers of Paradise take their rise from the root of the tree of happiness; some of them flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey. Their beds are of musk, their sides of saffron, their earth of camphire, and their pebbles are rubies and emeralds. The most noteworthy among them, after the River of Life, is Al-Káwthar. This word Al-Káwthar, which signifies abundance, has come to mean the gift of prophecy, and the water of the river of that name is derived into Mohammed's pond. According to a tradition of the Prophet, this river, wherein his Lord promised him abundance of wisdom, is whiter than milk, cooler than snow, sweeter than honey, and smoother than cream; and those who drink of it shall never be thirsty.

In the Zend-Avesta of the old Persians we read of a tree named *Hom*, or *Haoma*, which imparts immortality, and is called the King of Trees. This *Hom* or *Haoma* was a white tree said to grow in the middle of the mythic sea Vouru-Kasha. It would be by drinking of its juice on the day of resurrection that man would become immortal. Everywhere, even in New Zealand, we find the same stories. In Babylonian, and Persian, and Hebrew legend, either in a Paradise of the past, or, as adapted by the Christian Apostle and by Mohammed after him, in a Paradise of the future, grows the Sacred Tree, with its multiplicity of life-giving fruits and its healing leaves, and beside it is situated the Sacred Fountain. Look where we will, we find "that man," casting an intelligent eye over the wrongs and in-

equalities of this earthly life, "has ever looked on this present world as a passing scene in the shifting panorama of time, to be followed by some period of millennial glory."

The ceremony at Tekekeöi is thus described by Dr. Evans:

"A roomy, mud-floored antechamber, made for the convenience of the worshippers, communicated by an inner doorway with the shrine of the stone itself. The 'holy of holies' within was a plain square chamber, in the centre of which rose the sacred pillar. Like the bætylic * stones of antiquity, it might be said to have 'fallen from heaven,' for, according to the local legend, it had flown here over a thousand years since from Khorassan. The pillar consisted of an upright stone of square section, with bevelled angles, about 6½ feet high and 1½ feet thick, supporting another smaller and somewhat irregular block. Both were black and greasy from secular anointing, recalling the time-honoured practice of pouring oil on sacred stones as Jacob did at Bethel."†

Dr. Evans then describes the surroundings, the antique candlesticks standing on a sunk hearthstone in front of the pillars, and the fleeces of sacrificed rams strewing the floor, and continues:

"Taking his stand on a flat stone near the pillar, the suppliant utters a prayer, and afterwards embraces the

* It has been suggested that the Greek terms βαίτυλον and βαιτέλιον (applied in a special way to the stone which, according to Cretan legend, was swallowed by Kronos under the belief that it was his son) are derived from Bethel, or some parallel form, indicating the stone as the temporary place of indwelling for a divinity.

† Gen. xxvii, 18; xxxv, 14. Robertson Smith, 'Religion of the Semites,' p. 232. Cf. Ps. xlv, 7, and the existing custom of anointing kings and ecclesiastical dignitaries.

stone in such a way that the finger-tips meet at its further side; some also kiss it. The worshipper who would conform to the full ritual, now fills a keg of water from a spring that rises near the shrine—another primitive touch" (cf. the water drawn from the pool of Siloam at the Feast of Tabernacles in the Jewish ritual, a primitive survival)—"and makes his way through a thorny grove up a neighbouring knoll, on which is a wooden enclosure surrounding a Mohammedan saint's grave or Tekhi. Over the headstone of this grows a thorn-tree hung with rags of divers colours, attached to it—according to a wide-spread primitive rite—by sick persons who had made a pilgrimage to the tomb. The turbaned column itself represents in aniconic shape the visible presence of the departed saint, and conjointly with the thorn-bush, a material abode for the departed spirit, so that we have here a curious illustration of the ancient connection between Tree- and Pillar-worship."

Various other ceremonies, including the sacrifice of a young ram, remain to be performed, after which the worshippers return to the shrine. "Here," says Dr. Evans, who himself took part in the ceremonies, "beneath the same roof with the stone, and within sight of it through the open doorway, we were bidden to pass the night, so that the occult influences due to its spiritual possession might shape our dreams as in the days of the patriarchs." (Evans, 'Mycenæan Tree- and Pillar-cult,' pp. 104—106.)

The Persian legends point back to the earliest stage—that which I have called Neolithic or pre-Aryan—in Tree-worship; the custom described by Dr. Evans is a survival of the second stage, which we will now proceed to discuss.

This second stage, at which the Aryan peoples

had for the most part arrived by the time history takes cognizance of them, is to regard the tree, not as a body animated, like man himself, by a living soul, but as the home and abode of a tree-spirit, though it is not always possible to fix the dividing line with perfect exactness. Thus when we read, as in Ireland, of sacred trees which may not be cut down because they are the seat of spirits, we cannot always say with certainty in which way the presence of the spirit in the tree is conceived. The familiar lines of Shelley, quoted by Prof. Tylor, well express this hesitancy:

> "Whether the sensitive plant, or that
> Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
> Ere its outward form had known decay,
> Now felt this change, I cannot say."

But in many cases, even where no mention is made of wood-spirits, we may generally assume, says Mr. Frazer, that when trees or groves are sacred and inviolable, it is because they are believed to be either animated or inhabited by sylvan deities. In Greek classical thought, the "Dryads" were the spirits or tutelary divinities of the woods. Like most of the Olympians, Artemis was connected not only with beast-worship, but with plant-worship. She was known by the name of Daphnœa and Cedreatis. At Ephesus, not only the olive, but the oak was sacred to her. At Delos she had her palm tree. Her idol was placed in or hung from the branches of these trees, and it is not improbable that she succeeded to the honours of a tree worshipped in

itself and for itself, or of the spirit or genius dwelling in and informing it. Artemis was therefore originally a wood goddess. Dionysus also was originally a tree-spirit, just as he was also an animal god, absorbing in his rights and titles various older forms of both tree- and beast-worship. He was called *Dendrites*, and as such succeeded, like Artemis, to the cult of certain sacred trees; just as, says Mr. Lang, St. Bridget in Ireland succeeded to the cult of the fire goddess and to her ceremonial. He is also called ἐνδενδρος, or the "god in the tree." As a god he is not only the patron of the vine and of the fig tree, but also of all pleasant trees; the festival of the δενδροφορία, as described in the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles, is held in his honour, and our May-day festivities are but a faint and far-off and innocent echo of the Bacchanalia, and, like them, embody in their rites the relics of the elder primitive faiths.

Similar examples of one creed inheriting the holy things of its predecessor are common enough, where either the missionaries, as in Mexico and China, or the early preachers of the Gospel in Brittany or Scandinavia, appropriated to Christ the holy days of pagan deities, and consecrated fetish stones with the mark of the Cross. Unluckily we have no historical evidence as to the moment in which the ancient tribal totems, fetishes, and sacrifices were placed under the protection of the various Olympians, in whose cult they survive like flies in amber. But that this process did take place is the most obvious explanation of the rude factors in the religion of Artemis, as of Apollo, Zeus, or Dionysus—as also of the rustic May sports of the English and

European peasantry in the twentieth century of Christianity. (Lang, 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion.')

So also all the attributes of Diana, the goddess of the Arician grove, are those of a tree-spirit or sylvan deity. Every grove was her sanctuary. Like a tree-spirit she helped women in trouble; she was the protectress of domestic cattle; she made the rain to fall, the sun to shine. (Frazer, 'The Golden Bough.')

Still, in this later stage, when a tree, or trees in general, have come to be looked upon no longer as embodying a tree-spirit, but as its home, which it can quit at pleasure, a real advance has been made. Animism is passing, by way of anthropomorphism, into polytheism. Hence in classical art the deities of the woods and forests, like all the gods and goddesses, are depicted in human shape.

Among savages, it is the tree-spirits who make the crops to grow, the herds to multiply, and through them women are blessed with offspring. Hence Dionysus is the god of reproduction, and Diana, under the name of Lucina, presides over childbirths.

The tree-spirit, being free to depart and take up his (or her, for, as we may understand from the later mythology here referred to, tree-spirits were conceived of as male and female, and could be even married together) abode when and where he (or she) would, might select a pole or a stone as equally suitable for a dwelling-place, and a relic of this ancient thought is contained in the lines attributed to our Lord in the Oxyrrhynchus Papyrus:

> "Raise thou the stone, and find Me there;
> Cleave thou the wood, and there am I."

What has been said, therefore, explains the origin of the Maypole. It takes the place of the sacred tree, and is endowed with all its properties. Hence the May trees set up in Germany at the doors of stables and byres. Hence the green bough of a tree which, as Camden says of the Irish, "they fasten on May Day against the house, to produce plenty of milk that summer." Hence the common European custom, already referred to, of placing a green bush on May Day before or on the house of a beloved maiden, which probably originated in the belief of the fertilising power of the tree-spirit. Hence the reason why customs like the May tree or Maypole are so universal in the popular festivals of European peasants.

A still later stage is that represented by the May-doll carried in the garlands, and by the King or Queen of the May, viz. when the tree-spirit is conceived as detached from the tree and clothed in human form, as in the imperial coin from Myra in Lycia, mentioned above, and even as embodied in living men and women; when it is on the way, in fact, to becoming a divinity, which finally takes shape as Dionysus and Artemis, Bacchus and Diana; or, the dignity of the male divinity, who only survives as Jack-in-the-Green, being dropped, the Queen of the May becomes clothed with all the virgin glories and splendid possibilities of the ever-blessed Mary, the Queen of Heaven.

We have not touched to-night on many other interesting customs, more or less surviving to the present day, in our own and other lands, connected with other seasons of the year, or with Church

Festivals, which undoubtedly bespeak a connection with the old worship of trees as plainly as do the May-day customs and other rites we have dealt with. Such, for example, are the customs of decking the church with flowers and fruit at the revived Harvest Festivals now so universal, and those with which we are all so familiar at Christmas. In that festival we find combined the Saturnalia of Rome, the ancient Yule-tide Festival of Scandinavia, and the Christian Feast of the Nativity. Then the churches and houses are decorated with holly and evergreens, and not only so, but the Sacred Tree itself is annually reproduced, to the delight of old and young, in the shape of the Christmas Tree. As Mrs. Philpot well says, "modern as it is in its present form, the Christmas Tree epitomises many most ancient ideas; is the point to which many streams converge, whose source is hidden in a far-distant antiquity. It is the meeting-point of the old pagan belief in the virtues vested in the tree and of the quaint fancies of the Middle Ages, which loved to see spiritual truths embodied in material forms. Christ, the Tree of Life, blossoming on Christmas Eve in Mary's bosom; the fatal tree of Paradise whence sprang the Cross, the instrument of man's salvation—that 'fruit-bearing, heavenly nourished tree, planted in the midst of redeemed men,' so often represented in mediæval art; the miracle of nature so stirred by the wonder of the event as to break forth into blossom in the midst of winter,—all these ideas, so characteristic of mediæval thought, become grafted together with observances derived from solstitial worship, upon the stock of the sacred tree, laden with

offerings and decked with fillets. Indeed, the Christmas Tree may be said to recapitulate the whole story of tree-worship—the May tree, the Harvest tree, the Greek eiresioné, the tree as the symbol and embodiment of deity, and last, but not least, the Universe tree, bearing the lights of heaven for its fruit, and covering the world with its branches."

The question has been asked, Why should you not ascend higher than the Neolithic Age in seeking for the origin of Tree- and Pillar-worship? The answer is simple, viz. that we are led hereby to the period of the passing away of the last great Ice Age, and we know too little of the ideas of the Palæolithic races to be able to say anything with certainty as to them—else were it easy to see in the worship of both trees and serpents an evidence of the arboreal habits of the first evolved specimens of the human race, and to say that living in the trees of the forest the only creature whose attack early man had to fear was the serpent, and that therefore, by a natural instinct, he worshipped the tree that sheltered him, and the serpent whom he dreaded. This is certainly plausible, and may, no doubt, contain an element of truth.

To revert to that which has formed the principal subject of our consideration this evening: the main details of the May-day Festival, and the other rites and customs connected with Sacred Trees, as they still survive in, alas! too few and a rapidly diminishing number of localities in modern England, are seen to have their roots fixed in a far-distant past, when the races inhabiting Europe were in the stage

of development represented by the native Australians and other primitive races of to-day, and to embody in themselves three distinct stages of primitive but ever-advancing thought and culture—the first may be distinguished in Europe as pre-Aryan, the two latter as Aryan; and as such it is surely not too much to express a pious hope that where, and in so far as, they still survive, they may be jealously preserved, as precious landmarks in the tide of time. True it is, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*, but yet it is allowable to wish for the maintenance and transmission to posterity of those relics of the past which are still to be found here and there, "enshrined like flies in amber" in the midst of our twentieth century life, and which tell, in accents more eloquent than words, that "though the goal is long in winning, and the paths are ofttimes rough, yet humanity is led by 'a way that it knows not;'" progress is the law of the ages, and the mind of man grows ever broader and deeper and higher in thought and feeling with the passage of the suns.

I spoke at the commencement of this paper of a modern aspect of tree-worship, *tree-culture* rather than *tree-cult*, in which it may be of great practical value, and not merely interesting for the study of early folklore and folk-religion. It may be, and probably is, too late to galvanise the customs connected with May Day into new life, and when they have died out, it is impossible to revive them. But a younger nation, one that has no associations with a past more than three hundred years back, has shown the way to a practical expression of a love for trees, and one that may bear good and useful

fruit in the future. As I pointed out in a letter last year to the 'Morning Post,' it is to the New World, to the United States of North America, that it has been left to establish a new vernal festival under the name of Arbor Day. This is the more remarkable, for, as Sir George Birdwood has said, among the Protestant Anglo-Saxons of North America the historical tradition of the divinity of the tree would naturally be weak; yet so strong is the feeling of actual consanguinity and fellowship, and of worship, with which all men, and emphatically the Aryan races, regard the tree, that this feeling forced its way to the surface, and would not be repressed. In America this beneficent festival is a movable feast, the date of its celebration varying, according to the climatic conditions of the different States, from the 1st of April to the 31st of May. It was first held in Nebraska, on a resolution of the Board of Agriculture, moved by Mr. J. Stirling Morton, setting apart the 10th of April, 1872, as "Tree-planting Day." In April, 1874, the second Wednesday of April was proclaimed as "Arbor Day," and in 1885 the 22nd of April was permanently fixed as Arbor Day for Nebraska. In 1876 Michigan and Minnesota followed suit, and finally New York in 1888; in which year, on the 30th of April, an Act was passed decreeing that "the Friday following the 1st of May in each year shall hereafter be known throughout this State as Arbor Day." By a popular vote of the State schools the "White Elm" was declared to be the "Tree of the State," and the Rose of Spring, in all its grace of budding beauty, the "Queen of Flowers." Perhaps they were thinking of the

monumental brass formerly in Westminster Abbey, bearing a crowned rose with the legend round it—

> "Sis Rosa, flos florum
> Morbis medicina meorum."

The United States were at once imitated by the Dominion of Canada; and in 1896 by Spain, where King Alphonso XIII fixed the 26th of March for the annual celebration of the *Fiesta del Arbol.* So far I have followed the account given by Sir George Birdwood.

More recently still the idea has been taken up in Italy, and has been entered into *con amore* by the enthusiastic people of that sunny land. It is thus described by "Cisalpine" in the 'Guardian' for May 21st, 1902. The writer is lamenting the decay of the Church Festivals, owing to the occupation of Rome and the downfall of the Temporal Power, and continues: "What struck me many years ago has received some emphasis quite lately in the institution of a secular Italian festival, *la festa degli alberi,* which has been variously commented on in the Italian press. This new national festival has many of the elements of the best pagan ideal. One feels the heat of the sun-god, beneath whose touch all nature turns to thoughts of growth; the scent of the fields, the green of the new verdure, the blue of the hills, the rhythmic swing of the southern footstep, the laugh of children's voices, a sense that all nature is awake, accompany us as we wind up the hill, rich with Latin history, to plant new trees. Local officials, even the King himself, the people in holiday guise and holiday mind, the school children, girls and boys,

walk or drive in the procession; for this is a public holiday, a national fête, an ode to the spring. This is how one of the Italian *Journals* speaks of the fête: 'Long ranks of girls in the fields, freed from the exercises of a sterile piety in the convent or the sacristy, as though blessing with their fresh smiles and opening beauty the vital works of nature, and emulating in trials of physical strength the youths who to-morrow will be the companions of their maternal power—whence will be born to Italy brave citizen-workers for the commonweal—such a spring vision, persuading by its beauty and strength, must certainly prepare the way for the accomplishment of those sacred duties from which the country expects an ever more propitious future.' "

Stripped of its more open paganism, one asks: Is it impossible that such a beauteous festival of the springtime should once more become universal in England? And what better time of year could be suggested than some date within the three spring months, April to June? Some spasmodic attempts have been made to establish such a festival, and a suggestion has been made that it should be fixed for November 1st, with a view to re-planting our worn-out apple-orchards, and promoting the cultivation of fruit trees generally. There is something in this suggestion, inasmuch as the apple was undoubtedly one of the Sacred Trees which the first Aryan immigrants brought with them from the Continent into the British Isles—a subject on which I have said nothing to-night, as it has been exhaustively dealt with by Dr. Phené,—and it was the apple tree of the prehistoric Celtic immigrants that gave to the

whole peninsula of the "West of England" (Gloucestershire, Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall), stretching vaguely from roving Camelot to Lyonesse, "The wave-worn kingdom of romance," the name of "ancient Avalon" (Avelion, Avaloniæ Insula, "Apple Island"): "Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns, and bow'ry hollows, crowned with summer seas." But the season is too late. It is much better to keep to the time consecrated from of old, and make of Arbor Day, the Festival of the Trees, a veritable spring or summer festival. St. George's Day is too early, May Day is already appropriated to other, though kindred, associations. Midsummer Day would be very suitable; and had the Coronation of King Edward VII taken place as originally fixed in June, I should say, what could be more fitting and more practical than to institute an annually recurring Arbor Day in the month of June, devoted to the planting of trees, as part of a national and universal festival? I still see no reason why this should not be done. It has already been carried out in connection with the Jubilees of her late Majesty in my own village, and notably by Mr. E. D. Till at Eynsford, in Kent, and no doubt in many other places also. But I should like to see it national and universal; an Arbor Day Society exists, and it cannot do better than turn its attention to this proposal for carrying out its objects.

Trees are no longer worshipped, and we do not need the pagan associations which seem to be revived in Italy; oaks are no longer required for our navy: but trees are not merely an ornament to the landscape; they are a necessary adjunct to the

fertility of the soil, and of great importance to the climate. We cannot hope, nor would we wish, to restore the mighty forests of the past, but anything that can be done to prevent further denudation and to maintain the beauty of our English countryside will be of untold value to the generations to come.

Moreover it will be one more means of adding to the gaiety of the nation, of bringing youths and maidens together in innocent enjoyment, full of rich possibilities for the future, and of doing something, though but a little, to mitigate the dulness of English twentieth-century village life.

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TENNYSON'S "LOVER'S TALE."—ITS ORIGINAL AND ANALOGUES.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, HON. LL.D., F.R.S.L.

[Read February 25th, 1903.]

WHEN Tennyson was reaching manhood he wrote in 1827 a poem entitled "The Lover's Tale," which has had a strange history. It contains many fine passages, but is deficient in dramatic force as a narrative. His friends admired it, but Tennyson had a sense of its imperfections, and he did not include it in his earlier volumes. Arthur Hallam desired the publication of "The Lover's Tale" because of the "magnificent passages in the poem. The present casket, faulty as it is, is yet the only one in which the precious gems contained therein can be preserved," he said. Tennyson objected that the poem was too diffuse, and decided not to publish. Thereupon Hallam laughingly retorted that as he had the only printed copy of "The Lover's Tale" he should make a fortune by lending it out at five shillings a head.

Tennyson's final decision is conveyed in a letter to Moxon the publisher, in which he says: "After

mature consideration I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume, entitled 'The Lover's Tale.' It is too full of faults; and though I think it might conduce towards making me popular, yet, to my eye, it spoils the completeness of the book, and is better away: of course, whatever expenses may have been incurred in printing the above must devolve on me solely." This letter was written November 20th, 1832. In the following year "The Lover's Tale" was printed for private circulation, probably before the printer had distributed the type of the volume in which it had been intended to include it. Meanwhile, the poet's friends were less willing than the poet to lose sight of it, and copies in manuscript were circulated. In 1869 he thought of publishing it, "because someone was sure to publish it some day," and he had some copies printed "to see what it was like." His wife urged him to give it to the world, but again he decided on suppression.*

The poet's hand was at last forced. In 1870 Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, who had a remarkable faculty for bringing to light writings which the authors desired to keep in obscurity, printed "The Lover's Tale," and when Mr. Pickering bought up the copies to suppress the edition he printed it again; it was only finally suppressed by a decree of the Court of Chancery in 1875.† Shepherd was a

* He said, "Allowances must be made for the redundance of youth. I cannot pick it to pieces and make it up again. It is rich and full, but there are mistakes in it. The poem is the breath of young love." ('Tennyson's Life,' by his son. New edit., Lond., 1899, p. 458.)

† 'Athenæum,' June 21st, 1879, p. 786. There is a memoir of Shepherd in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' vol. lii, p. 55.

devoted admirer of Tennyson, though his way of manifesting his appreciation must have been a terrible annoyance to a man of the Poet Laureate's temperament. When he learned that Shepherd was a poor struggling man of letters, with an aged mother dependent upon him, Tennyson paid the costs of the action.

At last, in 1879, more than half a century after the date of its composition, "The Lover's Tale" was published. In a prefatory note Tennyson says: "The original preface to 'The Lover's Tale' states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of my mature life—'The Golden Supper'?"

Of the first printed edition of "The Lover's Tale" only two copies are now known to be in existence. One is in the Rowfant Library of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson. The other copy is in the collection of Mr. T. J. Wise, who paid £600 for it. This, as the 'Athenæum' remarked, "is the highest price

yet given for a modern author's book." It has some corrections in the poet's handwriting.*

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in noticing in the 'Academy' the appearance of "The Lover's Tale" in 1879, expresses the opinion that in writing it Tennyson was under the influence of Shelley,—"a mastery that would have left little or no mark in literature but for this poem, in the first part of which the recent reading of 'Episychidion' has frequently seduced the young poet aside from his own more characteristic language." The correctness of this would not have been admitted by Tennyson, who said to his son Hallam, "'The Lover's Tale' and 'Timbuctoo' are in no way imitative of any poet, and, as far as I know, nothing of mine after the date of 'Timbuctoo' was imitative. As for being original, nothing can be said which has not been said in some form before." Of this he once had a curious proof. A Chinese scholar wrote to him that in an untranslated Chinese poem there were two whole lines of Tennyson, almost word for word:

> "The peak is high and the stars are high,
> And the thought of a man is higher."†

"Why not?" asks Tennyson. "Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not consequently be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for anyone to say or write anything in this late time of the world to which in the rest of

* 'Athenæum,' May 3rd, 1902. See further the note at the end of this paper, p. 19.

† 'Life of Tennyson,' pp. 38, 458. Dr. Arthur E. Moule gives a Chinese proverb: "High heaven is not high; man's heart is ever higher" (see 'Chinese Stories,' 1881, p. 62).

the literature of the world a parallel could not somewhere be found."

The truth of this may be exemplified by an examination of some of the varying forms in which Tennyson's story of the buried and resuscitated bride may be found in the literature and folklore of various countries.

"The Lover's Tale" is based upon the fourth novel of the tenth day of the 'Decamerone.' Tennyson once told some friends that it would not be easy to understand its allusions unless they knew the story of Boccaccio from which it was taken. The great Italian novelist narrates that Messer Gentile de Carisendi, a gentleman of Bologna, had been in love with Madonna Catalina, who, however, was married to another suitor, Niccoluccio Caccianimico. During the absence of her husband the lady fell into a sort of trance and was placed in the tomb as dead. Gentile hears of her death and returns to Bologna, and secretly visits the last resting-place of the woman he had loved, and loved in vain. He opened the tomb, and, finding some signs of life, removed the body to his house, where, by the help of his mother, Catalina was nursed back to life. Soon after she gave birth to a son, and on her recovery Gentile gave a great banquet, at which, amongst the other guests, was Niccoluccio. Then Gentile told them that he had invited them because he wished, in Persian fashion, to show them the most precious of all that he possessed, or ever should possess; but before doing so he wished to put before them a doubt for solution. If a person had in his house a good and faithful servant who

became ill, and was then put in the middle of the street without further care, and another person came and took the servant away and made him whole again,—would the first master have a claim, if the second master did not wish to yield up the man whose life he had saved? * The company discussed this case of conscience, and by the voice of Niccoluccio, who was a good speaker, declared that the first master had forfeited all his rights. Then Gentile caused the lady, splendidly dressed, and bearing her child in her arms, to be brought into the room, and restored her to the marvelling and grateful husband. All this is told by Boccaccio with the simplicity, conciseness, grace, and homeliness that mark him the supreme master of the short story. Tennyson has followed him closely as to the incidents, but, especially in the earlier part, is far more diffuse than his original, and the effect is marred rather than heightened by the excess of ornament. But in the account of the "Golden Supper," the work of maturer years, he follows Boccaccio more closely, but yet not so slavishly as to obscure his own individuality. He has taken the marble from Boccaccio's great quarry, but he has put his own artistic strength into the shaping of

* The present Lord Tennyson, in the biography of his father, prints Mrs. Bradley's account of what the poet told them of the outline of Boccaccio's story. By a strange slip of memory on the part of the poet or the reporter the question of Gentile is thus given:—"To whom would belong by right a dog whose master turned him out to die, and which was restored to life and health by another?" This would surely have been an indecorous comparison, and both Boccaccio and Tennyson speak of a human being, not a dog, though fidelity is the badge of the canine tribe and ingratitude too often their reward.

it.* From whence did Boccaccio derive the idea of the buried bride resuscitated? Manni, who seeks to establish an historical foundation for all the stories in the 'Decamerone,' points out that Caccianimico is a real family name, and refers to the remarkable history of Ginevra degli Almieri, who is said to have been buried alive at Florence in 1396.† Ginevra was beloved by Antonio Rondinello, but her parents gave her in marriage to Francesco de' Angolanti. After the marriage she had an illness, and was believed to be dead. She was placed in a tomb, but in the night came out of her stupor, and made her escape from the tomb by raising the stone, which was not heavy, and was still unsealed. Passing along a street, ever since known as the Via della Morte, she knocked at her husband's door, who, taking her for a ghost, refused her admittance. Then she went to the house of her parents, and was again denied admission. Then she bethought her of

* What a storehouse the 'Decamerone' has been for subsequent writers is strikingly shown in an excellent article on "Boccaccio as a Quarry" in the 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1899. There is another series of stories to which the name of "The Dead Lady's Ring Cycle" might appropriately be given. A lady having been buried under the false impression that she was dead, a thievish servant opened the tomb, in order to steal a valuable ring from her finger, and so was the unconscious instrument of restoring her to life. The heroine of this incident, which is said to have happened in 1571 at Cologne, is Reichmuth Adolch, but the story has also been told at Toulouse, at Cothele in Cornwall, at Halifax, and other places. (See articles by the present writer in the 'Reliquary,' vol. viii, p. 146, and vol. ix, p. 248; and Bayle's 'Dictionnaire,' article Taveau.) The possibility of premature interment has been much discussed by medical writers. For a credulous belief we may consult the entertaining book of J. J. Bruhier in the eighteenth century; for a sceptical view that of E. Bouchut in the nineteenth.

† Manni: 'Istoria del Decamerone,' 1742, p. 553.

Antonio, and was taken into his home and nursed back to life and health again by the faithful lover and his mother. They marry, but after a time the secret leaks out and Francesco claims his wife; but on appeal to the ecclesiastical authority it is decided that the man who buried Ginevra had lost his claims upon her, and that the man who saved her life had a right to take her for his wife. The story of Ginevra degli Almieri has been told in verses attributed to Antonio Velletti, a Florentine poet of the fifteenth century. It has always been very popular, and is still circulated in Italy in chap-book form.* The date of the occurrence is sometimes given as 1400, a year of pestilence. Dr. Marcus Landau thinks that Boccaccio's story may have some historical foundation, but dissents from Manni's identification of it with that of Ginevra degli Almieri. "Da im Mittelalter die todten meistens nicht lang unbegraben gelassen wurde, so mag es wohl haufig vorkommen sein, dass Scheintode begraben wurde, und die Entdeckung Eines solchen Falles konnte dem Dichter des Dekameron die Anreging zu seinen Novelle gegeben haben."† If we suppose Boccaccio to have known the story of Ginevra, it is easy to see how it may have suggested to his fertile imagination a narrative in which the same problem receives a different solution. Who has the greatest claim upon the lady? The old legend declares for the lover, whilst Boccaccio

* Passano: 'I Novellieri Italiani in verso,' 1868, p. 61. A popular edition, making a small pamphlet of 23 pages, was printed by Adriano Salano at Florence in 1901.

† Landau: 'Die Quellen des Dekamerons, Zweite Auflage,' Stuttgart, 1884.

adjudges her to the husband, though only by the lover's generosity.*

There are two other variants in Italian literature that should be noted. Bandello has a charming story of a buried bride. A young Venetian, Gerardo, falls in love with Elena, and by the aid of a woman who had nursed them both when babies is secretly married to her. His father sends him on a mercantile expedition to Beyrout, and in his absence the girl, not daring to reveal the truth, is about to be married to another. She falls into a lethargy, and, as dead, is taken to the marble funeral vault of her family. Gerardo returns in time to ask the meaning of the burning torches of her midnight burial. He thinks that she has poisoned herself, and resolves that,

* Oriental ingenuity has been able to state the moral problem in a more complicated form. In a story still current in the valley of the Indus we hear of a girl who had been promised in marriage to three different men by her father, her mother, and her brother, each acting independently of the other, but each pitching on the same date for the wedding. On hearing of this she throws herself from the housetop and is killed. One of the three bridegrooms determines to be cremated with her, a second decides to remain and guard the grave, and the third turns fakeer. In the course of his wanderings he learns the art of bringing the dead to life again. He decides to resuscitate his dead bride, but the incantation brings back also the man who was cremated with her. There are therefore three claimants for the girl's hand. The Oriental solution of the difficulty is thus stated:—"The youth and the maiden, having been the same dust, must be regarded as brother and sister now that they are restored to life; therefore they cannot marry. The suitor who raised the pair from the dead must be viewed as their father, since he was the author of their second birth; therefore the maiden cannot be married to him. But the third suitor who merely watched by the bones must be considered differently. He bears no relationship whatever to these children of resurrection, and to him, therefore, the girl belongs, and him she must marry." (Swynnerton: 'Indian Nights Entertainment,' 1892, p. 237.)

before killing himself, he will see her dead body. Aided by Comito, a sailor, he gains access to the vault, and takes the body away into the boat. At last Comito convinces him that this is madness, and they are returning to the cemetery when Gerardo finds some traces of life in Elena. They take her to the house of Comito, where she recovers from her swoon. Gerardo then induces his sister to shelter her. Meanwhile, his father presses Gerardo to marry, and is greatly amazed when he is told the story of Elena. When she is claimed by the man to whom her father had promised her, there is no difficulty in defeating him, as the nurse is a witness of the contract of matrimony with Gerardo by which Elena was already bound. This claim is made in her father's absence, but when he returns he is fully content with the choice his daughter has made.

There are artistic improbabilities in the story, but it is told with much grace, and carries the reader's sympathies. The scene in which the secret marriage is described, apart from its significance to the story, is of interest as showing what might constitute a valid marriage in Venice of the fifteenth century. Bandello dedicates this novella to Carlo Brachietto, Signore di Marignì, and says that it was narrated "in una onorata compagnia" by Cavaliere Gerardo Boldiero. The other is a story found in Cinthio. In Seville, he says, Consalvo, a rich man, married Agata, an undowered girl, of whom he soon tired. He was a man of changeable and lascivious manners, and was infatuated with Asseglia, a courtezan. He decided to poison his wife in order to

marry his mistress. He took counsel with Rhisti, a medical student, who, unknown to him, was vainly making love to Agata. Instead of the poison Consalvo asked for, Rhisti gave him a soporific. This he administers to Agata, who is thought to be dead and is accordingly buried. Rhisti takes her out of the sepulchre, but cannot persuade her to break her marriage vows, even when the husband has proved to be so great a villain. Meanwhile, Consalvo marries Asseglia and finds her very different from Agata. In one of their many quarrels he expresses his regret that he had poisoned his wife. Asseglia, who is tired of him, causes his confession to be reported to the authorities, and he is arrested and condemned to death. But when Agata hears of this she appears before the authorities and saves the life of her unworthy husband. And so they came together again and lived happily ever after.*

This story was adopted as a motive by more than one old English dramatist. In 'How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad' we have the incident of the attempted poisoning followed by resuscitation, the charge of murder, and the reappearance of the injured wife. This has been attributed to Thomas Heywood and also to Joshua Cooke. The same plot, somewhat altered and manipulated, is to be found in 'The Faire Maide of Bristow,' which appeared in 1605. There is also a similarity between part of the plot of the "Fair Maid" and of the "London Prodigal," though it

* Cinthio: 'Gli Hecatommitti,' Deca Terza, novella v (1565, tome i, p. 545).

does not touch that side of it which concerns 'The Lover's Tale.'*

In Arnim and Brentano's 'Knaben Wunderhorn' there is a curious dialect poem which was communicated by H. von Westenberg. It is entitled "Der Färber," and relates the betrothal of a young girl who promises to wait for the return of her lover, but is forced by her parents to marry an elderly suitor. The lover has a dream in which he sees his sweetheart, and immediately starts on his return, but only to find her buried. He digs up the grave, and, finding her alive, takes her to the husband's house. The unexpected apparition frightens the husband into a fit, and he dies the same night, and so removes the only obstacle to the marriage of the girl and her first betrothed.†

Dr. Felix Liebrecht thinks that Boccaccio's story is the source of Johann Peter Trietz's 'Leben aus den Tode' (Danzig, 1644), but it deviates from it in the same incidents as "Der Färber."

From Dr. Liebrecht we learn that in a Portuguese romance the heroine, Guimar, is betrothed against her will, but dies of grief before the marriage is accomplished. Her lover, Don João, on his return seeks Guimar's sepulchre and contemplates suicide, when the Virgin Mary restores Guimar to life. Their marriage takes place without any further trial.‡ He also states that there is a Spanish popular

* See 'The Faire Maide of Bristow,' reprinted from the quarto of 1605, edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn (Philadelphia, 1902, pp. 12—14).

† 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn,' alte deutsche Lieder, gesammelt von L. Achim v. Arnim u. Clemens Brentano; neu herausgegeben von Friedrich Bremer, Leipzig (O. J.), p. 501.

‡ Liebrecht: 'Zur Volkskunde,' Heilbronn, 1879, p. 63.

romance in which the scene is laid at Barcelona. Don Juan, returning from a journey, finds that Maria, his beloved, has been married to another, but has died of grief. He seeks the tomb, and by the interposition of the Virgin Mary she is restored to life. On the way they meet Maria's husband, who asks, "Who is the lady with you? If she were not buried I should think it was my wife." Don Juan replies, "She was yours, but now she is mine." The matter comes before a tribunal, and Don Juan's claim is upheld.* The story is found in France in the sixteenth century. In 'Le Grand Parangon des Nouvelles,' which is said to have been completed in 1536 by Nicolas de Troyes, nouvelle CXXVI is "D'un gentilhomme, qui pour l'amour qu'il avoit à une femme qui, par force de maladie on pensoit qu'elle fut mortes et fut enterree, et le gentilhomme l'alla cercher de nuyt à son sepulchre pour avoir un baisser d'elle et fit tant qu'elle revint de mort à trespas." The book has not been printed in full, but from the argument the tale would appear to be taken from Boccaccio.†

Dr. Landau tells us that there are some traces of the legend in Marie de France's 'Lai d'Eliduc.' Here Eliduc's wife, learning that his beloved, who was thought to be dead, is alive, retires into a convent in order that Eliduc may marry his first love. "Guildeluc spielt hier ungefähr dieselbe Role

* Liebrecht gives the analysis of "La amante resuscitada" from Mila y Fontanals's 'Observaciones sobre la poesia popular' (Barcelona, 1853, p. 125).

† 'Le Grand Parangon,' publié par Emile Mabille, Paris, 1869. See also Toldo: 'Contributo allo studio della Novella Francese del xv e xvi secolo.' Roma, 1895, p. 83.

wie Gentile in den Novelle, ja sie bringt ein noch grosseres Opfer da sie, die rechtmassige Gattin, der Geliebten ihren Platz abtritt." (S. 327.) If Boccaccio has in part been anticipated, he has also been imitated by French writers, for, in addition to the story by Nicolas de Troyes, Dr. Liebrecht states that Florian's 'Valerie,' Gratian de Courtilz's 'La Morte Vive,' and Alexandre Dumas's 'Silvandire' have all been suggested by the story of Gentile in the 'Decamerone.' It is interesting to find it also in the 'Causes Célèbres' of Pitaval, but without names or dates. From the work it was translated into English by Stephen Collet.* He argues that it is an "imperfect version" of the story of Ginevra which he cites from Manni.

A little earlier the Florentine narrative attracted the notice of Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose poem of Ginevra is, unfortunately, a fragment. He found the narrative in 'L' Osservatore Fiorentino.' In that poem the name of the heroine is Ginevra, that of her husband Gherardi, whilst the lover's designation does not appear. The poet makes the apparent death occur between the betrothal and the day appointed for the marriage. This fragment was written by Shelley at Pisa, in 1821, and it is a matter of regret that he did not live to complete it. What remains is sufficient to show the ethereal grace and dignity with which the old story would have been invested by this bright spirit.

Leigh Hunt's 'Legend of Florence' is a drama founded on the story of Ginevra. The character of her husband, Francesco Agolanti, is shown in very

* 'Relics of Literature,' 1823, p. 186.

dark colours. He is a jealous tyrant who misconstrues alike the speech and the silence of his wife. She is placed in the tomb, and, recovering from her trance, makes her way to the house of her husband, who, taking her for a ghost, refuses her admission. She is also refused by her mother, and then applies to Rondinello, who had been a suitor for her hand, and of whom Agolanti was madly jealous. Rondinello admits her and places her in the care of his mother. After five days Agolanti learns the truth and demands his wife. At first, Ginevra thinks it her duty to rejoin her husband, but at length revolts at the scandalous excesses of his words, and bursting from him, exclaims:

> "Loose me and hearken.
> Madness will crush my senses in, or speak:
> The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrong crowns me;
> The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me;
> Everything warns me. I will *not* return.
> I claim the judgment of most Holy Church.
> I'll not go back to that unsacred house,
> Where heavenly ties restrain not hellish discord.
> Loveless, remorseless, never to be taught—
> I came to meet with pity, and find shame;
> Tears, and find triumph; peace, and a loud sword.
> The convent walls—bear me to those—in secret,
> If it may be; if not, as loudly as strife,
> Drawing a wholesome tempest through the streets;
> And there as close as bonded hands may cling,
> I'll hide and pray for ever, to my grave."

Agolanti endeavours to force her to accompany him. She swoons, and Rondinello receives her in his arms

as she falls. Agolanti tries to kill him, but his sword is intercepted by Colonna, a friend of Rondinello. Colonna and Agolanti then fight, and the husband is slain, leaving Ginevra free to marry Rondinello.

This drama is written with great spirit, and contains some fine lines. It was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, February 7th, 1840, and secured the favour of Queen Victoria, who went two or three times to see it, and in 1852 had it performed at Windsor Castle. Leigh Hunt was delighted with the praise bestowed upon it by the Queen. And to one who had been imprisoned for a criticism of the uncle the eulogium of the niece must have been pleasant.*

The most curious parallel—though only a partial one—of the story of Ginevra is to be found in the collection of Chinese novels known as the 'Lung-tu-Kung-ngan.' These stories are intended to show the wisdom in the detection of crime and the settlement of disputes of a magistrate named Pao-Kung, who unites the detective ability of Sherlock Holmes to the judicial wisdom of Solomon.

According to this narrative, a young graduate, whilst his parents are away from the house on the day of the feast of the dead, is playing with a red ivory ball of exquisite workmanship and great value, when he sees on the balcony of the next house the pretty feet of a damsel, the remainder of whose body

* Leigh Hunt also dealt with the theme in prose, for he included in his 'One Hundred Romances of Real Life' (London, 1843, p. 96) an English translation of the narrative from Pitaval, and points out its resemblance to the story of Ginevra.

is concealed from view by the curtain. He throws the ball on the balcony and then gains admission to the house in order to re-obtain it. The girl is very pretty, and not at all bashful. The result of the interview is that the two young people decide upon matrimony. They hope to regularise this clandestine union by a formal marriage arranged by the parents, but a difficulty arises between the fathers, as each wants to secure the young man for the performance of funeral duties. The father of Hoa-hien will only give his daughter to a young man who will forsake his own family and take the position of a real son to his father-in-law. This proves a fatal obstacle, and at last the young man, in spite of his solemn promise to the girl, is induced by his father to marry another. On hearing of the wedding of her faithless lover, Hoa-hien falls into a trance, and is taken for dead and carried to the tomb. One of the servants, Li-Sin, struck with the beauty of the girl, returns at night to the cemetery, and as he kisses her discovers signs of returning animation. She awakens from her long sleep and learns what has happened, and the two decide that she shall not return home, but live with Li-Sin as his wife. The sale of the clothes and jewels with which she has been buried furnish them with the means of subsistence. Six months later the house in which they dwelt was burned down. Hoa-hien escapes into the street, and, losing sight of her husband, wanders distractedly about until she recognises her father's house. She knocks at the door and declares who she is, but is refused admission. The servants take her for a spirit, and

promise that on the next day sacrifices shall be made for the repose of her soul. Then she goes to the next house, which is that of her lover. She tells the servant that she is Hoa-hien, and sends a message, mentioning the ivory ball, to his master. He also thinks it is a spirit, and orders the servant to burn some incense for its repose. Finally arming himself with a sword, he goes out, and Hoa-hien begs for pity. Still supposing the apparition to be a ghost, he adjures the spirit to return to the house of her father and mother, and to be content with the incense he has burned. He returns into the house, but Hoa-hien's cries continue, and Fan-Sieu issues forth again and strikes her head off with his sword. This in Chinese folklore has the reputation of being the best method of rendering ghosts harmless,—and it is certainly equally efficacious with human beings. The watch find the dead body of Hoa-hien, and her father has a dream in which she tells him of her death. He accuses Fan-Sieu as the murderer of his daughter, and the case is brought before Pao-Kung for adjudication. The magistrate has a placard posted over the city stating that the tomb of Hoa-hien had been violated, and that she had been found murdered, and offering a reward of a thousand pieces of silver to the person who had taken her from the tomb and brought her to life again, if he would come forward and reveal the truth. Li-Sin saw this notice, and revealed his share in the transaction. Pao-Kung, however, regarded him as the real cause of the catastrophe, and condemned him to be beheaded. Fan-Sieu was acquitted, but the memory of his broken vow and of the sad end

of his betrothed preyed upon his mind, and he died after suffering a long and cruel malady.*

Thus we trace the story of the buried bride who came to life again, and find it in varying forms, pathetic or grotesque, in the literature or folklore of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and England.† We find it in the valleys of Hindustan, and in the land of marvels, China. A story that has charmed the winter nights and whiled away the summer evenings of many climes, a story that fired the imagination of Boccaccio and Bandello, of Shelley and of Tennyson, appeals to the universal brotherhood, and has in it that touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin."

* 'Novelle Cinesi, tradotte da Carlo Puini,' Piacenza, 1871, p. 71. There is a modern Chinese poem which aims at expressing the emotions of a girl who has been buried alive by her father in revenge for an attempted elopement. See 'Chinesische Gedichte,' deutsch von Adolf Seubert, Leipzig (O. J.), p. 37.

† Since this paper was in type the writer has had the pleasure of seeing the proof-sheets of the work in which Mr. Thos. J. Wise deals, in masterly fashion, with the intricate bibliography of 'The Lover's Tale,' and of Tennyson's other writings—a work which will earn the gratitude of the lovers and students of literature.

S. T. COLERIDGE AS A LAKE POET.

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read March 25th, 1902.]

ERRATA

P. 16, line 13 from bottom, *for* "vowem" *read* "rowan."
P. 21, line 12 from bottom, *for* "Bill" *read* "Bell."
P. 27, line 13 from bottom, *delete* "as we have seen."
P. 41, line 16 from bottom, *before* "Eddas" *insert* "the.'

greeted me in this wise: "Your grandfather wrote a few perfect poems, but as for that old lake-poet Wordsworth, he [I will not attempt to give the exact words]—he never wrote any poetry at all." I hardly think he could have meant what he said about Wordsworth; if so (to adapt a phrase of Robert Browning's) the less William Morris he. But he certainly did hold, as his Kelmscott edition (now worth far more than its weight in silver) proves, that only a few of Coleridge's poems, a few gems, are worth preserving, and that the rest may be allowed to perish. This is, I think, a superstition of the moment—an *eidolon columnarum*, a ghost of the book-market, formidable but unsubstantial. True it is that between Coleridge in his early youth, not

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I ONCE had the good fortune to meet at the Authors' Club the late William Morris, poet, printer, artist, art furnisher, and socialist. It was towards the close of his life, and the keen, vigorous spirit was affected by the near approach of mortal sickness,—affected, but not changed or weakened. When I came up to the table where he was already seated—his face buried in his hands—he looked up and greeted me in this wise: "Your grandfather wrote a few perfect poems, but as for that old lake-poet Wordsworth, he [I will not attempt to give the exact words]—he never wrote any poetry at all." I hardly think he could have meant what he said about Wordsworth; if so (to adapt a phrase of Robert Browning's) the less William Morris he. But he certainly did hold, as his Kelmscott edition (now worth far more than its weight in silver) proves, that only a few of Coleridge's poems, a few gems, are worth preserving, and that the rest may be allowed to perish. This is, I think, a superstition of the moment—an *eidolon columnarum*, a ghost of the book-market, formidable but unsubstantial. True it is that between Coleridge in his early youth, not

yet inspired, and Coleridge at his best, or, again, between Coleridge as a lyrical and Coleridge as a dramatic poet, there is a great gulf fixed; but the truth, the unrhetorical truth, is that over and above the half-dozen gems of the first water there are more than fifty others which have not perished in the dust. Take the selections, the handiwork of critics and poets. Mr. Swinburne's tale of 'Lyrical and Imaginative Poems' numbers 48; Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Selections from Coleridge' numbers 33; Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Golden Book of Coleridge' contains 84; and Dr. Garnett's 'Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge' over 100 pieces. After—I am quoting from a letter to his brother George,—after he had "snapped his squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition"—or, as Byron put it, "let to the 'Morning Post' its aristocracy,"—Coleridge used to maintain that heads—that is, voters—must be weighed, not counted. Here and now I will say nothing about voters, but it is undoubtedly true that poems must be weighed, not counted; and it is but to answer the critics according to their criticism that I have laboured this question of numbers—of quantity rather than quality—before asserting that it is only in seven or eight poems that Coleridge betrays the fact that he was a dweller among the mountains, that, as Lamb has it, "he lived in Skiddaw." And yet he was familiar with almost the whole of the Lake District—second only to Wordsworth in a general knowledge of its main features. For the few years—four or five at most if his long absences are omitted—which he divided between Keswick and Grasmere, he read,

learnt, marked, and took into his inmost soul every effect of sunshine or of shade, every modification of outline of ridge or peak, every accentuation, every undulation of foreground—the moss, the stones, the puddles at his feet, the glimmer and gloom of silver and ebon on the surface of the lakes, the pageantry of mist and cloud, the light, the colour, the magic, the enchantment of the hills. He was fulfilled with the vision, and the record remains—an unique, a marvellous record,—transfigured, indeed, by genius, but, with rare and brief exceptions, untranslated into song.

But before I touch upon the Keswick poems I must dwell upon one or two incidents of Coleridge's earlier years before he settled at Greta Hall, before the triumvirate Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were grouped together and nicknamed Lakists. I can throw no pictures on the screen, I have no magic lantern—only the dim and intermittent lantern of speech,—but, thanks to the record, I can for a few brief moments bring you within speaking distance of one who wrote as he spoke—that is, when press and publisher were out of his ken,—and for the sake of the text you must bear with and forgive the commentary.

It must be borne in mind that a love of mountain scenery, the admiration for precipitous crags and wide stretches of barren hillside, was a new fashion, hardly as yet a reality in Coleridge's youth. White, of Selborne, describes the Sussex Downs as "a chain of majestic mountains," and adds, "For my own part I think there is something peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely figured aspect of

chalk hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless." Even that was a novel and daring sentiment. It was the champaign —the smiling plain, rich, cultivated lands, park, and forest—which appealed to the lover of the picturesque in the eighteenth century. The first mountaineer who climbed a dark brow for the sake of climbing was, I believe, the poet Petrarch, who ascended the *Mons Ventosus* in the south of France; and he, if I remember aright, made a considerable splutter over the job, and was not impressed by what he saw. Mountains were by no means flattered in the brave days of old; they were miscalled cruel, savage, horrible, the perilous abodes of mystery and terror.

Even in 1807, long after "The Brothers" and "Michael" had appeared in the second edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' a learned and fashionable poetaster, the Rev. Thomas Maurice, appealed successfully to the public taste by his poem on "Richmond Hill;" and it was not till Scott poured forth his romantic poems and poetical romances, and Byron, dosed, as he said, by Shelley, imitated and interpreted Wordsworth in his magnificent Third Canto of "Childe Harold," that the average Briton yielded to the enchantment of burn and peak, of moor and crag and fell.

Coleridge's first experience of mountain scenery was in the summer of 1794, when, in company with a college friend, one Joseph Hucks, he made a tour on foot through the greater part of North Wales. His heart and head were full to overflowing with thoughts and feelings of a vivid and personal nature; of republican and socialistic notions, equality and fraternity; of his lost love, Mary Evans, whom he

caught sight of, he says, accidentally at Wrexham; and his letters contain one tribute, and only one, to the scenery through which he was passing. He was on his way from Llangunnog to Bala, and he describes the last twelve miles as "sublimely beautiful." "It was scorchingly hot. I applied my mouth, ever and anon, to the side of the rock, and sucked in draughts of water cold as ice, and clear as infant diamonds in their embryo dew. The rugged and stony clefts are stupendous, and in winter form cataracts most astonishing; now there is just enough sun-glittering water dashed over them to 'soothe, not to disturb the ear.' I slept by the side of one an hour or more." Two years later, in August, 1796, he was in Derbyshire, and visited the "thrice lovely vale of Ilam, a vale hung with woods all round, except just at its entrance. It is without exception the most beautiful place I ever saw." Derbyshire had supplanted Wales. A year goes by, and he becomes the neighbour and intimate friend of Wordsworth. The following passage in "Osorio," the original draft of "Remorse," must, I surmise, be traced to a description of Thirlmere and Lancy Beck which had been given him by Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. At any rate it fits that exquisite scene as it was before the ancient watermarks were obliterated by the Manchester Reservoir.

"You can't mistake. It is a small green dale
Built all around with high, off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of fairy forest grow

Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake,
And there (a curious sight) you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those fairy trees."

I quote these lines because they were written by Coleridge two years before he set foot in Westmoreland, and they show that by this time (1797) heart and eye were prepared for the revelation which he was to receive himself, and, in turn, to make manifest to others. Hitherto it might have been said of mankind generally, with regard to the finer perception of Nature in her wilder aspects, that "having eyes they saw not."

Lastly, we come to that extraordinary prediction which Coleridge uttered over the cradle of his first-born, Hartley, a prediction which was fulfilled both in the spirit and to the letter. The lines occur in "Frost at Midnight," which was written in February, 1798, whilst he was living and likely to live in Somersetshire, two years and a half before he took up his quarters at Keswick.

"I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags. So shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself."

Yet one more experience of mountaineering was to befall Coleridge before he bent his steps northward. In May, 1799, at the close of a nine months' residence in Germany, he joined a party of his fellow-students at the University of Göttingen on a three days' tour in the Hartz mountains. He gives a detailed account of the peculiar features of the scenery, of which the following remarkable sentence may be taken as a sample:—"The valley or basin into which we look down is called the Wald Rauschenbach—that is, the Valley of the Roaring Brook; and roar it did most solemnly. . . . Now again is nothing but fir and pine above, below, around us! How awful is the deep unison of their undividable murmur; what a one thing it is—it is a sound that impresses the deep notion of the Omnipresent. In various parts of the deep vale below us we beheld little dancing waterfalls gleaming through the branches, and now, on our left hand, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung itself down leaping and foaming, and now concealed, and now *not* concealed, and now half-concealed by the fir-trees, till towards the road it became a visible sheet of water within whose immediate neighbourhood no pine could have permanent abiding place. The snow lay everywhere on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam, snow patches and water breaks glimmering through the branches on the hill above, the deep basin below, and the hill opposite." That is a forecast of the elaborate descriptions of lakes and mountains, roads and walls and cottages with which he filled his note-books after he came to Keswick and began to take long, solitary

walks. He had become by this time a minute observer and careful recorder of scenic effects. Four months after his return from Germany, in November, 1799, Coleridge, companioned and guided by Wordsworth, walked through the whole of the Lake District, beginning with Haweswater and ending at Eusemere, at the foot of Ulleswater, then the residence of the emancipationist, Thomas Clarkson. There is an especial interest in his first comments on Keswick, which he passed *en route* for Lorton, where he saw "a yew prodigious in size and complexity of numberless branches. It flings itself on one side entirely over the river, its branches all verging waterwards over the field—on its branches names numberless carved; some of the names, being grown up, appear in *alto relievo*"—perhaps the earliest mention of the "Pride of Lorton Vale, Which to this day stands single in the midst Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore." (So wrote Wordsworth in 1803; a guide-book of 1780 does not mention it.) He is writing from Ouse Bridge at the foot of Bassenthwaite. "From the window of the inn we overlook the whole of the lake, a simple majesty of water and mountain, and in the distance the bank (Skiddaw Dodd) rising like a wedge, and in the second distance the crags of Derwentwater. What an effect of the shades in the water! On the left the conical shadow, on the right a square of splendid black, all the intermediate area a mirror reflecting dark and sunny cloud,—but in the distance a black promontory with a circle of melted silver, and a path of silver running from it. The snowy Borrowdale is seen in the farthest distance."

Again, a few days later, on his return from

Wastdale, when he is quitting Keswick, he describes the view from the Druidical circle: "Before me, towards Keswick, the mountains stand one behind the other in orderly array, as if evoked by, and attentive to, the assembly of white-vested wizards." That is an image which would only have occurred to a poet. He assumes that the place was a sanctuary, the scene of magic rites and ceremonies, and as he observes the "assembly" of fantastic peaks, Grisedale Pike, and Causey Pike, and Red Pike, and so on, which fall into line one behind the other, he feigns to himself that these shapes and forms had been summoned out of nothingness and marshalled into "orderly array" by the white-surpliced Druids who ministered at the central altar within the circling shrine of stones.

On the same day that he turned to look at Keswick Hill he made his way, *viâ* Threlkeld and Matterdale, to Gowbarrow, where danced and dance the daffodils. The description of the scene which met his view on his descent from Ulleswater has been transcribed from his MS. diary, and will be new to all who are present. There were no phonographs in 1799, and yet Coleridge spoke into his note-books, and they do in a very real fashion give out and give back his thoughts after many days. Faint pencil scrawls though they be, they reproduce the scene as it was in the eye of a beholder whose eye was full of light. "I have come," he says, "suddenly on Ulleswater; a little below Place Fell there is a stretch, a large slice of silver, and above this a bright ruffledness, the work of some atomic *sportiviculi*—motes in the sunbeams, or vortices of

flies. And how shall I describe the opposite bank and the waters below—a mass of fused silver? Yonder house, too, its slates rain-wet and silver in the sunshine, its shadows running down into the water like a column.

"But I have omitted the two island-rocks in the lake; the one seems to me like wine in the glassy shadow, but far removed from the dazzle, and quite conspicuous. The sun—it being past noon—hangs over the lake, clouded, so that any but a weak eye might gaze on it, the clouds being in part bright white, and part, with islets of blue sky, dusky and full of rain. Now the scene changes; what tongues of light shoot out of the banks! We visited Aira Force; the chasm is very fine. Violet-coloured beeches, and hawthorns as big as forest trees, and a prickle with berries as red as red flowers, grow close at hand. The higher part of the fall, where the two streams run athwart each other, is a thing to itself; but where the wheel-part is broken it spreads itself into a muslin apron, and the whole waterfall looks like a long-waisted giantess slipping down on her back. But on the bridge, where you see only the wheel, it is very fine; the waters circumvolve with a complete half-wheel. We gain the road that runs along by the lake, and through the branches of the pine trees which grow along the margin we glimpse the bare knotty cliff opposite, and its shadow which lies so soft on the bosom of the lake."

Thus much the diary, but in a letter to Dorothy he sums up his impressions of the Lake Country generally.

"You can feel, what I cannot express for myself,

how deeply I have been impressed by a world of scenery absolutely new to me. At Rydal and Grasmere I received, I think, the deepest delight; yet Haweswater, through many a varying view, kept my eyes dim with tears; and, the evening approaching, Derwentwater, in diversity of harmonious features, in the majesty of its beauties, and the beauty of its majesty, ... and the black crags close under the snowy mountains, whose snows were pinkish with the setting sun, and the reflections from the rich clouds which floated over some and rested upon others! It was to me a vision of a fair country. Why were you not with us?"

There is something delightful and mysterious in the beginning of things—the foundation of a city, a society, or an institution, the birth of a race or nation. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and in all *beginnings* there is a sense of hope and promise, a freshness as of Paradise, to which, as time goes on, we look back with a kind of longing wonder, of loving interest. The first years of the nineteenth century brought forth, it may be, greater things than a new school of poetry, a heightened and a deepened sense of natural scenery; still, it is both instructive and delightful to look back to and realise the beginnings of thoughts and feelings which have leavened and lightened the heads and hearts of succeeding generations.

The walking tour with Wordsworth in 1799 was no doubt a factor in Coleridge's determination to follow Wordsworth's example and settle near him in the Lake Country. Accordingly, in June, 1800, he brought his wife and four-year-old Hartley to Words-

worth's cottage at Town End, Grasmere,—a cottage which had formerly been the Dove Inn, but was not known to Wordsworth or Coleridge as Dove Cottage; and a month later he took up his quarters at Greta Hall. To southern ears Greta Hall has a stately sound, but, as a matter of fact, the new home was a set of half-furnished lodgings in a house newly built by a carrier named William Jackson, the master of Benjamin, the hero of Wordsworth's "Waggoner." It was an ideal home for a poet, and at first, and for a time at least, the *genius loci* constrained and inspired his fitful and inconstant muse. The autumn of 1800 brought forth the second part of "Christabel." The first part had been written more than two years before at Nether Stowey, where Wordsworth and Coleridge wandered together over the green slopes and romantic coombes of the Quantocks. Unlike "The Ancient Mariner," it had remained unfinished, and for that reason had not been included in the first edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' published in September, 1798. A second edition was now being projected, and if only "Christabel" might be kept within due limits and finished in time there would be joy at Grasmere. As the fates would have it, "Christabel" grew and grew—but grew not to a close. It was running up to 1300 lines—bid fair, that is, to be on the scale of 1300 lines (for it never reached more than half that number)—and so remained in MS. till, in 1816, at Lord Byron's suggestion and through his influence, this "wild and original poem," as he was half quizzed for calling it, was published as a fragment—a tale half told. Half the fragment belongs to the South;

but the second part bears traces, though superficial traces only, of Coleridge's recent introduction to the scenery of the Lake District. The opening lines of Part II must have been suggested by a walk to Great Langdale which he took with Wordsworth in July, 1800. Wordsworth, no doubt, was guide. For his "Idle Shepherd Boys," or "Dungeon Ghyll Force," must have been conceived and written in the lambing season of 1800; while Coleridge entered Dungeon Ghyll in his note-book, and sketched the bridge of rock in the height of summer; and it was not till the following September that "Christabel" revisited the glimpses of the moon.

"Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day.
And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five-and-forty heads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

"Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent
With ropes of rock and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,

Who all give back one after t'other
The death note to their living brother;
And oft, too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale."

Here is the key in the pencilled note: "Stand to the right hand close to the bellying rock, so as to see the top of the waterfall, the highest of whose parallelograms is faced with ferns; daylight in the wet rock; the arch right above; the little imitation of the great waterfall (connections in nature); between the arch and the great waterfall an arch of trees—hollies, ash, and birch; the stream widens from a foot to a yard and a half, as it widens varying from a vivid white to a black through all the intermediate shades. The second arch divided from the first by a huge natural bridge, one vast boulder contignated to the two sides by rocks small and pendulous. Plumy ferns on the side and over the second pool; on the left side the light umbrella of a young ash." It is a thousand to one that Coleridge knew best (and, as saints and theologians may dare to speak lightly and gaily of sacred things with a blameless audacity which would be reckoned profanity in the profane, so, too, the poet may sport with the muse); but I am half tempted to say of this jocular episode of the devil and the three sextons—"I would, I would it were not here." But, criticism apart, the comparison of the note-book with the poem is most interesting. For in a fifth edition of West's first guide-book to the Lakes, dated 1793, only seven years before Coleridge made his

note and sketch, there is no mention of Dungeon Ghyll. Think of it—an undiscovered, unexploited, untouristed Dungeon Ghyll! And there was the sacred bard to enrol it amongst famous water-springs—"Siloa's brook that flowed Fast by the oracles of God," and Bandusia's Fount, dear to Horace, and the Streams of Dove consecrated to an unknown goddess—the half-hidden violet Lucy.

Again, at the close of the second part, when Sir Leoline dispatches Bard Bracy on a mission to Lord Roland de Vaux, of Tryermaine:

> "Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine;
> Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
> And take two steeds with trappings proud,
> And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
> To bear thy harp and learn thy song,
> And clothe you both in solemn vest,
> And over the mountains haste along.
> And when he has crossed the Irthing Flood,
> My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes,
> Up Knorren Moor, thro' Halegarth Wood,
> And reaches soon that castle good
> Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes."

These places are not in the Lake District, but away to the north in Gilsland. I am not certain whether Coleridge ever was so far north, or whether he picked the names out of some old map or county history—Nicholson and Burns', to wit, which he owned and annotated—found amongst his landlord's odd volumes. Halegarth Wood I have not been able to trace, but Knorren Moor and Irthing Flood are certainly in or near Gilsland. Tryermaine is a barony of Gilsland, and, strange to say, near the

reputed site of the castle is the Witch's Crag—a haunted spot which may have suggested to Coleridge the assumed relationship of the witch Geraldine to Lord Roland de Vaux, of Tryermaine. In the first part, when Christabel had stolen from the castle by midnight, and was kneeling beneath the old oak tree wrapped in prayer "for the weal of her lover that's far away," the witch Geraldine, "richly clad and beautiful exceedingly," approached her and began to weave her spells, thinking to enmesh in unholy mystery the soul of the spotless maiden. What was her motive? Had she caught sight of Christabel's lover, who "was far away," and thought to win him for herself? Had Christabel's lover been allured by her unholy charms; and hence it was, with the *clairvoyance* of fear and love, that she had dreams "all yesternight of her own betrothed knight"? Perhaps such curious speculations are a rash and irreverent intrusion into poetic mysteries beyond our ken; but it is pleasant to think that Sir Leoline lived at Langdale, and that his old friend and foe, Lord Roland de Vaux, lived in Gilsland, the further side of the Irthing Flood; and to guess that Geraldine might still be found in the clefts of the Witch's Crag.

And now I fear I must inflict upon you a brief table of contents:

In September–October, 1802, Coleridge published in the 'Morning Post' eight of his greater poems. They appeared in the following order:—(1) "The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution;" (2) "The Hymn before Sunrise at Chamounix;" (3) "The Keepsake;" (4) "The Good Great Man;" (5) "The Inscription for a Fountain on the Heath;"

(6) "Ode to the Rain" (?); (7) "Dejection: an Ode;" (8) "Answer to a Child's Question;" (9) "A Day-dream." He had written in 1800 "The Stranger Minstrel" and "The Mad Monk;" and in 1801 he wrote and published in the 'Morning Post' his "Ode to Tranquillity" and "Lines on Revisiting the Sea Shore;" and, last of all, "The Pains of Sleep," which was written at Edinburgh in 1803, but not published till 1816. These, with the exception of the undated lines, "The Knight's Grave," "A Thought suggested by a View of Saddleback," "The Tombless Epitaph," and most probably that late-gleaned treasure, the ballad of "Alice du Clos," were all the poems which were written in the Lake District between the years 1800—1804. The exquisite trio or lyrical trilogy, "Recollection of Love," "The Happy Husband," and "A Day-dream," I associate, rightly or wrongly, with Stowey revisited; while the "Lines to a Gentleman," *i. e.* Wordsworth—that pathetic poem with an unpathetic or antipathetic title,—were written when he was staying with the Wordsworths in a farmhouse not a stone's throw from Sir George Beaumont's then unfinished mansion at Coleorton. Be not dismayed; I can only say a few words on one or two of this loose-strung chaplet of jewels which "wildly glitter here and there."

Contemporary with "Christabel," there or thereabouts, was "The Keepsake." It opens thus:

"The tedded hay, the firstfruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field
Show summer gone ere come. The foxglove tall

Sheds its loose purple bells, or on the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
Stands like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining and the flowers all gone."

The place is surely an upland valley or mountain-bottom. The belated hay-crop—"tedded" (a Miltonic word which Coleridge had already made his own), tedded, spread out in thin discoloured swaths—would strike a Southerner, to whom hay in October was strange enough; while the foxglove, which blooms late in the North, and the rose-bush with its scarlet haws, are familiar sights by "rivulet or spring or wet roadside." This is the late autumn of the North, "more beautiful" with lingering fruits and foliage, exuberant in comparison with the drouthy and discoloured aftergrowth of a Southern summer.

To the autumn of 1800 belong, too, "The Stranger Minstrel" and "The Mad Monk," poems written to and for the poetess Mary Robinson, that "boasted beauty of past years," the once-enchanting Perdita, now sick and dying. We know her face, for Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney painted her (are not the "counterfeit presentments" in the Hertford Gallery ?), and of her poor pitiful story we know more than enough. She had been telling Coleridge she would dearly love to look once more on Skiddaw, and he rejoins:

"Thou ancient Skiddaw, by thy helm of cloud,
And by thy many-coloured chasms deep,
And by their shadows that for ever sleep,
By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
Along the edges of those spots of light,

Those sunny islands on thy smooth green height,—
O ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,
I would, I would that she were here."

Here, perhaps, in the "shadows that for ever sleep," is a comment on, if not an anticipation of, Wordsworth's august image—"the sleep that is among the lonely hills;" and here, *per accidens*, is an unconscious prophecy of "those sunny islets of the blest and the intelligible," which Carlyle allowed were now and again distinguishable and distinct amid the iridescent mists of Coleridge's transcendental monologue.

"The Mad Monk" need not detain us save for one remarkable stanza which seems to have rested on Wordsworth's poetic consciousness—and to have given the key-note of his great harmony,—The Ode to Immortality.

"There was a time when earth, and sea, and skies,
The bright green vale and forest's dark recess,
With all things lay before mine eyes
In steady loveliness.
But now," etc.*

Here, surely, is the germ of—

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now," etc.

* There is, too, so I am informed by my friend Mr. T. Hutchinson, a remarkable conformity of the metrical scheme of "The Mad Monk" to the metrical scheme of Wordsworth's lines, "'Tis said that some have died for love," which was written in 1800—a proof how carefully "Coleridge studied Wordsworth's metrical methods, sometimes adopting, sometimes varying, and sometimes improving upon them."

In "The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution," which belongs to the summer of 1802, the influence of mountain scenery on the entire consciousness of the writer is at its height. Here is a poetic rendering of one of his sketches or word-photographs:

"And hark! the noise of a near waterfall,—
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest trees, the Lady of the Wood),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. Here bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rock and fruit-trees. At my feet
The whortleberries are bedewed with spray
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow! all the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns; from this house above,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze."

The opening lines of this poem, "Through weeds and thorns and matted underwood I force my way," etc., may be cited in corroboration of Hazlitt's observation that the "numbers came" to Coleridge when his "path was rough," when he was "walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse;" or they may be regarded as the germ of the reminiscence. Characteristic anecdotes are dear to the heart of the biographer and the essayist, but they should be taken with two pinches of quali-

fying salt, a pinch of "perhaps" and a pinch of "sometimes."

I must pass over two exquisite fragments, "The Knight's Grave," dear to Sir Walter Scott, and "Lines suggested by a View of Saddleback" ("On stern Blencartha's perilous height"), which were, I conceive, sparks from the anvil on which Part II of "Christabel" was forged; and proceed to two other poems of the first magnitude written at Keswick, "Dejection: an Ode" (April, 1802), and "The Hymn before Sunrise" (August, 1802). Of the first and greatest I will say little. The imagery is of the valley and the home. "The larch that pushes out in tassels green its bundled leafits" (I quote from an early draft), the "peculiar tint of yellow green" in the western sky, the wild storm, the "mad Lutanist who in this month of showers, Of dark brown gardens and of peeping flowers, Mak'st Devil's yule," fix and present the season, but are not characteristic of the place. We know, but could hardly guess, that the poem was written at Greta Hall. On the other hand, "The Hymn before Sunrise," which purported to have been composed at Chamouni, derived not, indeed, its form, or even the whole of its substance, but its passion and its power, from the enthusiasm or possession, the spiritual excitement aroused by a solitary walk on Scafell. It is, as De Quincey was the first to point out, an expansion—here and there a translation—of a striking and admirable poem by Friederike Brun. Coleridge sent it, together with a fictitious preface, to the 'Morning Post' in 1802, and afterwards included it by way of, or for want of, copy in 'The Friend' in 1809, and, finally, in 1817 published it

in 'Sibylline Leaves.' In the first two instances an acknowledgment of the German source was, perhaps, naturally omitted; but, unless he had by that time forgotten that it was not all his own, he should have added an explanatory note in 1817. De Quincey said that Coleridge had "created the dry bones of the German outline into the fulness of life," and, though he is sometimes unjust to Coleridge, here, I believe, he is unjust to "the German outline." Be that as it may (and the ethic of plagiarism is "dry" indeed), Coleridge wrote a magnificent hymn of praise. His pencillings by the way, which he expanded into a letter to Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sara Hutchinson, and which she transcribed in her delicate handwriting and left as a κτῆμα ἐς αἐί, supply the clue. Only a few sentences have been published.

"*Wednesday Afternoon, half-past three,*
"*August 4th,* 1802.

"Wastdale, a mile and a half below the foot of the lake, at an alehouse without a sign, twenty strides from the door, under the shade of a huge sycamore tree, without my coat—but that I will now put on in prudence,—yes! here I am, and have been for something more than an hour, and have enjoyed a good dish of tea (I carried my tea and sugar with me) under this delightful tree. In the house are only an old feeble woman and a Tallyeur lad upon the table; all the rest of the Wastdale world is a-haymaking, rejoicing, and thanking God for this first downright summer day that we have had since the beginning of May.

"On Sunday, August 1st, half-past twelve, I had a shirt, cravat, two pairs of stockings, a little paper and half a dozen pins, a German book (Voss' Poems), and a little tea and sugar, with my night-cap, packed up into my net knapsack; and the knapsack on my back, and the besom

stick in my hand, which for want of a better, and in spite of Mrs. C— and Mary, who both raised their voices against it, especially as I left the besom scattered on the kitchen floor—off I sallied over the bridge, through the hop-field, along into Newlands."

He passed through Buttermere and so to Ennerdale, where he stayed the night at the house of John Ponsonby, the friend of his landlord, Mr. Jackson.

"On Monday evening the old man went to the head of the lake with me. The mountains at the head of this lake and Wastdale are the monsters of the country,—bare black heads, evermore doing deeds of darkness, weather plots, and storm conspiracies in the clouds. . . ."

On the 4th he reached Wastwater.

"When I first came, the lake was a perfect mirror—and what must have been the glory of the reflections on it! The huge facing of rock, said to be half a mile in perpendicular height, with deep ravines and torrent-worn, except where the pink-striped Screes came in as smooth as silk—all this reflected, turned into pillars, dells, and a whole world of images in the water."

The next entry is dated Thursday, August 5th.

"I ascended Scafell by the side of a torrent, and climbed and rested, rested and climbed, till I gained the very summit—believed by the shepherds here to be higher than either Helvellyn or Skiddaw. . . . Oh, my God! what enormous mountains there are close by me, and yet below the hill I stand on. . . . Great Gavel, Green Crag, and, behind, the Pillar, then the Steeple. . . . And here I am *lounded*—so fully *lounded* that though the wind is strong and the clouds are hastening hither from the sea, and the whole air seaward has a lurid look, and we shall certainly have thunder,—yet here (but that I am hungered

and provisionless)—*here* I could be warm and wait, methinks, for to-morrow's sun; and on a nice stone table I am now at this moment writing to you, between two and three o'clock as I guess,—surely the first letter ever written from the top of Scafell. But O! what a look down just under my feet! The frightfullest ravine—huge perpendicular precipices, and one sheep upon its only ledge.

Then came the descent into Eskdale, which afforded matter for another tale.

"There is one sort of gambling," he confesses, "to which I am much addicted. It is this. . . . When I turn to go down a mountain, I wander on, and where it is first possible to descend, there I go, relying on fortune for how far down this possibility will continue. So it was yesterday afternoon. I slipped down and went on for a while with tolerable ease; but now I came (it was midway down) to a smooth, perpendicular rock about seven feet high. This was nothing. I put my hands on the ledge and dropped down, and then another and another, but the stretching of the muscles of my hands and arms, and the jolt of the fall on my feet, put my whole limbs in a *tremble*, and I paused, and looking down, saw that I had little else to encounter but a succession of these little precipices. It was, in truth, a path that in very hard rain is, no doubt, the channel of a splendid waterfall. So I began to suspect that I ought not to go on; but then, unfortunately, though I could with ease drop down a smooth rock seven feet high, I could not climb it, so go on I must, and on I went. I shook all over, Heaven knows! without the least influence of fear; and now I had only two more to drop down, but of these two the first was tremendous. It was twice my own height, and the ledge at the bottom was exceedingly narrow, so if I dropped down upon it I must of necessity have fallen backward, and, of course, killed myself. I lay upon my back to rest myself, and was beginning, according to my custom, to laugh at myself for a madman, when the

sight of the crags above me, and the impetuous clouds just over them posting so luridly and so rapidly northward, overawed me. I lay in a state of almost prophetic trance and delight, and blessed God aloud for the power of reason and will, which remaining, no danger can overpower us."

Whereupon he contrived somehow to slip down one of the so-called chimneys, and to reach Eskdale in safety. That is the prose version, if prose it can be called, of his Hymn to Scafell. The poetry was suggested and started by Friederike Brun's noble Alcaics; the scene is Chamouni, the garment which the mountains wear is Alpine, but the passion which lifts the poet to the height of his great argument,—that was infused by the English "monarch of mountains" into an English poet. And at the last he spake with his tongue:

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?
Around thee and above,
Deep is the sky and black! transpicuous black,
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
Hand and voice
Awake! awake! and thou, my heart, awake!
Green fields and icy cliffs all join my hymn,
And thou, thou silent mountain, lone and bare,
O blacker than the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald,—wake, oh wake, and utter praise.

And thou, thou silent mountain, lone and bare,
When as I lift again my head, bowed low
In adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from the base
Sweep slowly with dim eyes suffused with tears,—
Rise, mighty form! ever as thou seem'st to rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven.
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent stars,
Tell the blue sky, and tell the rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices calls on God!"

I have endeavoured to record and to illustrate, rather than to characterise or criticise, Coleridge's work as a Lake Poet. The criticism of great critics is itself a work of art. But when all is said and done, and the expositor has played his part to perfection, and summed up the whole matter in the most brilliant and cogent epigrams, the *poem* is still the thing, which, to be loved, must be known in and for itself, as though there were no critics in the world. Poetry is not loved because it is not read, and it is not read because there are many things in it which are hard to understand. To know what the poet knows, to see what the poet sees, is the secret of being able to feel as the poet felt, and so to partake of his genius. If we have so prepared ourselves we shall listen to what *our* betters say of *their* betters, and we shall be able to judge between the interpreter and the prophet.

One or two questions, however, which demand special treatment spring out of the consideration of Coleridge as a Lake Poet. I can only touch upon these. It has been shown that Coleridge was a more

particular, if not a more profound and more accurate observer of Nature than Wordsworth. He was for ever tabulating and recording the *minutiæ* as well as the sublimities of land and sky, and of the face of the waters; and yet he but seldom fused *them* into pictures or compositions. Wordsworth was less careful *de minimis*, and was observant of the spirit rather than the letter of Nature. But Nature was his immediate teacher—he was her constant and loyal servant. It was not so with Coleridge. With him Nature was a means to an end, the companion and handmaid of the imagination, the informer and inspirer of the "passion, and the life whose fountains are within." It follows that Wordsworth delivered his message as a poet, and that Coleridge was impelled to go for his message otherwhere, if not further afield. It may have been—I do not think it was—a fruitless quest, but surely it was a noble one. It is often charged upon him that he forsook poetry for metaphysics, as though he had deliberately turned aside from the loftier and the purer to a lower and unworthy aim, or was turned aside in spite of himself. Some say that his muse was lulled to sleep by opium, and others that opium called up the vision and inspired the melody, and afterwards annulled them altogether. He says himself that he sang for "joy," and, lacking joy, was songless; that poesy, the "shaping spirit of the imagination," is a function of bliss—not pleasure, not mirth, not even happiness, but of inward satisfaction, of a mind and heart at one. But from whatever visitation of the natural or the spiritual man he turned to "abstruse research," he did not forget that he was a

poet. It was in the spirit and the power of poetry that he suffered himself to be consumed with a zeal for truth, and I make bold to say that the world is the better and the wiser for his martyrdom. And now and again, I doubt not, he was rewarded with a vision of "The Vision." Now and again, in those long night-watches between moonrise and moonset, when he was wrestling with the mysteries of Being, he might have exclaimed with Sir Galahad

"Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars!"

NOTE.

The following summary of poems, first published by S. T. Coleridge in newspapers and magazines, has been compiled from the notes, foot-notes, etc., attached to the several poems in 'The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' 1877, vols. i, ii (edited by R. H. Shepherd), and from the notes to 'The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' 1893 (edited by James Dykes Campbell), and from numerous memoranda made in the course of personal investigation and research. For a similar enumeration of poems contributed to newspapers, etc., see the 'Bibliography of Coleridge,' by the late Richard Herne Shepherd, revised, corrected, and enlarged by Colonel W. F. Prideaux, C.S.I., 1900.

Poems first published in the 'Cambridge Intelligencer.'

Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross	Sept. 27, 1794
Absence: a Farewell Ode, etc.	Oct. 11, 1794
Anna and Harland	Oct. 25, 1794
Genevieve	Nov. 1, 1794
Lines addressed to a Young Man of Fortune	Dec. 17, 1796
Ode for the Last Day of the Year	Dec. 31, 1796
Parliamentary Oscillators	Jan. 6, 1798

Poems first published in the 'Morning Chronicle.'

To Fortune	Nov. 7, 1793
Elegy imitated from Akenside	Sept. 23, 1794
Epitaph on an Infant	Sept. 27, 1794

Sonnets on Eminent Characters.

To the Hon. Mr. Erskine . . .	Dec. 1, 1794
Burke	Dec. 9, 1794
Priestley	Dec. 11, 1794
La Fayette	Dec. 15, 1794
Kosciusko	Dec. 16, 1794
Pitt	Dec. 23, 1794
To the Rev. W. L. Bowles . . .	Dec. 26, 1794
Mrs. Siddons	Dec. 29, 1794
To William Godwin . . .	Jan. 10, 1795
To Robert Southey . . .	Jan. 14, 1795
To R. B. Sheridan	Jan. 29, 1795
To Lord Stanhope	Jan. 31, 1795
To a Young Ass	Dec. 30, 1794

Poems first published in the 'Morning Post.'

To an Unfortunate Woman . . . at the Theatre	Dec. 7, 1797
Melancholy: a Fragment . . .	Dec. 12, 1797
Fire, Famine, and Slaughter: a War Eclogue	Jan. 8, 1798
The Old Man of the Alps . . .	March 8, 1798
The Raven	March 10, 1798
My Lesbia, let us Love and Live . .	April 11, 1798
Lewti, or the Circassian's Love Chant .	April 13, 1798
Recantation (France): an Ode . .	April 16, 1798
Moriens Superstiti ("The hour-bell sounds," etc.)	May 10, 1798
Recantation illustrated in the Mad Ox .	July 30, 1798
The British Stripling's War-Song . .	Aug. 24, 1799
The Devil's Thoughts . . .	Sept. 6, 1799
Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode	Sept. 17, 1799
Lines composed in a Concert Room .	Sept. 24, 1799
To a Young Lady ("Why need I say") .	Dec. 9, 1799
Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladié	Dec. 21, 1799

Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire	Dec. 24, 1799
A Christmas Carol . . .	Dec. 25, 1799
Talleyrand to Lord Granville . .	Jan. 10, 1800
Alcæus to Sappho	Nov. 24, 1800
The Two Round Spaces: a Skeltoniad .	Dec. 21, 1800
On Revisiting the Sea Shore . .	Sept. 15, 1801
Ode to Tranquillity . . .	Dec. 4, 1801
The Picture, or the Lover's Resolution .	Sept. 6, 1802
Hymn before Sunrise . . .	Sept. 11, 1802
The Keepsake	Sept. 17, 1802
Inscription on a Jutting Stone over a Spring	Sept. 24, 1802
Dejection: an Ode. . . .	Oct. 4, 1802
Answer to a Child's Questions . .	Oct. 16, 1802
France: an Ode (reprinted) . .	Oct. 14, 1802
The Day-dream	Oct. 19, 1802

Epigrams first published in the 'Morning Post.'

To the Lord Mayor's Nose . .	Jan. 2, 1798
On Deputy ("By many a booby's," etc.) .	Jan. 2, 1798
To a Well-known Musical Critic . .	Jan. 4, 1798
Names ("I ask'd my fair," etc.) . .	Aug. 27, 1799
On a Reader of His Own Verses . .	Sept. 7, 1799
Jim writes his Verses . . .	Sept. 23, 1799
Doris can find no taste in tea . .	Nov. 14, 1799
Jack drinks Fine Wines . . .	Nov. 16, 1799
What rise again with all one's bones .	Dec. 12, 1799
To Mr. Pye	Jan. 24, 1800
Song ("Ye Drinkers of Stingo") . .	Sept. 18, 1801
Epitaph on a Bad Man . . .	Sept. 22, 1801
Drinking *versus* Thinking . . .	Sept. 25, 1801
The Devil Outwitted . . .	Sept. 26, 1801
The Wills of the Wisp . . .	Dec. 1, 1801
To a certain Modern Narcissus . .	Dec. 16, 1801
To a Critic ("Most candid critic") .	Dec. 16, 1801
Always Audible ("Pass under Jack's window")	Dec. 19, 1801

Pondere non numero ("Friends should be weighed") . . . . Dec. 26, 1801
To Wed a Fool . . . . Dec. 26, 1801
Original Epigrams, Lot I . . . Sept. 23, 1802
What is an epigram? (1).
Charles Grave or Merry (2).
An Evil Spirit's on Thee, Friend! (3).
Here Lies the Devil (4).
To One Who Published, etc. ("Two things," etc.) (5).
Scarce any Scandal (6).
How seldom, Friend (7).
Reply to above.
Old Harpy (8).
To a Vain Young Lady (9).
A Hint to Premiers ("Three Truths," etc.) Sept. 27, 1802
Westphalian Song ("When this my true love," etc.) . . . . Sept. 27, 1802
From me, Aurelia . . . . Oct. 2, 1802
For a House-dog's Collar . . . Oct. 2, 1802
In Vain I praise thee, Zoilus . . Oct. 2, 1802
Epitaph on a Mercenary Miser . . Oct. 9, 1802
Original Epigrams, Lot II . . Oct. 11, 1802
A Dialogue between an Author and his Friend (1).
Μωροσοφία, or Wisdom and Folly (2).
Each Bond Street Buck (3).
From an Old German Poet (4).
On the Curious Circumstance, etc. (5).
Spots on the Sun (6).
When Surface Talks, etc. (7).
On my Candle—the Farewell Epigram (8).

Poems first published in 'The Courier.'

The Exchange . . . . April 16, 1804
Farewell to Love . . . . Sept. 12, 1806
To Two Sisters . . . . Dec. 10, 1807

The Virgin's Cradle Hymn . .	Aug. 30, 1811
Mutual Passion (altered and modernized from an Old Poet) . . .	Sept. 21, 1811

Poems first published in 'The Watchman.'

To a Young Lady with a Poem on the French Revolution . . .	March 1, 1796
Imitation from Casimir ("The solemn-breathing air," etc.) . . .	March 9, 1796
To Mercy	April 2, 1796
The Hour when we shall Meet Again .	March 17, 1796
Recollection ("As the lone savage," etc.)	
Epigrams	April 2, 1796
On a Late Marriage between an Old Maid, etc.	
Epigram on an Amorous Doctor.	
Lines on observing a Blossom on the 1st of February, 1796 . . .	April 11, 1796
To a Primrose ("Thy smiles," etc.) .	April 17, 1796

Poems first published in 'The Friend.'

The Three Graves	Sept. 21, 1809
Epigram ("An excellent adage," etc.) .	Oct. 26, 1809
"'Tis True, Idoloclastes Satyrane" .	Nov. 23, 1809

Poems published in the 'Monthly Magazine.'

On a Late Connubial Rupture . .	Sept., 1796
Reflections on entering into Active Life .	Oct., 1796
Sonnets in the Manner of Contemporary Writers	Nov., 1799

Poems first published in 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.'

Fancy in Nubibus	Nov., 1819
The Old Man's Sigh: a Sonnet . .	June, 1832

Poems first published in 'The Literary Souvenir.'

Lines suggested by the Last Words of Berengarius	1827
Epitaphium Testamentarium . . .	1827
Youth and Age	1828
What is Life?	1829

Poems first published in 'The Bijou.'

Youth and Age (*et vide supra*) . . .	1828
The Two Fountains	1828
Work without Hope	1828
The Wanderings of Cain	1828

Poems first published in 'The Amulet.'

The Improvisatore	1828
Three Scraps	1833
Love's Burial Place (1).	
The Butterfly (2).	
A Thought suggested by a view of Saddleback (3).	

Poems first published in 'The Keepsake.'

Epigrams	1829
"There comes from Old Avaro's Grave" (1).	
"Swans Sing before they Die" (2).	
The Garden of Boccaccio	1829
Song *ex improviso*, On hearing a Song in Praise of a Lady's Beauty ("'Tis not the lily brow," etc.)	1830
The Poet's Answer, etc. ("Love, Hope, and Patience in Education") . . .	1830

Poems first published in 'Friendship's Offering' (1834).

My Baptismal Birthday.

Fragments of the Wreck of Memory; or, Portions of Poems composed in Early Manhood:

1. Hymn to the Earth.
2. English Hexameters, written during a Temporary Blindness (1799).
3. The Homeric Hexameter Described and Exemplified.
4. The Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified.

Love's Apparition and Evanishment.

Lightheartednesses in Rhyme by S. T. Coleridge.

1. The Reproof and Reply.
2. In Answer to a Friend's Question.
3. Lines to a Comic Author, on an Abusive Review.

An Expectoration, or Splenetic Extempore on my Joyful Departure from the City of Cologne ("As I am a rhymer," etc.).

Expectoration the Second ("In Cöln," etc.).

FAITH'S ROSARY: SONNETS ON THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

BY HERBERT BAYNES, M.R.A.S.

[Read April 29th, 1903.]

If there be one thing more than another by which the nineteenth century will be remembered, it is surely the almost universal interest taken in all forms of religion. Great as the achievements of the mind have been in the realm of nature, more especially the supreme discovery of the reign of law, they are as nothing compared with the results of a sympathetic study of the human heart. The consciousness that God has never left Himself without a witness in the world, that all things have been working together for good to those who love Him, has gradually become clear as the manifold forms of faith have been made manifest. The rapid rise and growth of comparative philology during the last fifty years have rendered possible the far more interesting and important study of comparative theology. "L'histoire des religions, qui a pris au xixe siècle son plein développement, a sa place marquée dans la grande revue des conquêtes de l'esprit humain où sera dressé pour le xxe siècle le bilan du siècle finissant. Elle est appelée à fournir des contributions chaque jour plus importante à

notre connaissance du passé de l'humanité et à jeter une lumière toujours plus vive sur les problèmes moraux et sociaux." "Dans cet itinéraire des peuples vers Dieu," says Edgar Quinet, "chaque pas mesure l'infini." In the spirit of these weighty words the following sonnets have been written. As the hart after the waterbrooks, so pants the soul of man for God, and in its flight, though bound by space and time, for ever probes the infinite. To-day we have before us all the sacred books of mankind: we know the aspirations and inspirations of our race, and woe worth the man whose spirit does not bend before the vision of the Eternal!

In the Tôrah, the Vêda, the Avesta, the Grant', and the Ḳurân there are doubtless many things by which the Jew, the Brâhman, the Pârsî, the Sik', and the Muslim would rather not be judged; and though for a full understanding of each system a thorough knowledge of the literature is necessary, it has been my endeavour to give the reader in each case only the highest and the best which has been thought and felt. To do this at once tersely and with the requisite sympathy is not easy, but it is surely well that it should be attempted. As a distinguished Persian scholar well says: "It behoves Orientalists to remember that nothing will ultimately conduce so much to the advancement of their favourite studies as an increase in the interest of the general reading public in their results; and that, in literature, form, if not everything, is at least a very important factor." The excellent Oxford series of translations, begun in 1875 and only just completed, has been a splendid contribution to a right under-

standing of the Orient, but, even in English, the study of the sacred books of the East is mostly confined to scholars. May I venture to hope that the busy Christian missionary may find in these sonnets some vantage-ground for his holy calling without having to spend perhaps half his time upon the acquisition of unessentials?

The forms of faith here summarised in verse do not exhaust the religious consciousness of mankind, but they seem to me to present the highest stages in its evolution, and to lead upward and onward to that—

"Far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves!"

BRÂHMAṆISM.

In its earlier forms Indian theology presents a double aspect, that of *g'ñânam* (knowledge) and that of *Karma* and *B'akti* (action and devotion). Thus the oldest of the writings which are looked upon as revelation, namely, the Vêdas, are divided into two sections—*g'ñâna Kâṇḍa*, the rational element; and *Karma Kâṇḍa*, the emotional side of religion.

The doctrine of unity, of *Braḥman* the Word or First Cause, and of *Átman* the Self, is found in the Upanis'adas, which represent the high-water mark of religious literature and belong to the second period of Indian philosophy. They are theosophical treatises attached to the Brâḥmaṇas, forming the priestly Codex of the Vêda. Composed about the seventh century B.C. in the rich language of ancient

Ârjâvarta, known as Samskṛta, the Upanis'adas still stand alike for the best *tattva g'ñânam* and the purest *paramârt'a sâd'anam.*

"The real," we read, "is the one Braḥman, is Being, Brooding, Bliss!" Again, "Intellect conditioned by this Whole, as it possesses the qualities of one who is all-knowing, almighty, all-subduing, is called the Unbound, the Inner Guide, World-cause, and the Lord."

Sik'ism.

The religion of the Sik's is undoubtedly a form of pantheism, and in many respects differs little from the eclectic school of Brâhmaṇism represented by the *B'agavad-Gîta.* Its founder, Bâbâ Nânak, who was born at Talvandî, on the banks of the Râvî, in the year 1469, did not profess to be an independent thinker, though many wonderful things are told of him in the *G'anam-Sâk'îs.* It is said, for instance, that at his birth the whole Hindû pantheon appeared and announced that a great B'agat was born to save the world.

Being averse to any definite calling, he kept company with Faḳîrs and meditated on the Supreme. His first utterance was, "There is no Hindû and no Musalmân," and the chief point in his doctrine was *the unity of the Deity.*

> "Whom shall I call the second? There is none.
> In all is that one Spotless One!"

> "Hail! hail to Him,
> The primal, the pure, unborn, undying,
> The selfsame evermore!"

Solely by reason of the Mâjâ which is spread out over the whole world does the individual soul come to regard itself as distinct from the Over-Soul. By constant repetition of the name Hari, as taught by the Guru, the Sik' is said to overcome this delusion and to obtain Nirbâṇ. Nânak's system, which is contained in the Âdi Grant', or Grant' Sâhib, written in Gurmuk'î, was preceded by the reformatory movements of Nâmdêv, Tṛlôkan, Ravidâs, and notably Kabîr, many of whose verses are found in the Grant'.

BUDDHISM.

The teaching of Gautama, the Budd'a, who was born of a royal race in Northern India in the year 623 B.C., is sometimes described as a system of philosophy, and, not seldom, as a religion. The truth would seem to be, as disclosed by the Pâli documents, that Buddhism began as a system of ethics and afterwards developed into a religion. As I have ventured to say elsewhere—

"Gautama, the Budd'a, was primarily and principally an *ethical* teacher, one to whom *meditation* was far more than *worship*. He preached a salvation to be attained here and now on earth, and whilst he did not deny the divinities of the Vêdas and Âraṇjakas, he always held that they themselves stood in need of salvation, which, for gods and men alike, was along the Noble Eightfold Path."*

Under a great Nigrôd'a, about 2490 years ago, the Tat'âgata thought out the eight parts of this

* 'Ideals of the East,' p. 67.

noble Path which leads to Saintship and Nirvâṇam, and in his first sermon, known as *D'armak'akrapravartana Sûtra*, preached in the deer-park Isipatana, near Benares, the ten fetters or temptations which hinder the pilgrim from following the same are all duly set forth.

Gautama, Śâkja-Muni, Sidd'ârt'a, certainly said that there both had been, and would be, other Budd'as or Enlightened Ones; but the doctrine of Nirvâṇam as an ethical state, a salvation to be worked out here on earth by the pilgrim on the Path, will always be connected with, and ascribed to, the gentle ascetic of Kapila-Vastu.

The canon of the Baudd'as is called Tṛpiṭakam, "three Baskets," written in the Pâli language, the sacred lore consisting of three parts, namely—

(α) Sûtra, Sayings of the Master.
(β) Vinaja, Rules of the Order.
(γ) Ab'id'arma, Philosophy.

PÂRSÎISM.

The religion of the Maubads, or Magi, is part of the general Indo-Iranian system, at the centre of which are two ideas, first pointed out by that brilliant scholar M. Darmesteter—namely, (α) that there is a Law in nature, and (β) that there is a War in nature.

That never-failing Law was framed and fixed by One who is "all-knowing Spirit," Asura Mêd'â, Ahura Masda. In thinking out creation this Supreme Architect followed the path of Ṛta, the way of As'a; but into his well-ordered and beautiful

structure came "der Geist der stets verneint"—Angra Mainju, the lawless,—dealing death and devastation. Hence a perennial struggle, in which man too has to take part, the *rôle* he ought to play being put before him by the law revealed by Ahura Maṣda to his prophet Ṣarat'uśtra. At the end of the world a son of the Lawgiver will appear, Sao'sjañḍ, the Saviour, when Angra Mainju (Ahriman) shall be destroyed, the dead will rise, and peace will reign.

The Pârsîs divide their sacred canon, known as Avesta (Abaśtâ), into three parts—

1. Vendidâd (vî-daeva-dâta):
   Twenty-two chapters dealing with purification and punishment.
2. Vispêrad (vispê ratavo):
   Twenty-five chapters of invocations and litanies for the sacrifices.
3. Jasna:
   The liturgical book, *par excellence*, in seventy-one chapters.

Ancient Bactrian, often, though wrongly, called Zend, in which the Avesta is written, is a rich Aryan language closely allied to Sanskrit.

JUDAISM.

The sacred literature of the ancient Semitic people known successively as Hebrews, Israelites, Jews, consists of history, prophecy, and poetry. The Old Testament, as we call it, is a collection of various writings of great worth, as they enable us to know this interesting and remarkable nation, and

more especially its religion. To the Jews, who have preserved and collected them, these writings are known as Tôrah N'biîm v' K'tuvîm: Law, Prophets, and Hagiographa. They consider them sacred, inspired by God; and the Christian Church, acquiescing, has added her own wide literature, and has called the former the Old Testament, the latter the New Testament, both together Holy Writ.

Although we are no longer justified in speaking of a Semitic instinct of monotheism, there is no doubt that the world is indebted to this religious race for the clarion cry of the unity of the Deity. From the time of the proclamation of the Law in the great words of Deuteronomy (vi, 4) down to the Thirteen Fundamental Articles of Faith of to-day, this has been the central truth of Judaism.

The following five Articles from the 'Salo's 'esrêh 'Akrîm will perhaps give the reader in concise form the best idea of the faith of the Hebrews:

(α) "I believe with a perfect faith—

"That the Creator—blessed be His name!—is a Unity; that there is no unity like unto Him in any way whatsoever; and that He alone is our God, Who was, is, and ever will be.

(β) "That unto Him alone prayer is due, and that besides Him there is none to whom prayer is due.

(γ) "That the Law in its entirety, as now in our possession, is identical with that given to Moses, unto whom be peace!

(δ) "That the Law will never be altered or any other law be given in its place by the Creator—blessed be His name!

(ε) "That the Creator—blessed be His name!—taketh cognizance of all the deeds of mankind as well as of their

thoughts, as it is said, 'He Who fashioned all their hearts, understandeth all their actions.' "

Islâm.

Muhammadanism, or Islâm, may be shortly described as the religion of Abraham touched with Sabæanism. The founder himself said, "We have spoken unto thee by revelation; *follow the religion of Abraham.*" The term Muslim was applied to Muhammad's forerunners, known as *Hanifs*, and seems first of all to have meant a man striving after righteousness; then, one wholly resigned to the divine Will. "These Hanifs," says Dr. Deutsch, "form a very curious and most important phase of Arabian faith before Mohammed—a phase of Jewish Christianity or Christian Judaism. They loved to style themselves also 'Abrahamitic Sabians,' and Mohammed, at the outset, called himself one of them. They were, to all intents and purposes, 'heretics.' They believed in One God. They had the Law and the Gospel, and further certain 'Rolls of Abraham and Moses' called *Ashmaat*, to which Mohammed at first appeals."

Kot'an, afterwards styled Muhammad or "the Praised," was born in the year 571. His father died before his birth, and his mother when he was only six. Most of his youth was spent in the attempt to earn a livelihood, first as shepherd and then as camel-driver; but at the age of twenty-four he married a rich widow and was thenceforth freed from the common cares of life. The principal event in his career occurred when he was about forty.

With many of the ancient Arabs it was the custom to spend the Raǵab on Mount Hirâ, an hour's walk from Mecca. Muhammad, too, at this age, went to the huge, barren rock, for the month of universal armistice, and spent the time in prayer. Suddenly, in the middle of the "blessed night Al Kadar," he heard a voice thrice calling—

> "Cry! Cry!
> Cry! in the name of thy Lord!"

And this was the beginning of his mission, and such, by common consent, though now found in the ninety-sixth Sura, were the opening words of the Ḳurân, that wonderful book written in the choicest Arabic, the first edition of which was prepared "from date leaves and tablets of white stone, from shoulder-bones and bits of parchment thrown promiscuously into a box, and from the breasts of men," one year after the prophet's death.

SÛFÎISM.

The origin of this profound and harmonious system, which has its home in Persia and is spread over the whole Muhammadan world, is still wrapped in obscurity. It cannot be said to be of ancient date, its earliest appearance being in the eighth century, about a hundred years after the death of the Arabian prophet. When, with the fall of Jaṣdigird, the whole of the Persian Empire was subjugated by the Arabs, the ancient religion of the Iranian prophet was overthrown, the majority of

the conquered accepting the faith of Islâm. But when the religious forms of thought of one race are forced upon another, it is not likely that they will remain unchanged. Hence arose the Muslim schism known as 'Sia, which is an Âryan colouring of a system Semitic.

Now, although the writings of the Sûfîs are very numerous, the real difficulty of ascertaining the precise nature of Sûfî ideas lies in the fact that they are invariably wrapped in a veil of symbolism. On account of the fanaticism of the orthodox, great poets like G'alâl-ud-Dîn, G'âmî, and Anwari found it necessary so to dilute their poems with quotations from the Ḳurân and Hadith and so to veil their teachings in symbols and allegories that they might appear at least outwardly correct.

According to Mr. Granville Browne, of Cambridge, the highest European authority, Sûfiism is no mere modification and sublimation of the current theology of Islâm, but "essentially a transcendental philosophy having no real connection with Muhammadanism beyond this,—that its professors lived in a Muhammadan country, and, not wishing to make public their innermost beliefs, made use of the current theological terminology to present them to those whose mental vision was clear enough to pierce through the word-husk to the essential idea which lay enfolded within it."

The fundamental tenet is: "God was, and there is nothing but Him!" Thus the system is *theistic* in its assertion of the existence of a Supreme Mind beyond all that the senses perceive; *pantheistic* in its thought that this Over-Soul is not only the

Highest Being, but the sole real Being, to which all else is but as a shadow.

BÂBÎISM.

Our sources of information concerning this curious religion, which, like Sûfîism, took its rise in Persia, are the histories known as Nâsik'ut-Tavârîk' and Ravṣatus-Safâ, and the admirable articles of Mr. E. G. Browne in the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.'

On May 23rd, 1844 (A.H. 1260), there arose in Bushire a young man about twenty, full of religious fervour, named Mîrṣa Ali Muhammad, declaring that he had a divine mission and calling himself the *Bâb*, or Gate. For six years he preached a mystical pantheism, and his *ṣuhûr*, or "manifestation," was by a great many considered to be that of the Kâ'im or Imâm Mahdî. He had a large following; amongst his disciples was the beautiful poetess Ḳurratu'l-Ajn, who, in 1848, embraced the Bâbî doctrine and, discarding the veil, began to openly preach at Ḳaṣvîn, to the great scandal of the Ṃuslims. After a while the Bâbîs, for political reasons, were considered dangerous; many were persecuted, some were even put to death. On July 8th, 1850 (A.H. 1266), the Bâb himself was executed at Tabrîṣ, together with his disciple Mîrṣa Muhammad Ali, and in 1852 the gifted Ḳurratu'l-Ajn fell a victim to Musulmân fanaticism.

The sayings of the Bâb are found in what is known as *Bejân*, "the Utterance," written at first in Persian and afterwards translated into Arabic. In the

11th chapter of the 6th vâḥid we read: "As in the manifestation of the Furḳân none recognised that Sun of Truth until forty years had passed, so, in the case of the *Nuḳṭa-i-Bejân* ['Point of Utterance,' *i. e.* the Bâb], until twenty-five years."

Bâbîism has much in common with Sûfîism. Both are forms of mysticism, the fundamental teaching in each case being the divine spark latent in man, by the cultivation of which he can attain to the degree of *Fenâ fi'llâh*, "annihilation in God."

HIERATICISM.

Our best source of information regarding the ancient Egyptian religion is what is known as the 'Book of the Dead,' a collection of sacred texts dealing with the same subject but without literary unity. Jamblichus tells us that there were no less than 20,000 Hermetical rolls or scrolls, and this book doubtless belonged to the sacred hieroglyphical literature which was throughout ascribed to Thot-Hermes, the god of wisdom and learning. This collection of texts, relating to the resurrection, the judgment, and the life beyond, was essentially a book of practical instruction. It was intended to inform the individual who was anxious about the salvation of his soul as to what he ought to *know* on earth, and as to how he should prepare for death. The most usual formula at the end of a chapter is: "Whoso *knoweth* this chapter," or "whoever in lifetime knows this book," will rise and enter the land of divine life. In the chapter of justification (cxxv) the dead man is asked a great deal. From the first

he appeals to his knowledge. "I am one who knows and am acquainted with thy name. I am he who knows the name of thy forty-two gods who dwell with thee in the hall of twofold righteousness." As soon as he has mentioned the various names it is said to him, "Thou knowest us; come in!" But since it was not every man's business to make himself master of those sacred formulæ during life, so as to repeat them at the right time and place to the doorkeeper in the under world, the cautious one had at all events to make sure that the proper texts should appear on his sarcophagus.

Justification and *entrance into the blessed life* are the two main themes of the work, which is found on sarcophagi and the papyrus scrolls of the chief European museums.

"The Egyptians," says Diodorus, "call the abodes of the living *inns*, because they only dwell in them a short time; but the graves of the dead they call the eternal dwellings, because they spend an unlimited eternity in Hades."

Babylonianism.

"And it came to pass," we read in Genesis, "as they journeyed from the East, they found a plain in the land of Shinar and dwelt there." From time immemorial the great table-land of Central Asia has been the "womb of nations." From this region have come forth waves of human life spreading in all directions, and about 5000 years ago one vast tide swept away southward to the alluvial plains of

Chaldea. And so from the glens of the Altai came the first settlers in the flats of the Tigro-Euphrates valley. This goodly land, so rich in corn and palms, was fitly regarded by those who had the good fortune to settle there as "the garden of the gods;" and we can well understand that such an oasis in the great Siberian waste would attract all sorts and conditions of men. "Be it known unto all people, nations, and languages" is the beginning of a proclamation which would be applicable to Babylonia at any period from its earliest days.

From the contact of the Semitic with the Turanian elements in the population of Chaldea there resulted important changes in the spread and progress of culture in Western Asia. Alike in language, religion, astronomy, and astrology, the Semitic tendency was toward simplification. As early as 3800 B.C. the cuneiform syllabary must have reached the phonetic stage, and the cumbrous script of the older period was modified by the Semitic colonists in Chaldea until it resolved itself at last into the cursive handwriting of the Assyrians and later Babylonians. The many spirits and genii of the Akkadian pantheon were arranged in classes, and presiding gods were put over them; the worship of star-spirits gave place to systematic astronomy; and, in the twentieth century before the Christian era, the foundation was laid, on the banks of the Tigris, of the great kingdom of Assyria.

On a small alabaster tablet, found at Baghdad, in archaic Babylonian characters, is the following inscription of K'ammurabi, who reigned in Babylon about 2120 B.C.:

Ana Ilu Marduk . .	To the god Merodach,
Belim rabim . . .	The great Lord,
Nadin K'egalli . . .	Giver of Fertility;
Ana ili	From the gods.
Bel E-Sagila . . .	Lord of E-Sagilli
U E-Zida	And E-Zida.
Eni su	His lord
K'ammurabi . . .	K'ammurabi.
Sar Nisi	King of men,
Sumiriv-a Akkadiv . .	Of Sumer and Akkad,
Sar kiprat arbaiv . .	King of the four quarters,
Nabiuv-Anim . . .	The proclaimed of Anu.
Migir	Worshipper
Ilu-Samas	Of the Sun-god.
Ren-naram . . .	Prince beloved
Ilu Marduk . . .	Of Merodach.
Sarru dannu . . .	The mighty king,
Inu ilu Bel . . .	Whom the god Bel
Mata u nisi . . .	The land and people
Ana belina . . .	To (his) rule
Iddinusum . . .	Have given him.

Taoism.

The Chinese doctrine of the Tao is rather a metaphysical system than a religion, albeit its professors in the Middle Kingdom are generally looked upon as a body of believers. The founder of this school of thought was a philosopher of the K'au dynasty named Lao-Zö, who is said to have been born about 604 B.C.

In the year 517 B.C. Lao-Zö and Kuń-Zö are supposed to have met and exchanged views, the result being that whilst the former advanced towards transcendentalism the latter became utilitarian. But

in each case the sage describes his teaching as revival of ancient lore rather than origination of a system.

The *Tao-tê-Kiṅ*, or Classic of Reason and Virtue, the only work attributed to Laocius, consists of eighty-one short chapters on right Reason, or what Kant would call "die reine Vernunft." *Tao*, we are told, may be shadowed forth as reason, speech, form, path; but in reality it is indefinable, colourless, voiceless, bodiless. "The truth would seem to be that originally Tao was the Way, in the general meaning of road along which all travellers pass; that at the hands of such a thinker as Confucius it received an ethical colouring, in the sense of the Way of the Heart or Conscience; and that, finally, a metaphysician like Lao-Zö raised the intension of the concept so as to signify the *reconciliation of contradictions*."*

By reason of its monosyllabic nature the language of the Flowery Land does not lend itself well to speculation, and metaphysics may often become pure mysticism.

CONFUCIANISM.

The great scholar and philosopher of the Far East, known to us as Confucius and to the Chinese as *Kuṅ-Kju* or *Kuṅ-fu-zö*, was born in the duchy of Lu, in the province of 'Santuṅ, about 550 B.C.

"A transmitter and not a maker" is what Confucius said of himself, and there is no doubt that he was essentially conservative. His favourite studies were history and ethics, and he always made a great point of filial piety.

* 'Ideals of the East,' p. 23.

In the year 500 B.C. he was appointed chief magistrate in the town of K'uṅtu, and Duke Tiṅ, the ruler of Lu, afterwards made him Minister of Justice. At an early age his teaching became so attractive that a body of young men joined him in the study of morality and of the Wisdom of the Past. In his fifty-seventh year he resigned office and travelled from State to State investigating the records of antiquity. It is said that in one of his journeys he met Lao-zö and was greatly stricken by the latter's bold metaphysical flights.

Of the Chinese canonical writings known as the *Five Kiṅg* and the *Four 'Sû*, one only is from the pen of Confucius—namely, *K'un Ziu*, a chronicle of the history of his native State,—all the rest being by his disciples. His most celebrated saying is the negative form of the golden rule: "Whatsoever you would not wish done to yourself do not to others."

"My doctrine is that of all-pervading unity, namely, reciprocity."

CHRISTIANITY.

The three great fundamental truths of our faith are surely *these:* God, sin, salvation. Christian sacred literature is full of these, and they were often on the lips of the Master. Ἡ καινὴ Διαθήκη, the New Testament, consists of εὐαγγέλιον, gospel; πράξεις, acts; ἐπιστολαί, letters; and ἀποκάλυψις, revelation; and was written in an Âryan language by Semitic authors. In this Book, which is holy to all Christians, the God and Father of all is represented as Spirit (Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός) and as Love (Ὁ Θεὸς ἀγάπη ἐστίν).

As regards *sin*, it is conceived and expressed in many ways, but on the lips of the Saviour and in the record of the beloved disciple it is always ἁμαρτία, missing the mark. And here we surely have the secret of Jesus. He never missed the mark. Τίς ἐξ ὑμῶν ἐλέγχει με περὶ ἁμαρτίας, "Who can show that I have failed of the Divine?" Man had gone astray and could not find the goal; the Master came, Himself the way, the truth, and the life, and pointed daily straight to God, bringing salvation to all.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

ÔM.

Êvamêvâdvitîjam.

Sak'k'idânanda.

BRÂHMAṆISM.

O seeker after God, eternal rest
  Alone in Self is found! All else is part
  Of this great whole. See here, in this my heart
I feel its streams of light and life. No quest
Of first and last can now the soul molest;
  For, shines not 'neath the veil of soul, athwart
  The vast dim sea of space, whose atoms dart
Refulgent through the worlds, supremely blest,

The grandeur of the Self? No longer now
  The shadows of duality appear.
The sward of being rises; sweet and low
  Come murmurs of glad music; crystal clear
The streams of peace upon the spirit fall:
Existence, thought, love, bliss—the all in all!

Dûǵâ kauṇu kahâ? Nahî kôî.
Sab'a mahi êka niraṅǵanu sôî!

SIKHISM.

Far down the long and turkis-vaulted sky
  There came a sound, like gentle evening bell:
  "O Nânak! Nânak! what was that which fell
In faultless rainbows on thy spirit's eye?"
Like sweetest music softly sung on high
  Adown the ages floateth, lovèd well,
  The Name of names: its secret who can tell?
And how its colour cleanseth, sinner, why?

Upon the forehead of all mortals found—
  The Lord's own light, the sacred, mystic name;
  Yes, Hari! Hari! Hari! all proclaim;
And thou shalt hear His voice above the sound
  Of earthly strife aye true ring out and clear,
  And thy psalm sing His praise, Kabîr! Kabîr!

K'antî paramaṁ tapo titikk'â:
Nibbânaṁ paramaṁ vadanti Budd'â.

BUDDHISM.

A road there is that leads to heaven's gate,
  A middle way, avoiding all extremes;
  But man can only take the truth, it seems,
In fitful flashes, till his soul is sate
With Law, the Order, and the forceful fate
  Of reaching to Nirvâṇa, with the dreams
  That mighty Buddhas, floating on the streams
Of thought, have slowly shaped into the straight

And noble eightfold path: high aims, right views,
  Soft speech, pure living, resolution strong
In doing well, to persevere, to lose
Oneself in meditation and to muse,
  To hold truth's spotless eye 'twixt right and wrong
And point the path: behold the choice and choose!

Jat'â ahû Vairjô!

Ahura Maṣda!

PÂRSÎISM.

On time's broad brow the early dew lay pearled,
  And all creation, trembling at the sight,
  Beheld the splendours of a new-born light,
As gliding, glowing, rosy-red, unfurled
Amid the wonders of a waking world
  The orb of day appeared. The radiant flight
  Of countless coruscating spheres, bedight
With opal mists, was watched and hurled

On space by one great Master-mind; yea, He,
  Ahura 'twas, the Maşda. Star and sun
  Reflecting only beauty, goodness, strength,
His image bore, and kissed both land and sea,
  Until black night and shameless Ahriman
  Brought wrathful wreck and brought remorse at length!

'Sma Isrâêl : Jhôvâh Elohênu
Jhôvâh ek'âd !

JUDAISM.

O seer-race, acclaimed of Seraphim,
  Who crossed the stream to clasp the further shore
  And took the name of Hebrew, all the lore
Of priest and prophet leadeth up to Him!
For, since that night when, wrestling on the rim
  Of thought, the flood-tide of the Spirit bore
  The great forefather past the flight and floor
Of time and space, unto the very brim

Of being, the eternal truth hath stood
  For all to ponder: "Hear, O Israel,
  The Lord of Heaven's One!" and man is His.
Jehôvah of the Hosts, amid the flood
  Of chance and change, Thy name, reverèd well,
  Remains a hallowed and unuttered bliss!

Bismillâh arrak'man arrak'îm!

Kul hûa Allâhu ahadun!

ISLÂM.

To Thy great names, yet ninety, aye, and nine,
  Most merciful, most gracious King of kings,
  Majestic Allâh, all creation sings.
The boundless ocean and the earth combine
To call Thee Master of the world; yea, Thine
  The far-flung wills of men and souls of things.
  Upon the tablet stands the doom that brings
To this man shade, to that one happy shine.

The people of the Book so say Amen:
  'Tis Ḳismat, it is Allâh, let it be!
  We are resigned, and read the leaf of fate;
That all at last shall know the How and When,
  And why the waves upon life's foaming sea
  Are breaking with the sound: too late! too late!

Jâ hû, jâ hû, ja man lâ jaylam mâ hû illâ Hû !

SÛFÎISM.

From out the vast and vauntless void a voice
  Came falling, falling through the deep abyss:
  "I am a hidden treasure, and I miss
The joy of self-expression and the choice
'Twixt that which is and that which seems. Rejoice
  I cannot; there is none to share. So this
  Shall be my high resolve: with one glad kiss
Upon the brow of space, withouten noise

"I will create, and underneath the veil
  Mankind shall see the sparkling of my cheek."
Thus love sprang into being, and its trail
  Of glory, ever growing, made man seek
The union of the human and divine,
And grasp the secret, Allâh, his and Thine!

Allâhu Akbar!

Allâhu Aeaṣam!

Allâhu!

BÂBÎISM.

To titles nobly known, so dear to all,
  The tower and stronghold of Islâmic faith,
  We cling, O Allâh, aye, we cling till death;
And yet the light from Mecca seemeth small,
The Kaaba is with us, and the call
  To worship. Nay, the Bâb is here, who saith:
  "I am the door to greater truth, the breath
Of Allâh to His scattered folk, who fall

'Spite all the former props, and only rise
  Through Ali to the light." No more Ḳurân
  Or crying in the waste. Muhammad now
Is Mîrṣa Ali, Bâb. Nor can surprise
  O'ertake the world that dear we hold Bêjân
  And our own poet's songs' mellifluous flow!

Ennok saḥf, ȧu-ȧ rek'-kuȧ tau ;
Hosiri pu !

HIERATICISM.

O classic river of that classic land
  Where monuments to æons slowly smile
  And callous hands the sacred signs defile,
What lordly thoughts are thine, as through the sand
Thou flowest onward to the distant strand?
  Along thy banks three mighty forms erstwhile
  Appearing, sought to truly reconcile
The light and dark, and thus to waft the wand

O'er Egypt's shrouded lore: for, Isis, Thot,
  And he, long treasured as the Morning Star,
  Together rose, and bore the hidden Name,
  Till tomb and temple after temple came
  To tell to wond'ring pilgrims from afar
The meaning of the cry: "Forget me not!"

Uptanaattaka Nabû ina puḫur ilâni rabûti.

BABYLONIANISM.

By Babel's lofty towers and winding stream
  An aged pilgrim slowly rose. . . . He cried:
  "Lugal-i-da! who now despair can hide?
For all the rising rolls of fame aye seem
To fall at last into the gloom, to gleam
  But for a while upon the surging tide
  Of time; and lo! to leave the friendly side
Of human joy. Thus sorrowfully dream

Our weary, earthly souls! Thou Merodach,
  Thou Anu, Bel, and Dibbara, ye know
  The longing for a lasting name. And yet
We sit and weep. O Istar, what heart-ache
  The valley-life has left! However slow
  The tooth of time, it grinds till men forget!"

Tao seṅ ji; Ji seṅ öl;
Öl seṅ san; San seṅ wan û!

TAOISM.

Behind the hoary screen of ancient thought
  That hangs upon the Middle Kingdom's mind
  One secret lies concealed from all mankind,
Though many a mandarin of old long sought
Its mighty meaning, many-voiced, and fraught
  With mystic memories, but undefined,
  And at the last and deepest not enshrined
In words, nor bound by sense, nor even caught

By colours of this fleeting world. And yet
  To seekers both of East and West a name
  Is known and loved: yea, Tao, Logos, speech,
  And reconciliation which can teach
  The final union of the outer frame
And inner light: a gem in crystal set!

'Sî K'u Ki öl so jün, i wu 'sî ju Rin.

CONFUCIANISM.

To gather up the lore of early days
  And pass it on unsullied to the end
  Of time, Kung came: no framer, but the friend
And gleaner of the past. And though the ways
To truth be manifold, the Master says:
  "One road is best; to this thy footsteps bend.
  The signal never faileth nor can wend
The watchman from the gate. The child e'en plays

With flowers upon its banks; the sunlight falls
  In golden gladness at the pilgrim's feet.
  Its name is self-surrender for the good
  Of men. Renunciation is the food
  Which serves the growth of noble souls, and sweet
The voice that for man's highest freedom calls!"

Ἐγώ εἰμι ἡ ὁδὸς καὶ ἡ
ἀλήθεια καὶ
ἡ ζωή.

CHRISTIANITY.

In life's last dream I saw the souls arise
  That fought for reason and that wrought for right
  In ages dim and distant, when the light
In broken gleams came falling on the eyes,
And men were longing for the heavenly-wise.
  There Moses, Buddh, Kung, Zoroaster, bright
  With thoughts of justice, progress infinite,
And peace, stood gazing up into the skies;

And as they peered and listened, lo! a Voice
  So gentle, aye, so sweet: "O pilgrim band,
  That sought through forest glades the path to truth,
  Come higher, come to Me; in very sooth
  I am the Way, the Truth, the Life; My hand
Once pierced, will draw all men: rejoice! rejoice!"

THE RELATION OF POETRY TO HISTORY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO SHAKSPEARE'S ENGLISH HISTORICAL PLAYS.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read May 27th, 1903.]

THE study of history, like that of human nature, is full of perplexities. The old-world question, "What is truth?" may be repeated over and over again as we examine the conflicting records of the past. The primary facts of history may be combined and grouped into endless varieties, and can be manipulated to establish any desired theory. For men see what they wish to see; and what they look for they are sure to find. One pessimistic historian, in surveying the past, can see nothing but horror and bloodshed, a battle of kites and crows, or a blind-folded dance of death. To that sarcastic and sceptical spirit the whole course of the world is but the accident of events, "a supreme ironic procession with the laughter of the gods in the background." One writer sees a special Providence in every action and event, while another notices a sublime repose in the order and uniformity of nature, and would agree with the philosophical historian "that God moves through history as the giants of Homer through

space—He takes a step, and ages have rolled away." One school of historical investigators determine human affairs and the facts of history by physical causes alone, and regard man as a complicated and variously endowed automaton, whose actions, mental as well as physical, are governed by laws like those which regulate the planets and the tides.

There are doctrinaire idealists who evolve history out of their inner consciousness, and follow the process described by Butler, "by which anything can be made to mean anything." Then there are romance writers of history, who make for us a past, which never had a present. It is not easy among so many speculations, various readings, and discrepancies of opinion, arising out of such an enormous mass of entangled materials, to get at the real facts of history, to be sure that a fact is a fact; though the quarrel appears to be not so much about the actual facts as the interpretations of them. It is a sad confession of the weakness of reason, and of the imperfections underlying human language, that any fact or circumstance, however clear, may be rendered doubtful by a too subtle refinement of logical ingenuity.

A great deal of history is written in the spirit and after the manner the late Charles Austen humorously described as Macaulay's method. "He [Macaulay] always had by him some black and white paint. When he described a Tory he put on the black; when a Whig the white."

Some critics have a universal solvent in which they decompose the records and the traditions of the past, and leave a residuum of lies. Like Lucian, they ignore probabilities, and Herodotus, the father

of history, is summarily dismissed as the father of lies; and those beautiful stories interspersed in his narrative, such as Cleobis and Biton, Atys and Adrastus, Crœsus, Psammenitus, etc., which once glowed with life and feeling, are like antique statues, dumb and cold, although beautiful in their dead immortality.

That "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," who sang the lay of Troy, who has been called the father of all our modern poems, fables, and romances,—he and all his gods and heroes vanish like spectres before the light of these, so-called, philosophical historians.

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religions,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have vanished.
> They live no longer in the faith of reason."

It would be well for us to know that the authors of our early mythologies and fables were men who looked out upon this wondrous world and strove to read the riddle thereof. They were the poets, bards, or seers (*vates*), who gathered together and preserved the myths, traditions, beliefs, visible and invisible, by which they were environed. Our earliest histories were preserved in poetry, though legend often entered into their records. Herodotus, the father of history, gave the titles of his books in his history the names of the nine Muses. Macaulay, in his early essay on Milton, says, "We think that as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines;" and

we suppose that, in an age of reason and common sense, the study of physical science will subordinate the poetical and spiritual. But poetry and science ought not to be antagonistic to each other, for both teach us the infinite possibilities of nature; and what a dull, prosy, plodding world it would be with nothing in it but what G. H. Lewis called "stupid common sense"! To the commonplace, matter-of-fact man, whose mind is only in his eyes, the poet will ever soar beyond his ken. As a man is, so he sees; and his vision is limited to what is given to him, the faculty of seeing. Someone once said to Turner, after looking at one of his pictures, "I never saw anything like that in nature." "Don't you wish you could?" was the great artist's reply. The spirit of modern practical life, which regards the chief method of reaching truth to be through the syllogistic inflexibility of logic, would have us believe that the glorious gift of imagination, which Plato calls "the soul's wing," was given only to deceive and lead astray, as it resists the understanding. Against this dictum Professor Tyndall, in his essay on the "Scientific use of the imagination," shows how necessary this faculty is when united with reason in scientific research. It may be well asked, "For what end have men been endowed with the creative faculty of the imagination? Why gifted with the large poetic heart, burdened with divine inspiration?" We answer that without imagination the heart of man would soon grow cold, and life become a dreary, mechanical routine. The mind continually refreshed from the fountain of poetry is ever young. Well sings the poet of those—

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so."

Poetry, romance, parable, and fairy tale lift us above the beaten, dusty, weary track of ordinary life, and help to restore to our minds—fearfully disordered, but, haply, not wholly quenched—the ideals of faith, justice, pity, mercy, and to domesticate in us a higher and nobler spiritual nature. If we view history as a mere collection of isolated facts, how little of interest will be left to us! A mere dry and barren relation of events is not history, but chronology, for history is a record of facts and ideas. Could we quench the poetry out of the Old Testament, with its psalms, hymns, songs, and allegories, would not its history become as uninteresting, except to the antiquarian, as the Assyrian records? If we regard history as the essence of innumerable biographies, the sum total of millions of lives who toiled here, who fought the battle of life as we are doing now, and if we find each individual life, like our own, a mystery, we must despair of interpreting human life in the aggregate. As we wander among the ruins and relics of the past, into the wilderness of the dead, well may we exclaim, in the words of the inspired prophet, "Who can make these dry bones live?" Not the learned doctor with his scholastically mummified heart, who lives the life of the dead; who, with the dust of twenty centuries in his eyes, gropes among the *débris* of ancient books; who can write learned volumes on words, and less than words—syllables, letters, accents,—and

whole treatises on a line. To such laborious trifles we must not go for the interpretation of the past. But the poet who can restore, as well as create,——he can make the dry bones of the past live again. History can only be truly interpreted by the light of the imagination, for through its medium the mind SEES. It endeavours to bring order out of seeming chaos; to blend the ideal with the real, so that both may be presented together, combined but not confused, distinct but not separated; to show a unity and moral connection between events that stand apart and apparently unrelated, while disclosing from the analysis of visible things the synthesis and unity of the ideal. In one sense all history becomes idealised to us, for events, as they pass before and through the mind, present on the theatre of the brain a spectacle to the inward eye; no two minds can group the same facts in like combination, and it is not given us to see twice the same scenes in the fleeting phantasmagoria of the brain. How soon even the events of our early life and experience become almost mythical! for time plays strange tricks with memory and feeling. We cannot recall faithfully the remembrance or reproduce the emotions of our childhood, for time and custom have deadened our sense and almost changed our identity. To read history aright we must have poetic sympathy with the past and place ourselves in the midst of the spirit of humanity, in order to know how men lived, loved, and acted, and to learn those powerful influences which once gave life to the past and are now animating the present. It concerns us to know more how the people lived,

what was their literature and art, than what kings or queens reigned. The objective facts of history are taught in every school; but it is necessary for the student and thinker to know that, underlying all human action, is the spiritual life which brought it into being. The historian tries to get at the heart and the soul of the man—the man invisible through which the character manifests itself—the sun and centre of his system round which everything revolves. Unless we can get at the heart of a man we shall only misunderstand him. The chronicler, the antiquarian, and the chronologist all bring gifts to the historian. Then comes the poet, a Shakspeare, or a Goethe, who can, from a paragraph in an old chronicle, a page of Plutarch, a tale of Boccaccio, or a monkish legend, flash light into the past and make the world live afresh. One of the most precious gifts the world possesses is the mind of Shakspeare. It is but little we know of the objective life of our great poet; what we do know is comparatively worthless, and what tradition records we cannot marry to his verse. Shakspeare is the best interpreter of Shakspeare. It is impossible to follow the growth of the poet's mind and art from the time when he sowed his literary wild oats in his early poems and dramas to its maturity, when he composed his greatest works, unless we read his dramas somewhat in the order in which they were written. Unfortunately, in our ordinary editions his plays are jumbled together without any chronological arrangement. One of his latest plays, 'The Tempest,' is put first; and one of the earliest, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' next to it. It

is not by dreary antiquarian research that we can summon his person and character before us. By such attempts we seek in vain for the living among the dead. It is but a poor stuffed scarecrow of a figure his biographers make of him. Perhaps more books have been written upon his life than any other poet, and yet we know less about him. After going through a multitude of ponderous and learned volumes the reader is brought to understand Hobbe's sarcasm, "that if he had read as much as other men he would have been as ignorant as they." There are commentators who, when they find anything plain, explain it. One minute critic (Stevens) takes to himself the credit of being one of the first who had endeavoured seriously to account for the stains of gravy, pie-crust, and coffee that defile nearly all the copies of the first folio. Do not these constant interruptions for explanations, emendations, and corrections of the text by the critics, distract the young student and general reader, and help in a great measure to obscure the great poet himself? There are certain variorum editions of Shakspeare in which nearly every line is burdened with elaborate notes and references, gathered from all quarters of the globe. What is the result but bewilderment and obfuscation of thought? For what one critic says, another gainsays, and the next confounds; and if the intelligent reader has any appreciation of our great poet he will long to read his Shakspeare in peace. What the poet says in the following lines may apply to the processes of the mind as well as the body.

"If you will analyse the bread you eat,
The water and the wine most pure and sweet,
Your stomach soon would loathe all drink and meat."

Let the general reader, who is yet unacquainted with Shakspeare, leave to the antiquarian and the historical Dr. Dryasdust the higgling about dates, names, and certificates. That learned doctor cannot even tell us how to spell our great poet's name, which seems, as Sam Weller informed Mr. Justice Stareleigh, that the spelling of his (the witness's) name "depended on the taste and fancy of the speller." Mr. Halliwell has given three dozen ways of spelling Shakspeare's surname. In the marriage licence it is spelt Shagsphere. Shakspere seems to have been the poet's own signature. As to the stories of his early life, let us take one, at random, as a sample of the authority for the rest. The tradition of his having been reduced to the extremity of holding horses at the theatre door for the sake of a livelihood rests upon a story Sir William Davenant is said to have told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; the latter told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope to Dr. Newton, and Dr. Newton is supposed to have related it to Dr. Johnson, who told it to his amanuensis, a Scotchman, who, 200 years after the first narration, printed it in a book which unblushingly contained two lies on the title-page. Let us be thankful that we have the glorious heritage of Shakspeare's mind—the immortal part of him. He is more alive now in the world than he was in the sixteenth century, and there is nothing liveth in men's memory as his name and works. It may be that some, in their idolatry of Shakspeare, have made him

a divinity without any fault; but there are more imperfections in his writings, as they have come down to us, than can be found in any other great poet. To those, on the other hand, his dispraisers who accuse him of plagiarism, etc., we must remember that Shakspeare was not only a writer, but an *adapter* of plays for the stage. In the preface to the 'First Folio Edition,' 1623, the players "wished that the *author himself* had lived to have set forth and overseen his owne writings." Many of the rude jests which disfigure the text of Shakspeare may have been theatrical interpolations, put in to please the vulgar tastes of his audience, who would have trodden under foot the divine pearls of his philosophy. For mixed up with these gnomic thoughts, the deepest and most subtle, are to be found puns, quibbles, slang phrases, and coarse jests, which are scattered about with the profusion and indifference of a rich noble at a Roman carnival who from his chariot flings with the same hand, crackers, bon-bons, sugar-plums, and pieces of gold. We must remember that Shakspeare was, as he described himself, "one of Her Majesty's poor players," and had to write to please the frequenters of a "common play-house."

It was in the world of Merrie England that Shakspeare first saw the light of day, when England was compact and whole, ere it was divided into heterogeneous creeds and parties. Shakspeare was intensely English. You will find in his writings the noblest patriotic appeals, and the love of country is expressed in the tenderest allusions. In the historical drama of 'King John,' for instance, where it is said that the hero is England, how

akspeare kindles in the soul the sentiment of tionality; and that too in a reign marked by entiousness, cruelty, and tyrannical usurpation! igland to him, even in this period of national deadation, is the England of his love, and he has th in her ultimate destiny.

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these our princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

The lines were written soon after the destruction the Spanish Armada. Again, in 'Richard II,' akspeare puts these impassioned words into the uth of the dying John of Gaunt:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men; this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea
(Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands),
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

These lines were not written "to feed the pampered egotism of his countrymen;" for, with all hakspeare's love for England, it will be seen, after eading his historical dramas, that his was not a blind, oyster-like patriotism. He saw far deeper than

the mere outward form of loyalty; he wanted Englishmen to be true and honest; and his patriotism reaches its highest point in these lines:

> "O England! model to thy inward greatness
> Like little body with a mighty heart,
> What mightst thou do that honour would thee do
> Were all thy children kind and natural!"

Shakspeare's genius was not only national, but universal. The Germans were in advance of us in their philosophical insight and higher criticism of his works; and some of their greatest authors have contributed to the literature of Shakspeare, commencing with Lessing, and followed by Wieland, Herder, Schlegel, Tieck, Ulrici, Delius, Goethe, Heine, Gervinus, and others. It was a long time before the French could understand the broad fun and humour of Shakspeare, and even to this day but few of their critics have been able to appreciate him.

Perhaps M. Taine has given us the reason why, for according to that great critic, "Humour is a word untranslatable in French, because in France they have not the idea. Humour is a species of talent which amuses Germans, Northmen; it suits their mind, as beer suits their palate. For men of another race it is disagreeable; they often find it too harsh and bitter." After reading these remarks we can well understand M. Taine's non-appreciation of Shakspeare, whom he makes out to be an inspired monster, "whose style is a compound of furious expressions, raving exaggerations, apostrophies, exclamations, the horrible and the divine jumbled in the same line; it seems to my fancy as if he never

wrote a line without shouting it." Though M. Taine expresses admiration for Shakspeare, yet, in the words of one of our modern poets—

> "Voluptuousness, grotesqueness, and ghastliness
> Environ his devotedness."

Voltaire was one of the first of his countrymen to become acquainted with our great dramatist, and he made good use of his familiarity by transferring as many of his beauties as he could to his own writings. In his old age, when the plays of Shakspeare were translated, or attempted, in French, Voltaire's wrath knew no bounds. "Have you seen," he writes, speaking of Le Tourneur's version, "his abominable trash? Will you endure the affront put upon France by it? There are no epithets bad enough, nor fools' caps, nor pillories enough in all France for such a scoundrel. The blood tingles in my old veins in speaking of him. What is the most dreadful part of the affair is, the monster has his party in France; and, to add to my shame and consternation, it was I who first sounded the praises of this Shakspeare; I who first showed the pearls, picked here and there, from his overgrown dung-heap. Little did I anticipate that I was helping to trample under foot at some future day the laurels of Racine and Corneille, to adorn the brows of a barbarous player—this drunkard of a Shakspeare." Voltaire wrote a letter to D'Alembert, which was read before the Academy of France. This document contained the same style of abuse of Shakspeare. "Gentlemen," he said, "paint to yourselves Louis XIV in his gallery at Versailles surrounded by a brilliant court; a tatterdemalion advances covered with rags, and proposes

to the assembly to abandon the tragedies of Racine for a mountebank full of grimaces, with nothing but a lucky hit, now and then, to redeem them."

Byron, in a splenetic humour, once said to Tom Moore that he thought "Shakspeare was something of a humbug;" but Voltaire, strutting about in the borrowed plumes of Shakspeare and crowing over him, looks, to our thinking, very much like one. And he reminds us of an anecdote related of Professor Agassiz when some of his students once tried very hard to puzzle him in entomology. Having procured a beetle (which in America is called a bug), they tore off its wings and legs, and supplied limbs from two or three other insects. This nondescript specimen was put upon the Professor's desk before one of his lectures. Agassiz took it up and examined it with the cool air of a philosopher, and, addressing his audience, said, "This, gentlemen, is a thing which is found in every part of the world; it is a humbug."

Through all the writings of Shakspeare, especially in his historical dramas, we see the past as it was seen by one of the greatest creative minds, and look out from his eyes into the world as he saw it,—an enchanted, yet a real world; enchanted, for the poet sees everything "through a kind of glory." To him nature was phenomenal; the whole world was full of types, pictures, or words to express his thoughts. He transfused the material into the spiritual, so that the phenomena of nature were made to correspond with the expression of his mental experience. But if the world was in his mind, his mind was also in the world; for what poet has embodied so much practical wisdom in his writings, or from what other

author can we make so many selections conveying the highest lessons of morality? He has touched passions which all feel and experience, and expressed truths which all can recognise; from no other uninspired writer has so many words passed into the current speech of common life. He was a consummate master of our glorious English tongue; his vocabulary was almost inexhaustible. Shakspeare's vocabulary, says M. Taine, comprises about 15,000 words; Milton's only 8,000. He has, as it were, fixed our language. Truly says Wordsworth:

> "We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake."

We have never met with any satisfactory attempt to account for the extraordinary popularity of the stage towards the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. During that period the theatre represented the popular literature. It was newspaper, magazine, and novel all in one; and nearly the whole of this revival took place in Shakspeare's time. The Renaissance was then giving way before the Reformation, and various controversies were springing up upon religion and politics. The players and the audience took part in these heated polemical disputes, and disturbances frequently ensued, especially among the lower orders; so that there arose in high quarters a great prejudice against certain players and playhouses. A commission was appointed in 1589 by Lord Burleigh to inquire into these abuses; and there is a document extant containing a petition addressed to that noble lord and signed by the actors and sharers (of which

Shakspeare was one) in the Blackfriars playhouse, stating that "they have never given cause of displeasure in that they have brought into their plays *matters of State and religion* unfit to be handled by them or to be presented before lewd spectators; neither had any complaint in that kind ever been preferred against them or any of them, etc. Nov. 1589." This may be the reason why we cannot discover that Shakspeare belonged to any sect or party, or brought into his plays "*matters of State and religion.*" Only in one of his plays, where Jack Cade is introduced, did he put into the mouths of any of his characters flaming metaphors, or stereotyped clap-trap phrases about the rights and wrongs of man; rather otherwise. The saying of Hamlet, "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?" was elaborated by Carlyle in his Chartism, against those who aspire to make every man a gentleman, into a political aphorism, "Rights of man; if every one had his rights, who would escape whipping?"

These grand historical dramas of Shakspeare were first acted in a mean building, with only a thatched roof over the stage; there was no movable scenery, and a placard in large letters announced the places where the scenes were laid, in London, Paris, or Italy, etc. Sir Philip Sidney once saw "Thebes" written in great letters on an old door. The female characters were played by men and boys. There is a story told of a stage manager apologising for keeping the audience waiting—"The Queen was shaving." One actor played many parts; and the battles upon which the fate of a kingdom depended were decided

often by three combatants on a side. Shakspeare alludes to this in his chorus to 'Henry V,' and warns his audience that "four or five most vile and ragged foils right ill-disposed can only disgrace the name of Agincourt." On no theatre can Shakspeare's dramas be so well presented as on the theatre of the brain, and the dramatist constantly appeals to the imagination of his audience. As time, with its retinue of kings, queens, princes, cardinals, nobles, etc., swept before the poet's vision, years were concentrated into moments. In the chorus of 'Henry V' the poet-historian tells us the part imagination has to play in summing up the actions of the past:

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirit that hath dared,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon; since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think when we talk of horses, that you *see* them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your *thoughts* that now must deck our kings;
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

These dramas were originally presented to the world under the title of 'Histories,' and Shakspeare has given us a scenic representation of history as seen by himself. Perhaps there is no part of the annals of our country so well known as that which he has treated. Shakspeare introduced fictitious characters into his historical dramas in order to bring out in strong relief the passions, manners, and humours of the time, because real personages were not available. History does not record the names of the boon companions of Prince Henry, but only their characters; and Falstaff, Bardolph, and Poins were the types of what the companions of a revelling prince would be. Shakspeare uses these fictitious characters not arbitrarily, according to his own caprice and fancy, but, in the true spirit of an artist, to bring out and represent certain historical features in the physiognomy of the times. The principal facts, the great public events, and the most notable personages are portrayed with poetic if not with literal truth. There are minor errors and anachronisms, but we lose sight of them as we contemplate the series as a whole. Our great dramatist made use of the best historical chronicles of his time, such as

Hall, More, Holinshed, Stowe, etc., and he had access, perhaps, to records which are now lost to us. From his relatives and friends he must have learned much, for his ancestors had fought in the Wars of the Roses. In the recital of a Grant of Arms (1597) to John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, it was asserted "that by credible report his parent, great-grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service of the late most prudent Prince Henry VII, of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements given to him in these parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit." The Wars of the Roses must have early inspired Shakspeare's enthusiasm, for romance enters into the imagination of youth; and no doubt he heard, from the traditional lore of his venerable neighbours, tales of heroism and valour glowing with—

> "Achievements high,
> And circumstance of chivalry."

He read also the old chronicles, where he found constant references to the district in which he lived, for the country around had been the scenes of some of the most stirring events of these unhappy conflicts. Bosworth Field was but thirty miles from Stratford. Our great dramatist transmuted the lead of the old chroniclers into gold,—that is, he converted their dull prose into poetry. In the scanty annals of the early kings there are vast interspaces left for the imagination to fill in; and our view of any transaction will necessarily be imperfect unless it embraces

something more than a bare outline of the occurrences, and we are made somehow to imagine ourselves spectators of the scene. Of Shakspeare's English historical dramas, the earliest illustrated is that of 'King John,' succeeded by 'Richard II,' passing over a period of nearly 200 years. The latest is 'Henry VIII.' Out of these ten historical plays, eight relate to the memorable "Wars of the Roses." They contain in their series one magnificent drama, of which Schlegel supposes 'King John' to be the prologue and 'Henry VIII' the epilogue. Although these dramas form a complete whole, yet they were not written in chronological order. The first part of 'Henry VI' is supposed to be the work of an earlier dramatist, and adapted by Shakspeare for the stage; likewise the second and third parts. Then followed 'Richard III,' 'Richard II,' and 'King John,' and later on the history-comedies of the first and second parts of 'Henry IV' and the drama of 'Henry V;' and last of all 'Henry VIII.' These dramas, excepting 'King John' and 'Henry VIII,' are historically connected. And though each one is complete in itself, the whole may be regarded as one great tragedy in eight acts—a continuous dramatic representation of a great era in English history. It will be impossible in this lecture to give an analysis of these historical dramas. We can only endeavour to render the author's poetical interpretation of them. In 'King John' Shakspeare furbished up an anonymous play, which appeared in 1591. The plot, main incidents, and personages of the older dramatist are preserved; but Shakspeare has recreated and re-animated the characters, and con-

verted what before were little better than puppets into real men and women. Although the characters of Falconbridge, Arthur, and Constance are not historically accurate, yet they form the necessary adjuncts for working out the play. In the representation of Arthur and Constance, Shakspeare has introduced some of the tenderest and most pathetic passages to be found in any of his writings. The bastard Falconbridge also, by his wit, broad humour, and merciless sarcasm, somewhat relieves the monotony of the play. In the drama, King John is not a king of men. He is the same weak, vacillating, revengeful character; in fact, the very incarnation of iniquity which the old chroniclers made him. "Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." Such was the verdict of one of his contemporaries. Black villain as King John undoubtedly was, Shakspeare made him a man and not a monster, and brought him, though a very black sheep, into the fold of humanity.

Shakspeare saw deeper into human nature than perhaps any mortal had ever seen before. As the dervish in the 'Arabian Nights' saw buried in the earth rubies and emeralds which the ordinary eye could not see, so Shakspeare could find, even in the most degraded of our species, as in the depth and darkness of the earth, the most precious jewels, which were concealed from common view. In the tragedy of 'Richard II' the poet has followed closely the steps of the historian. He has not introduced, as in 'King John,' any imaginary character.

It is like the opening of a grand drama before the curtain is drawn up. The actors are arranging

themselves, shifting on one side, sometimes on the other. The combatants, arrayed in complete armour, eye each other with deadly hatred, their blood tingles for the fight, and their lances are bright and swift as flashes of lightning. We feel, as by a secret instinct, that events are being evolved—

> "Prophesying with accents terrible
> Of dire combustion and confused events,
> New hatched to the woeful time."

It is the prelude of a fierce struggle, leading on to a series of conflicts which will, under the name of "The Wars of the Roses," inflict upon the nation thirty years of civil strife, in which the best blood of her nobles will be shed, and four kings perish by violent deaths. 'Richard II' is more a poetical than an acting drama. The action of the tragedy commences within two years of the King's deposition and death, and gives a summary of his life and character, and the causes which led to his downfall. Richard unfortunately believed in that pernicious doctrine, "The right divine of kings to govern wrong;" but the laws of God and of the world were stronger than his mere legal title. And Richard succumbed to a popular favourite, who was shrewd enough to understand the spirit of the age and the will of the people. We see him melting away like a "mockery king of snow before the sun of Bolingbroke." Yet the poet-historian awakens our sympathy for the deposed monarch, when he is presented in the train of the victorious Bolingbroke, disillusioned, degraded, discrowned, and fallen, the sport of the populace:

"Men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head!
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off
(His face still combating with tears and smiles
The badges of his grief and patience)—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him."

Alas for him who, in this world, has to learn wisdom from the experience of sorrow and suffering, when followed by repentance and remorse for cruelty, crime, and murder! Homer says, through one of his heroes,—

"That to be taught
By suffering only is the part of fools."

Unfortunately this teaching often comes too late, as it did in Richard's case to save his crown or his life; but it helped to endow that infirm constitution of mind with a spirit of meekness and humility, and to make him a better man than he was a king. Here we might add, parenthetically, that the account which Shakspeare gives of Richard's murder was taken principally from Fabyan, one of the early chroniclers, and from the traditions of the time. Yet it has been much controverted. Those interested in this debatable question we might refer to a remarkable paper which was read before the Royal Society of Literature by Lord Milton in May, 1832.

The first and second parts of 'Henry IV,' and the drama of 'Henry V,' are undoubtedly the best of

Shakspeare's English historical plays. They differ from the rest in this respect, that the poet has interwoven comedy with history, which gives new life and interest to the scenes. In the first part of 'Henry IV' we see the King in the solitude of his Court, not feeling his crown secure, jaded and worn with the growing troubles of his Government, lamenting the follies and excesses of his heir-apparent, afterwards Henry V.

Then we are summoned to the "Boar's Head" to mix with Falstaff and his roistering companions. But the interest of the drama is centred in Prince Henry. He is Shakspeare's hero—"the king of good fellows." Although mixing with wild and lawless associates, yet he maintains his dignity as a prince, and from the first the poet makes him conscious of his responsibility and high destiny. After a merry bout with his lawless companions, when alone he thus soliloquises:

"I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,

By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will."

These "poetically adorned" chronicles show the physiognomy of the outward and inward world, the tragedy and comedy of human life. They exhibit "the sad stories of the death of kings;" also the frolicsome humours of Falstaff and his dissolute crew. We see Prince Henry in the wild exuberance of animal spirits, "the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind," forsaking the freezing solitude of the palace, and entering with zest into the humours and frolics of the tavern. Like many high-minded, yet thoughtless, young men, "he would rather have a fool to make him merry than experience to make him sad." Such was the tie which bound him to Falstaff. The fat knight knew his vocation, and cultivated his wit for the amusement of the prince. In the account of his visit to Justice Shallow he says, "I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter, the wearing out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions), and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up." Perhaps the youthful frolics of the prince

may have reminded our great dramatist of the midnight deer-stealing of a young man at Stratford, who, full of the vivacity of animal life and the wild joy of living, broke out into gaieties and excesses before the mind had gained the repressive power of self-control, and who, like the prince, escaped from these follies a wiser, if not a better man.

Falstaff is, perhaps, more the ideal type of a class than an actual man. It may be that Shakspeare, in the creation of his character, followed the footsteps of the old moral plays, where the devil was introduced as a comic character, and where were impersonated gluttony, sensuality, worldliness, etc., in incarnate forms. Falstaff may have been the personification of the follies and vices with which history has surrounded Prince Henry, and his disgrace and merited punishment is only in keeping with Shakspeare's sense of poetical truth and justice; and the Prince's last good night to Falstaff is the beginning of his new life. Shakspeare may have introduced Falstaff by way of contrast to the chivalrous natures of Prince Henry and Hotspur, as a caricature of honour and knighthood, a satire upon the false and corrupt state of chivalry of his time, and which was already in its last gasp.

In 'Henry V' Shakspeare has transformed the revelling prince into a soldier king. Sir John Falstaff had passed away, for the King "had killed his heart." The pathetic humour which Shakspeare played about his death-bed, and Mrs. Quickly's simple story of his last hours, soften our sympathy for the broken-hearted, dissolute knight. As we follow the drama we soon miss Falstaff's wit and

humour; even the trumpet-toned speeches of the King addressed to those yeomen "whose limbs were made in England;" and the glories of Agincourt will not compensate for his loss. Amid appalling scenes of bloodshed and massacre, where no quarter was given or taken, King Henry V passed away. In his last hours to his confessor he seemed unconscious of his blood-guiltiness, and showed no signs of forgiving his enemies. Perhaps he was like one of the cruel Spanish commanders in the Dutch war, who told his confessor "that he had no enemies to forgive, as he had killed them all." Soon after King Henry's death the retribution which followed an unrighteous war fell upon his unfortunate son, who lost all that his father had gained by the force of conquest. In the chorus at the end of the drama of 'Henry V' Shakspeare well describes the causes of the disasters which befell the unhappy King:

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed."

The poetic glamour of war is often followed by the prosaic burden of debt, taxation, and national distress. In the early part of King Henry's reign the insurrection of Jack Cade took place, followed by the jealous quarrels of the King's uncles and nobles, which ultimately led to the Wars of the Roses. The three parts of 'Henry VI' were remodelled from earlier plays by Shakspeare. They are unequal in strength and vigour. The current of events is broken and disturbed by secondary

characters and incidents. There is no centre of gravity, no great historical personage or master passion, round which the interest revolves, as in Shakspeare's other historical plays. Yet there are passages undoubtedly Shakspearian, such as the magnificent presence of Lord Talbot and the account of the awful death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, the bishop who persecuted the followers of John Huss and participated in the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, and was suspected of being concerned in the murder of the Duke of Gloucester. The last scene between him and Henry VI, where the impenitent Cardinal, as the shadowy curtains of death are closing around him, invokes the aid of gold to purchase a short truce from the torments of "that sharking worm that will not die nor let him alone," is one of the sublimest in Shakspeare. We give part of the scene of this last interview with King Henry:

"*King Henry.*—How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Cardinal.—If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King Henry.—Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!"

We quote the pious monarch's invocation over the dying man:

"O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
O beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

* * * *

Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
Warwick.—So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
King Henry.—Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all—
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation."

The fate of Henry VI was not unlike that of Richard II. Both lost their crowns and suffered violent deaths, because, although they were born kings, they could not live kings; for in these troublous times it was necessary that monarchs should rule as well as reign. Henry is by far the nobler character of the two. He was like a lamb among wolves, and he suffered the fate of the lamb in such company. In the second and third parts of 'Henry VI,' when the Duke of Gloucester appears upon the scene, the interest of the drama revives. The monotony of wickedness, outrage, and crime had become wearisome, and we feel relieved as we approach the scenical catastrophe of retribution which followed in the person of Richard III, and which vindicated the justice and longsuffering of Providence. Of all Shakspeare's characters, Richard III is the best fitted for stage representation. Everything about him is dramatic,—his deformed figure, and withered arm, like a "blasted sapling;" his ugly face, with a mind to match; his stunted body, which he apostrophises in these words:

"Then since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it."

Richard III is not the king of "shreds and

patches" which Colley Cibber (one of Shakspeare's improvers—for the worse) has made him. Cibber's Richard III is a conglomeration, not a person; a monster more than a man. Cibber was a playwright. Shakspeare was a poet as well as a playwright; and we might as well employ a sign-painter to touch up and daub our Raphaels, Rubenses, and Titians, as a Cibber to improve Shakspeare. The key to Richard's character is his duplicity, his insatiate ambition, and "demoniac energy of will." To gain his ends he would have played any part; even that of a monk, a zealous reformer, or an encourager of learning. The confusion of civil war was his opportunity. As he could only mount the throne by murder, he became a murderer. He had not the greed of blood, the "motiveless malignity" of Iago; he did not murder for murder's sake, but to remove the lives which barred him from the throne. He knew that a king is not dead as long as his son survives. He was keen, quick-sighted, feelingless, and merciless in purpose when he had a purpose. He followed his victim with the soft tread of a panther, and, when within reach, he would crouch and spring with the velocity of a tiger upon his prey. He cunningly contrived his plots and murders so as to make others appear guilty and himself innocent. He says:

> "I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl;
> The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
> I lay unto the grievous charge of others."

His contempt and scorn of mankind is only equalled by his foul treachery of heart and his deeds of

appalling ferocity. His wit and sarcasm were clear, bright, and sharp, like lightning, which illumes only to smite and blast. He had no faith; he despised mankind and poured scorn and contempt upon his victims. He could dissemble, play the hypocrite, quote "odd old ends stolen forth of Holy Writ," and seemed a saint when most he played the devil. In the end, when surrounded by phantoms and realities, the cursed companionship of his own thoughts; when in his baffled sleep and tumultuous dreams he rises and shakes off the terrible shapes that infested his fiend-haunted soul,—it is only then that there is anything like heroism in his nature, or that his conscience afflicts him. What an awful abyss of despair is in these words!—

> "There is no creature loves me,
> And if I die no soul will pity me."

In history we hardly know of any tyrant so friendless. Nero's old nurse was faithful to him to the end, and strewed flowers on his tomb. The poor squalid wretch Marat, who proposed to erect 800 gibbets for the regeneration of France,—even he had his friends, who shed tears over his grave. Robespierre's poor landlord, in the Rue St. Honoré, loved him, and his brother died for him; but Richard is himself alone. After the death of Richard III the white and red roses were united by the accession of Henry VII and his marriage with Elizabeth of York, "the two succeeders of each Royal House," and peace was restored between the contending parties. 'King Henry VIII' is the last of the series of

English historical plays, of which we can only give a very brief notice. This drama was written partly by Shakspeare and partly by Fletcher. It is essentially a court drama. The actors are the supreme rulers, pontiffs, and ministers of State. The scenes are laid in the precincts of the court and palace. Shakspeare does not make Henry VIII the Bluebeard monarch, or the hero which some historians have done. He is perhaps more of a stage king than an historical figure. He is choleric, self-willed, and voluptuous. The King of the Reformation is hardly discernible in him; and the greatest epoch in England's history is scarcely alluded to by the poet. Shakspeare's character of Queen Katharine is drawn from history. She is the noblest woman that Shakspeare has portrayed in these historical dramas. Her celebrated speech for her defence is but a paraphrase of her own words from Holinshed. When cast off and spurned by her brutal royal consort—"a jewel that had hung for twenty years about his neck, yet never lost her lustre,"—she still retains her love as a faithful and devoted wife, and remained a queen in spirit to the end. How beautifully and poetically Shakspeare has described her fate in these words!—

> "Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
> No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me—
> Almost no grave allow'd me; like the lily,
> That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
> I'll hang my head and perish."

What can be more affecting than her solicitude for a good name after her death?—

"When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me."

Shakspeare has painted his women nearer perfection than his men. It has been said that he has no heroes, but only heroines. Nearly all his great characters are made better by the influence of women. They are not mere poetical abstractions; with few exceptions, they are the highest ideals of womanhood—Ophelia, Rosalind, Juliet, Viola, Miranda, Desdemona, Portia, Isabella, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, etc. Their very names call up their natures and breathe a poetical fragrance around them. Although the life-blood of immortal poetry flows in their veins, yet they are thoroughly domesticated on the earth, and make excellent maidens, lovers, wives, and mothers. Charles Lamb once told a friend that he would any day marry, old as he was, if he could only find one of Shakspeare's ideal women.

These historical plays show us something of the sentiments, manners, amusements, and the poetical life of the nation in their author's time. It is the poet rather than the historian who is the exponent of the national life. The mere history of the wars and of the public acts of a people, which fill the pages of the ordinary historian, represent one phase, and that but a trivial and incomplete one, of their existence; the amusements and recreations, the literary and artistic tastes, represent another. The

latter reflect the passions, prejudices, the average feeling, and the universal tone of society. Shakspeare had to write for the amusement of playgoers, that which the multitude would listen to; otherwise his productions would not have been possible, for they who "live to please must please to live." But he wrote up to their taste; and turned his great artistic faculty to the highest purpose—the ennobling and purifying of the national drama. Though he wrote here and there a line it might have been well to blot, yet he did not tamper with truth, nor pander to vice, nor revel in filth, like some of his contemporaries, who, even in their purity, are obscene. In the world of Shakspeare we breathe freely. We feel ourselves in a healthy moral atmosphere, where wrong is wrong and right is right. These histories show us the line of suffering which runs parallel with the line of glory, the mutability of earthly greatness, the power of conscience, and "that retribution which walks with a foot of velvet and strikes with a hand of steel." It has been said that Shakspeare painted human nature as he saw it in his own age; but his creations are untouched by time. He depicted the great passions, more than the manners of the world. Manners are temporary, passions eternal. The customs and circumstances of life change, but men and their feelings remain. Therefore his men and women are the people of to-day, and will ever be so, as long as the "same heart beats in every human breast." We cannot find in Shakspeare's writings that he belonged to any creed, sect, or party. He took a universal and equal view of human nature, and looked at the world through

all human eyes. Coleridge, quoting from a Greek author, called him "a myriad-minded man." We cannot identify him with any of his characters. He has been compared to one of the Arabian dervishes in the Eastern tales, of whom we read that he had the power to throw his soul into the body of another man, so as to become possessed of his sentiments and passions by adopting his identity. But Shakspeare did not project himself into the souls of others; he included those natures in himself. If any of his characters are inspired with life, they first of all inspired him, and he seemed as much under their influence as Goethe when he said, "I feel myself surrounded, nay, besieged, by all the spirits I ever conjured up." It is with feelings of primeval awe and wonder, free from theological trammels, that he approaches sacred things, and surveys the problems of man's life and destiny. He teaches us that "the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together." Cheerfulness was one of the attributes of his genius, and, like all and only great souls, he could look bravely at the good end of evil things.

> "For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
> But to the earth some special good doth give;
> Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
> Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
> Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
> And vice sometime's by action dignified."
>
> 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II, Sc. 3.

Hamlet is said to have been a closer translation of Shakspeare's own character than any other of his personations; if so, these perpetual soliloquies and

broodings were the utterances Mr. Arnold, in his poem of 'The Buried Life,' calls "the hidden self," —that second, subjective life which every man lives apart and with himself alone, which Plato calls "the soul itself by itself." Certainly in his objective life Hamlet was not like Shakspeare, nor Shakspeare Hamlet.

What we have said of Shakspeare is true also of every great poet. He is not only a creator, but an interpreter. Therefore the poet and the historian ought to be studied together. What ancient historians have given us such glimpses into the actual life of their times as the Greek and Latin poets—Homer, Aristophanes, Theocritus, and the great tragic poets among the former; Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Lucretius among the latter? Through their pages the past is alive again, and we are introduced to the Senate Chamber, the Law Courts, the bustling, active life of the camp, the streets, the markets, and the pastoral life of the country, with the religion, the philosophy, and the habits of society as they were. Had it not been for these poets we should have known comparatively little of the real life of these great nations. Look again at the period of Chaucer. What chronicler or historian has left us such vivid delineations of the life of these times as appear in 'The Canterbury Tales'? We are able, as it were, to shake hands and to make personal acquaintance with our ancestors across more than five centuries of time. Thus poetry brings us into companionship with the mighty dead, who can never die; those "sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns."

In conclusion it may not be inopportune to quote the last words from one of the last plays our great dramatist is supposed to have written—the epilogue of 'The Tempest,' in which it has been suggested that Shakspeare himself typified his own retirement from the theatre on returning to his native town. When the enchanter Prospero abandons his "so potent art," breaks his staff, drowns his book, and dismisses his Ariel spirits, on going back to his dukedom, he prays relief from the burden of his soul, and craves forgiveness and mercy in these significant lines:

> "Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
> And what strength I have's mine own,—
> Which is most faint.
>
> * * * *
>
> Now I want
> Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
> And my ending is despair,
> Unless I be relieved by prayer;
> Which pierces so, that it assaults
> Mercy itself, and frees all faults."

Nothing can be added to the meaning of these lines. Were they a presentiment of Shakspeare's farewell to the stage with its enchantments? We can only say in the last spoken words of Hamlet, "The rest is silence."

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE IN RELATION TO THE HISTORY OF THE MAGYARS.

BY MRS. CH. ARTHUR GINEVER (*née* ILONA DE GYÖRY).

[Read June 16th, 1903.]

WHEN a people, scarcely as yet possessing any past and living only in the hopes of a future, turns its rapturous gaze towards this mysterious future whereto the people hopes to be led by an unknown hand,—it is then that the imagination creates the people's *religion*. When increasing strength and self-knowledge enable the people to bear responsibility, when their looks become steady enough to be directed straight towards the present, the actual world around them,—it is then that men keenly watch the scales where crime and virtue are weighed; and the result of their thinking is the people's *legislation*, together very often with its philosophy. When their look turns backwards, to see the shadows of the past, to find explanation of the present world and the justification of future hopes, their investigations furnish the *history* of the nation.

But when the people's spirit rises high enough to survey the traditions of the past, the truth of the present, and the aspirations of the future; when its soul unites in itself all that men believe about the past, love in the present, and hope from the future; it gives birth to the *poetry* of that people.

And now that I am here to speak about the literature of a thousand years, I feel that the task is like that of one who has to draw the picture of a whole vast country, with all its natural phenomena, on a small scale map. When the work is ready, it is with disappointment that he sees how the glowing colours of the scenery have faded to a neutral tint, how the heights have become flat and the depths shallow.

Yes; but the map is colourless, mute, and dead to those only that cannot interpret it by means of their knowledge, nor call it to life by their imagination. If the light of knowledge and the warmth of feeling can vivify a picture, then can men of letters more than all others give life and meaning to a bare outline. Therefore I trust that here, in this circle, if my hand but points to such a sketch and shows *there* is a forest, a majestic, dark, waving forest, your heart and mind will perceive and understand its rustling; if I show you the tiny mark of a mountain rivulet, your imagination reveals to you that it means a noble stream of youthful purity and youthful, impetuous strength. The thoughtless man says, after having seen the map of a foreign country, "It showed me all I need to know about that region." The thinker says, "It showed me how much I OUGHT to know about it." To the former the sight of the map means the end of the interest and investigation; to the latter it is but the beginning of it.

It is far away in space and far back in time that we must fly to see the first traces of our poetry. It would require an eagle's wings—the wings of the

mythical bird, perhaps, that appears in the very first tales of our folklore as the guide chosen by our god, Hadur, to lead the Hungarians into the country which had been conquered and inhabited by the kindred race, the Huns of great Attila.

And they came.

The golden eagle, the sacred Turul, flew on and on; and at the end of the ninth century they arrived at the *Verecke* pass in the North-eastern Carpathians, the huge granite blocks of which were quickly heaped up to form a high altar on the velvety green bank of the silver-waved Latorca, on which altar they sacrificed a milk-white charger to their great god, thundering Hadur.

Their mythology, their rites alone, would fill up the time of a lecture; therefore, if I mention that their original religion, with its dualism and with the very names of gods and spirits, shows a striking similarity to the Persian mythology, I do so only to point out that the people came to their new home their soul full of the rich, glowing imagination of the Orient, with their great love for free nature, and with their Eastern liking for symbolising its phenomena; and then perhaps you will find the explanation of many features of our primitive history.

The belief in their good luck on the battle-field, considerably strengthened by the success in their predatory wars, soon surrounded them with the fictitious fame of being invincible. No wonder if the songs and tales of their bards and minstrels found their predominant note in the clang of arms.

But when after five years the five different foreign

tribes that had formerly occupied the country were vanquished by the Hungarians, and when there was but one ruler—that mighty figure sitting on his milk-white horse, harnessed in silver, on his silver helmet a snow-white swan feather, Árpád,—then the excitement of the wars was over, the people began to feel that the nationalities around them were, it is true, partly conquered, partly frightened enough not to disturb them; but still they were strangers there, and the Asiatic race began to feel isolated, lonely, and brotherless.

The colder the outside world seemed to them, the more lovingly they kept alive the fire in their homes. The more terrifying the endless silence was in this new world, where no tongue akin to their own echoed their words, the more precious the national songs became to them. And with this same fervent love of a brotherless nation they clung to the old traditions which spoke of *their own* heroes: Attila resisting the temptations of the evil god, Ahriman, to kill his brother. Or about the sacred plant bearing in its cup the feather of the arrow shot by Prince Csaba, to whom god Hadur revealed that this plant was able to call dead heroes back to life. Or about the night on the battle-field when, in the moment of imminent danger, all at once a pale, mute army appeared descending from the skies, the hoofs of their chargers making no sound—thus they came, white and radiant, —but the earthly warriors recognised them, and across the line of battle a whisper flew, "The dead heroes of Csaba." And when the battle was won the spectral heroes returned to heaven, mutely and majestically as they came. As they returned to

heaven, the hoofs of their horses struck silver sparks on the dark path of the sky. There they still glitter, forming the silvery path which in other countries is called the milky way; there they glitter, to remind the people that if ever an enemy should bring destruction upon their land, the dead heroes will rise even from their graves to save it.

The years rolled on.

The neighbouring countries learned to defend themselves, and the Hungarian predatory troops also learned the unpleasant but very beneficial lesson that the iron of the plough is more honourable than the iron of the sword. This home life prepared their minds for the greatest transformation of the individuals as well as of the nations—for Christianity.

The warlike sounds of the sacrificing priest's prayer, of the prayer which promised wars and vengeance, are hushed by the mildest and yet most powerful prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;" the war-songs are mingled with the sounds of hymns, and the handle of the sword shows the shape of the cross.

In the thousandth year after Christ, Hungary became a Christian kingdom.

The new ideas have mightily caught the imagination of the people, and it flies heavenwards, no more like the smoke thick with blood that rises from the sacrificing altars, but on the wings of the incense. When the saints are at the same time national heroes, as St. Stephen, St. Emmeric; or later, the possessor of the sacred sword, presented

to him by all the European nations, St. Ladislas;—then, naturally, in the poets the Christian and the patriot are equally eloquent.

The legends about these heroes and about St. Elizabeth, "the white rose of Hungary," St. Margaret, who hides the royal crown under the nun's veil, lifted up the people's minds into a gentler, peaceful region; but soon, very soon, the religious animosities appear in the Christian world among the supporters of different dogmas, and the religious controversies, full of hatred, show that if Christ brought to earth the sacred fire of love, men had changed it till it became the flame of hatred.

And in this time, when in Hungary, as elsewhere, the monks were the leaders in knowledge, literature is limited to the narrow, dry fields of religious controversy. Still, even in this desert of dry, religious literature, there is one column of flame breaking through the lifeless surface and burning high—the translation of the Psalms, marked by all the genuine dignity of the Hebrew, this being one of the first printed books in Hungary in 1536 (Bogáti Farkas).

At that time, when over all the world there seemed to float the chilly, sepulchral atmosphere of the cloisters; when sculptors, painters, poets, and philosophers dealt with human life without knowing anything about it, shut up as they were in their cells;—all at once a fresh breeze rose from the coasts of Italy, bringing on its wings the scent of flowers, the spray of the ocean, the rustling of the forests, and a thousand thousand signs of life.

The Renaissance was dawning.

The mighty current penetrated the cloisters, dispersed the heavy exhalations of the musty folios, broke and scattered the stained glass windows, which created darkness within and gave a false colour to the world without. It may be that the spirit of the Renaissance was somewhat too vehement and lacking in moderation, but it was life—real, pulsating, triumphant life.

Hungary had reason enough to learn very soon the spirit of the Renaissance. At the beginning of the fourteenth century the *Anjou* dynasty was sitting on the throne of Hungary, and then the Italian influence led the Hungarians to use the glove instead of the mailed gauntlet, the harp instead of the trumpet. The life in the Royal castle at Visegrád threw its light far, far over the half of Europe, like a cheerful, bright bonfire; the choir of King Louis the Great (in the first half of the fourteenth century) was recognised to be the best on the Continent; his artists, the brothers Kolosváry, hardly found time enough to accept all the invitations of foreign monarchs; one of their finest statues is to be seen at Prague at the Royal Palace. The Hungarian jewellers, sword-cutlers, leather-workers, and cartwrights became the teachers of the workmen of all the other nations.

Poetry could not remain unaffected by this softening, refining, but effeminating influence. That current in the atmosphere brought by the Renaissance undeniably bore with it the exhalations of a few poisonous plants too; that of flowers flattering the senses and exciting them too much. At a time when a Torquato Tasso's imagination works in such a way

that in his 'Gerusalemme Liberata' the Crusades and the relief of the Holy Land are the consequences of some chivalric love adventures, poetry, especially as its field was the brilliant and slippery pavement of court life, had to show some similarity to the Italian poetry; but it is an interesting indication of national character that all the books, novels, poems, and songs of this time are translations,—so much so that though in other cases the translations became incorporated with original literature by adding Hungarian names and details to it, the products of *this* epoch are unmistakably recognised as Italian and, though we have many popular songs and romances from this time, we clearly detect that the wholesome sense of the people decidedly rejected literature breathing this spirit.

Just this difference introduces the distinction between the culture in the time of the Anjou kings and the culture of a century later, when another king takes up again the cultivation of art, science, and literature; another king—no Italian, no stranger, but the incarnation of the national Hungarian character fully developed, magnified,—Mathias Corvinus. All the strength and vitality of our race are united in this name. Pronounce it, and a thousand emotions awake in the nation's heart like the thousandfold echo of the Archipelago: joy that he was ours, pride because we understood him, admiration for his greatness, gratitude because he made his country great, and grief that all his works should be destroyed by the terrorism of the Turks—a reign of terror, lasting not for two years only, like that of the French, but for two centuries.

King Mathias, risen from our own ranks, he ascended higher than any of his predecessors, but rose as the sun rises from among the hills, not to turn his face from them, but to pour upon them the richer gifts of light and warmth the higher he rises.

And in all his features he was a Hungarian. Have not the members of that race ever been thus? usually clever, but rarely wise; unable to feel distrust, because unable to deserve it; easily led anywhere when kindly taken by the hand, but immovable when rudely clutched by the wrist; rather brooding over past misfortunes than seeking to avoid impending ones; facing with better humour a hundred wrathful faces than a sneering one; and all in all so very much like their native soil—dark in colour, heavy in substance, rough perhaps on the surface; if unlovingly abandoned, arming itself with thorns; if the wintry blast strikes it, it stiffens to blocks as hard as ice; but at the first smile of spring, it brings forth its treasures, yielding the gold of the wheat, real, precious gold.

It is partly the darker and more melancholy character of the Hungarian taste that makes this epoch of the Renaissance-culture different from that of the Anjou epoch, but partly also the appearing of the storm-cloud on the Eastern horizon—the Turks,—which mingles a few more serious, martial sounds in the poetry. Naturally, however, the events of the battle-field are bright and triumphant. What else could they be at a time when the threatening danger, the Crescent, served but to direct the admiring gaze of the whole of Europe upon

Hungary, where the father of Mathias Corvinus, John Hunyadi, won victory after victory over the Turks, answering in this way the letter of the Pope, who beseeches him in these words, "Thy sword, my son, is the defence not of thy country only, but of the whole realm of Jesus Christ"!

The victories of his son, King Mathias, are well known in history because the scholars at his court, Galeotti, Bonfini, Janus Pannonius, all wrote in Latin. Their books have often been printed and reprinted, as in the castle of Mathias there was a printing office in 1472, much earlier than in many other European courts; but (and here the Eastern character reveals itself) King Mathias did not care much for printed books, because they were all in black, and because everybody could have the same. His library, consisting of 5000 volumes (a great number for that time), contained only manuscripts, with costly initials, and bound in brocade and velvet, the clasps and corners chased gold and silver.

And all these treasures had been collected but to be pillaged by the Turks; the crimson and purple velvet of the bulky folios were turned to saddle-covers, the clasps and corners were dangling by the dozen on the harness of the Turkish chargers.

The Turks! Two hundred years of terrorism! How should we hear the sound of the lyre when the air resounds with the clash of weapons, the clanking of the chains, and the weeping of the forlorn? And even if there were singers brave enough to express in songs that they believe in the past

and trust to the future, we hardly know their names. How could a nation weave wreaths for the brows of its bards when all the laurel lay withering on its heroes' graves?

But there is one whose head was worthy of both wreaths, that of the hero and that of the poet, the author of the best Hungarian Christian epic, Count Nicholas Zrinyi, the great-grandson of the hero of Szigetvár, who bore the same name, and whose self-sacrificing death is considered as that of a saviour for Hungary. The grandson has written his history in this epic, called *Zrinyiász.*

In the colossal conception there is something of the work of the Titans; the rocks which build it up are rough, but each one an "Ossa" or "Pelion." As in the 'Divina Commedia,' the poet descends into hell, where he lays the foundation stone of the gigantic building, the crowning arch of which towers up to the throne of God in heaven; as in the 'Zrinyiász,' the spirits of hell and heaven decide about the battle of Szigetvár. But the work was written at a time when Hungarian literary language was not yet polished and refined enough; and Count Zrinyi was perhaps the least likely one to seek to polish it by the minute work of the jeweller. No; the chisel of the jeweller was not the tool for him, one of the greatest strategists of Europe, who in 1646 scattered the army of the Swedes in Moravia, then won three victories for Emperor Ferdinand III, and during the celebrated winter campaign of 1667, not only chased away the united Turkish armies from Berzence, but destroyed all the fortifications of Sultan Soliman along the Drava.

All Germany fêted him; the monarchs of Europe rivalled each other in showing their admiration for him; the Pope sent him his portrait, together with an olive branch in silver with fruits in pearl for the Christian knight, and a golden wreath of oak leaves with emeralds for the soldier.

All his glory must have cast a deep shadow somewhere; the one who felt it was Count Montecuccoli, the rival of Zrinyi and the general of the imperial army. He felt he was standing in the shade. And the spirits of the darkness are evil counsellors. And the deeds of the darkness are mysterious. Who sees them? Who can explain them?

One day Count Zrinyi went out to hunt the boar, and there in the forest the darkness was dense, very dense. . . .

It was but next morning that from the castle the news spread,—a boar had killed the poet and hero of Hungary.

As the time was one when both the knowledge and the military power were in the hands of the nobility, it is natural that we should find many of our poets in their ranks, and natural also that they should glorify the heroic deeds of their own class. There we see Count Koháry, Baron Ladislas Listi, both of them heroes and poets; and the third, the eminent lyric poet, Baron Valentine Balassa—he with his unrivalled power over the most difficult strophe-structure, and the introducer of the musical element into poetry by means of his love songs and songs of soldier life; he in whose soul there was a world of harmony, and whose life was a shrieking disharmony, now deepening into profound

melancholy, then again rising to boisterous, uncontrolled merriment, as if his path had been pointed out by the very same two contending genii that led Lord Byron as well, endowing him with gifts and defects, great talents, great strength, great beauty, power over everybody but his own self—the power of the rushing cataract, bruising every obstacle in its way, but itself breaking in its fall.

But now at once the middle classes seem to awake from their torpor; a bright ray falls on them, a ray from the richest sources of light—knowledge and love. Queen Maria Teresa, feeling sincere, strong sympathy with her noblest subjects, wished them to have a share in her affection as well as culture. She stood high enough to see far. She understood that while Vienna peacefully enjoyed the progress of a peaceful life, Hungary had to become the bastion of civilisation against the Turks; and while Hungary sacrificed her own culture she saved that of Western Europe. When the war was done, of course, the warrior, covered with dust and blood, was not the companion for the silk-clad, lace-sleeved, white-wigged courtier; and it is true that the tree of knowledge is not kept alive by blood. The soldier Hungarian was neither courtly nor scholarly. But the Queen herself did not forget that at the beginning of her reign it was the loyalty of Hungary which saved her from the combined assaults of the Germans, the French, and the Spanish; and in her heart there were still reverberating the words uttered in that supreme moment when Hungarian chivalry accepted the duty of protecting the woman, the unjustly attacked adversary, and the sovereign in the person

of Maria Theresa, by uttering the exclamation, "Vitam et sanguinem, moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Teresia."

Her gratitude showed itself by organising a Lifeguard from the youth of the Hungarian gentry, her aim being to bring them into contact with Western culture. Your great Buckle says, "Those who do not feel the darkness will never look for the light." But they felt the darkness. A glance at the literature of the Western countries showed it to them. And it so happened that at this time a new day was dawning on the horizon of West Europe. The humanistic ideas of the English philosophers stirred the thinkers in France; their ideas penetrated to the court of Frederic the Great, and our youths stood spell-bound at this radiance. There we see among the Lifeguard officers, Barcsay, Bárócy, Bessenyei, conquerors in all the gallant sports, tournaments at court; conquerors, as we know it very well by the indiscreet epistolary literature of that age, in the court balls too; and yet dissatisfied with themselves. After the fatigue of the fights, after the excitements of the balls, they met to learn French and English. They organised a literary circle and inaugurated a new epoch for Hungary.

Naturally, a new literature is not created to order; they involuntarily imitated the French classics, though, to tell the truth, nothing is so directly opposed to Hungarian literary taste as the style of Corneille and Racine.

Whatever the Lifeguard poets did for literature, it is dear to us for the sake of its aim; it may be that the aim was much higher than the result, but

when we have to wander in the darkness, even a tiny light becomes a guiding star.

We read their plays, these first attempts at depicting modern social life; we smile at many of their *naïve* features, and we admire the youthful power of imagination, the rich vein of wholesome, inoffensive Hungarian humour; but besides all this, the most interesting for us is really the vacillation of the literary taste, the seeking for the right direction. The pendulum moves now towards one point, the imitation of the French school; then it returns, and, passing the right point, flies towards the other extreme, imitation of the Germans; there had been an epoch of Italian influence; there comes later a purely old classical, Latin character, until in the fulness of time there arrive the really great ones among poets, showing that literature is like the mythical figure of Antæus—to be strong and powerful it has to feel the touch, the throbbing of the heart of its native soil.

Still, the very hesitation is interesting in their taste. They translate Le Cid and Horace by Corneille, Athalie by Racine, and then, finding the splendour of the Gaul too cold and artificial, they seek for something else, and they translate Pope's 'Essay on Man' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

But when the stirring storm of the French Revolution agitated the artificial, stiff gardens of Versailles, the new ideas which precipitated that revolution easily found their way to Hungary, as Marie Antoinette was the daughter of Queen Maria Teresa, and the two courts were in contact.

Soon the Marseillaise is translated, as well as the

most important parts of the Encyclopédie. The new cause has its martyrs in Hungary too. The translator of the Marseillaise is kept prisoner by Austria for nine years, while another poet, Bacsànyi, the translator of Napoleon's proclamation to the Hungarians, was imprisoned for life; his elegies, faultless in thought and in form, were all written in the prison at Kufstein. Szentjobi, that bright, youthful spirit, with all the cheerful purity of the skylark in his songs, perished in prison at the age of twenty-eight, like the youngest of the three at Chillon; and all his fellow-prisoners felt that—

> "For him their soul was sorely moved,
> And truly might it be distressed
> To see such bird in such a nest.
> And thus he was as pure and bright,
> And in his natural spirit gay . . . .
> He too was struck, and day by day
> Was wither'd on the stalk away."

And the leader of the mental life then, the man of immense activity, knowledge, and energy, who strove to lift Hungary to the level of the West—the regenerator of our literary language, Francis Kazincy,—he also suffered for the crime of having copied the revolutionary catechism of the Hungarian Jacobins. The death sentence, however, was commuted for imprisonment. But he continued his fervent activity even in prison; and as the Austrian Government did not allow him to have ink in his prison, he carried on his writing by using his blood. And while yearning for the cheering light of poetry in the darkness of prison, he translated Ossian. The

translation was written with the rust of his chains dissolved in his drinking-water.

But even if he had no other merit whatever, we ought to mention this one: it was he who first directed the eyes of the Hungarians upon Shakespeare.

After the French and German literature, Shakespeare, the revelation! That one circumstance would have been reason enough for making him a revelation for us—that in this epoch of rushing, pulsating life in Hungary, when every day brought its weighty event, the spirit of the age demanded *life* in poetry as well.

Did the dramatic poetry of other nations show all this? In all the great dramatic crises the German heroes meditate, the French recite, the Shakespearian heroes act. In the French and German tragic poets, the more important the action the more everybody talks. In Shakespeare, the greater the deed the less is it encumbered with words, that it may stand before us clearly in its own colossal proportions.

In 'Coriolanus,' Volumnia, on seeing the inevitable, destroys all the links between Rome and her revolting son by these words:

> "This man had a Volscian for his mother;
> His wife is in Corioli, and this child
> Like him by chance."

While Camille, in Corneille's tragedy on that page, which I consider the most representative of all, when she destroys all ties of family and fatherland, says:

> "Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment,
> Rome à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant,
> Rome qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore,

Rome enfin que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore.
Puisse tous ses voisins ensemble conjurer
Saper ses fondements encore mal assurés
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie
Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie
Que cent peuples unis des bouts de l'univers
Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers,
Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles
Et que ses propres mains déchirent ses entrailles
Puissé-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendres et tes lauriers en poudre
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause et mourir de plaisir."

Then, also, the endless self-reproach, self-rectifying, self-consoling of Racine's Athalie after the murder, has its greatest contrast in Macbeth's word:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

The hero of Voltaire, Orosmane, the jealous sultan who murders his innocent wife, displays wonders of firework-like rhetoric, as brilliant and as artificial as such a display can be; while in 'Othello' the clear recognition of perfect annihilation finds no other words than these:

"That's he, that was Othello; here I am."

The best Hungarian tragedy, 'Bánkbán' (Palatine Benedict), was written under Shakespeare's influence. Several German and Italian critics admit that with the exception of the Shakespearian plays there is no play in which the tragic element is deeper. I may say that I wish I could have stood here before you with no other aim than that of speaking about

this one drama, and perhaps about the great dramatic poem of another author—'The Tragedy of Man,'—which I dare to call, as the Continental critic also calls it, the worthy rival of Goethe's 'Faust.'

Just a few words about the first. It is based upon history, and the author is very true to it. It plays in the thirteenth century. While King Andrew II is engaged in the crusade, Queen Gertrude of Merania rules the country; distributing the chief dignities to her relatives, humiliating the Hungarians; imposing heavy taxes on the downtrodden people in order to be able to supply with money her riotous, loose, immoral court. The Palatine anxiously sees the discontent, and to save the country from civil war sets himself the gigantic task of keeping the rising flames down. But while he is away the Queen's brother pursues the Palatine's wife with his love; the intrigue is forwarded by the Queen, so that on the Palatine's return rumours reach him about his honour being in danger. At this very moment a secret summons calls him to an assembly, telling him that the honour of the country was concerned, the watchword being the name of his wife—Melinda.

He goes, to gain the key to the riddle, but he finds an assembly of conspirators, who decide upon the death of the Queen to save the honour of the country. The Palatine, controlling the storm that is raging in his heart, remembers only that he is the representative of law and of the King, and in his chivalric loyalty defends the Queen; and when the leader of the conspiracy loses all self-control while speaking about the Queen, the Palatine, though the

friend and nephew of the grey-haired conspirator, is nothing else but the Palatine, and rises with the words, "This traitor against King and Crown I declare a prisoner; I, the representative of the King; it is the King who commands here." And in this moment Petur, the conspirator, this perfectly drawn figure of the discontented patriot, who is true to his King, and knows one thing more sacred still—the Constitution,—enthusiastic, sincere, short-sighted, self-sacrificing, but, right or wrong, perfectly honest,—this man has no other answer than to lay his sword at the feet of the Palatine, and to bend his knee saying, "My King."

The Palatine lifts him up and says, "Dost thou not see what wonders the mere name of thy King works in thee, and yet thou wishest to pierce his heart by stabbing the Queen?"

At this moment of the Palatine's victory a German knight-errant brings the news that in this very hour the Queen has helped to throw the Palatine's wife a victim to her brother's vile love. What can follow now? The Palatine rushes out with boundless wrath, and the way he takes can lead to nothing but to a tragic *dénouement*. What does this consist in? Life has whirled him into circumstances entirely opposed to his real character. He, the defender of the law, insults the law; he, the blameless knight, becomes the murderer of a woman; he, the faithful subject, becomes guilty of high treason. He has no other way but to avenge his ruined happiness and tarnished honour, but by fulfilling this duty he destroys all the moral foundations of his existence. Nothing revealed more to

me the greatness of this work than seeing it when performed by the Italian company of Salvini. No national allusions appealed to the actors or to their audience, many details were misunderstood, and still the effect was thrilling.

The work has but one defect—its language. The great artist of Hungarian poetical language did not arrive until later. This was Vörösmarty (1800—1855). His heroical epic poems, historical dramas, and all his lyric show how completely he mastered the language—its strength as much as its beauty. The effect of his language was compared to that of the Latin classics by no inferior audience than that of a literary society of London sixty years ago, when one of the contemporaries of Kossuth—Szemere, the emigrant minister of Hungary—recited poems in a society here without saying before in which of the foreign languages he was going to recite. The hexameters the society found equal to those of the Latin classics were these:

Régi dicsöségünk, hol késel az éji homályban ?
Századok ültenek el s te alattok mélyen enyészö
Fénnyel jársz egyedül; rajtad sürü fellegek és a
Bus feledékenység koszorutlan alakja lebegnek
Hol vagyon, aki merész ajakát hadi dalnak eresztvén
A riadó, vak mélységet felverje szavával
S késö százak után méltán láttassa vitézlö
Párducos Arpádot s hadrontó népe hatalmát ?

Vörösmarty was just at the zenith of his poetical career, spreading the mild, clear, dreamy splendour of a full moon, when all at once a new light, a startling phenomenon, a gorgeous comet rose upon

the horizon,—a comet, unexpected, unknown, not like any other luminary, captivating, yet terrifying and awakening superstitious belief in the approach of something dreadful; a comet, the harbinger of war, coming suddenly and disappearing suddenly into the unknown void, whence there is no return.

Petöfi! If there is one being who confirms in us the belief that a real poet stands higher than other men, and that he keeps something of the all-seeing power of the gods who sent him, it is Petöfi.

His song, the 'Talpra Magyar,' kindled in men's souls the flame which burst out into the great conflagration of the war of freedom in 1848. From that moment his poems became visions. In one song he prophesied the outbreak of the revolution; in another the revival of the native tongue and the union of Transylvania and Hungary; and in one, his own death on the battle-field, describing in words, which subsequent events proved true, the very way in which he would disappear, dying in the crisis of the war, and being buried in one great common grave together with all those who died for our freedom.

And the genius of Hungary had to give to him, who possessed already the laurel of the poet and the oak-wreath of the hero, a third crown also—the crown of stars which only martyrs win.

What shall I say before passing to another figure? If you know Petöfi you will understand each page of our war of freedom, or if you know the story of that war you will understand each page of Petöfi.

And he, who is now translated into nearly all the

European languages, to be admired in common with their best lyrics,—he had four deities among other poets: Dickens, Béranger, Shakespeare, and—and he whose name will be pronounced here presently among the Hungarians.

What the pure, all-embracing love for humanity he saw in Dickens must have meant for Petöfi, who sacrificed his life for the people's freedom, we may understand. It is his impetuous, youthful enthusiasm that speaks when he says about Dickens, "I have always heard of seven grades of heaven only, but for the sake of Dickens, truly I think that God found it necessary to create an eighth one."

Béranger was his second self, the responding voice in the universe; and about Shakespeare he said, "On the day of the world's creation God made an immense store of ideas, which has increased as the thousands of years rolled on; it pleased Him to pour this immeasurable treasure on the earth when at Stratford a child was born. He has reaped all that was richest in the field of poetry; we but glean after him the ears and flowers he left there as unworthy of him."

And the fourth?

Vörösmarty, as I said, was the moon; Petöfi was the comet; but the sun had to come. And the sun came—as it appears in summer mornings among the mountains, not gradually, but suddenly stepping forward with his golden shield and his crown of rays, the sovereign of the sky,—and the light this poet spreads is brighter than that of the moonlight of Vörösmarty; his beams have more warmth in them, at the same time all the majestic quietness, without the restlessness, without the terrifying element of

the comet. The serenity of absolute greatness, the simplicity of perfection, the strength born of calmness, the calmness born of strength.

In 1845 the Academy offered a prize for the best epic poem; and one of the competing works bore a name hitherto unknown—John Arany. Petöfi, the spoilt favourite of the public, was the first who felt and owned that there had arrived a poet superior to himself; and the very same night when he obtained possession of the manuscript he carried it off to his den, began to read a few lines, and—did not put it away until he had finished all the twelve cantos. And then—as he says in his notes,—with his cheeks aflame, with his soul on fire, he wrote a letter in verse to the unknown poet, telling him that while for others the laurel slowly grows leaf by leaf, to him we must offer the whole wreath at once.

And this admiration and friendship lasted without one passing cloud of jealousy or misunderstanding till the death of Petöfi. And Arany, to whom the Germans gave the name the "Shakespeare of the ballad"; about whom François Coppée, after returning from Hungary, said to Emile Zola, "He is Ossian in the lyric, Homer in the epic,"—this man remained till the very end of his life modesty itself. Never has any poet been a more severe critic of himself. He nearly tortured himself with doubts; but these hard years full of the torment and dissatisfaction with himself, resulted, like the pain of the pearl oyster, in pearls indeed. He sang to us, with all the dignity of the historical epos, the story of King Attila and Buda; he united in the great trilogy of 'Toldi' all the happiest memories of the chivalric

times of the Anjous; and while his lyrics expressed the workings of the Hungarian mind, his ballads are the most perfect creations of their kind, really what a ballad ought to be according to its definition—a tragedy told in song. In each of his ballads we see a dramatic progress towards the inevitable psychological conclusion. Arany made a systematic study of poetry in order to discover the principles of the different genres, and he was the first to point out the reasons for the striking similarity between the Scotch and the Transylvanian ballads; he settled the question of the limits between the Southern romance and the ballad of the North; and, when I mention him as the best Shakespeare translator in Hungary, let me add that in their translations of the plays of Shakespeare (of whose thirty-seven dramas twenty are permanently on the répertoire of one of our theatres) the characters of several of our poets strangely reveal themselves—the oratorical Vörösmarty having chosen 'Julius Cæsar,' the passionate, proud Petöfi 'Coriolanus,' while the contemplative and melancholy Arany translated 'Hamlet.'

It is he whom I should most like you to know, and it is he of whose style, genius, and range of subjects I can least give you any idea. Who would dare to break off one carved marble ornament of the Parthenon to show what the whole was like? He seems to us, indeed, not as one from among us, not the child of a certain short era of our history, but as the expression of the mental life of us all, and of all the history of a thousand years,—the Colossus, who points with one hand to Hungary's past and with the other to her future.

Allow me to pass over our orators—Felsöbükki, Nagy, Nyári, Deák, Széchenyi, Kossuth. Their activity is probably known to you; if not, the whole history of the last century would be required to describe it, and a knowledge of all the vicissitudes of their country's career would be needed to explain why it was that their activity (which was the throbbing of that country's heart) became now feverish, or subdued, now wild, leaping with joy, or hushed with the suspense of agony.

And let me pass over, among so many others, our novelists as well, and mention but one poet more. The revolution was over; its effects created the twofold impression in many hearts that the best efforts, the highest aims, are sometimes the most cruelly misunderstood, and can lead to the worst results when exaggerated or cast before the unworthy.

These sad impressions working in the mind of the poet Madách led him to write 'The Tragedy of Man.' I can give but the roughest outline of the tragedy. God had just completed the great work of creation; His angels sing His glory, but Lucifer rebels against Him, finding fault with everything in the universe; God banishes him, and when Lucifer says that as he had had a part in *creating* the universe he ought also to have a share in its possession too, God curses the two trees in Eden and gives these trees to him. Lucifer, with the words of vengeance that even with so much power he will destroy God's work, precipitates himself into space. In Eden, awakening doubts in the soul of Adam and Eve whether the coming life of mankind

would be worth living, he promises to show them the future; and, as Adam finds his pride in the thought that *his* aim, *his* efforts and ideas will carry mankind forward, Lucifer shows him the history of the world in images that reveal the oscillation of humanity between the extremes, always driven to unhappy exaggerations.

The first scene shows the sunny plains near the Nile, Adam as Pharaoh, enjoying unlimited power; but as even in the blind devotion of his people, who are just building his pyramid, he sees no voluntary affection, his wife Eve being gained by command, and not by love; just at the moment when the crowd's discontentment becomes visible, he conceives the idea that it is not the millions who ought to serve one man, but the one man who ought to serve the millions.

The next scene realises this: Adam as Miltiades, Eve as his wife—the benefactors of the people,—really serve the millions; but the crowd, driven to an extreme idea of their own greatness, accuse Miltiades and order him to be executed for having been virtuous. Miltiades, embittered, says, "Cast the virtues of citizen, leader, and statesman to the winds. Why strive for higher aims if this is the reward of self-denial? Forget duty, virtue, and religion in the pleasures of the moment."

This is the threshold that leads us to Rome, at the time of its inner decay; we see the corrupt, immoral city when the oligarchs continued their orgies even during the plague. Petrus, the apostle, shows them the coming destruction of their rotten world, and the new one, recreated by purity, faith, and love.

Adam—Sergiolus in this scene—and Eve ri
their banqueting seats, and Adam finds his n
in leading a life of chivalric virtue, de
religion and woman, and being united in bı
love with all the world. In the next scen
Tancred, and Eve is Isaura, the nun. Ad
that religion did not teach people to love eac
but to hate; sees the execution of the heret
that the spirit of the age puts the brand of c
virtuous happiness too, as Isaura has to w
veil.

He sees narrowness, ignorance, prejudice
where; he seeks salvation in knowledge.
leads to the next scene, where he appears as
the investigator of the secrets of the univers
he sees the degradation of knowledge in bei
by the unworthy for horoscopes, nativiti
similar base purposes. His distress, empha
the fact that his beautiful and coquettish v
her circle of admirers smile at him becaus
peasant origin, makes him ask what would
word that would save this world imprisone
fetters of class-hatred. He hears as in a dr
words *liberté, égalité, fraternité*. And he h
distant sound of the Marseillaise.

The scene suddenly changes. The plat
Kepler's observatory is transformed into the
at the Place de la Grève; the stand of his t
becomes the guillotine; he himself, young, p
eloquent, in the personality of Danton, c
the same words, but hurls them thunderingl
crowd,—*liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

In this way the poet goes on. The yea

Adam for the activity of peaceful progress leads him to London; here he finds that personal interests keep man from taking a broader view, London typifying the *present*. The next scene is already placed in the future, when mankind will have cast aside the ideas of fatherland and nationality, and lives in *phalanstères*—common halls,—when men are classified according to their culture, and independently of their nationality.

We are led forward to the time when the whole surface of the earth will have become like the north pole. Adam awakes, and his dreams urge him to suicide, which would accomplish the wish and aim of Lucifer—that of abolishing the human race. But Eve appears, with the tidings that God revealed the secret to her that she is going to be the mother of the human race. Adam throws himself in the dust at the sight of the sky, which opens, and then he hears the comforting word of God that it is not the success, but the effort itself which brings man nearer to happiness and to God, arms him with the power to struggle for and the power to believe in high aims and perfection.

I have shown you some stars of our firmament. Even though that sky of ours has been so often darkened by storm-clouds, there are many, many I should like to show to you,—to an English audience perhaps more than to any other, just because it was English thought and feeling which valued the light of some of our guiding stars, just at the time when the sky of Hungary was darker with thunder-clouds than ever. And we also know that the great luminaries of your firmament lent more than one

ray to our poets and scholars when they were striving "ad astra."

Continue this understanding and appreciation of our efforts, the efforts of our young mental life, by remembering that there, on the boundary line between West and East, is a small nation engaged in serious work, attired no more in the fantastic Oriental garb with which the imagination of our neighbours invested us, but wearing the sober garment of the working day,—a nation which has left behind the time when others regarded it with benevolent interest as a kind of curiosity, and is strong enough to bear serious criticism.

There this nation stands, a whole forest of vigorous, healthy talents pushing towards the light, like sturdy young oaks sprung from a rich and fertile soil.

Our world is far from yours, but do not turn aside from it that it should be still farther from your thoughts.

Your literature is a mighty river, but there is no stream, however great, which would not be enriched by even a small tributary; small may seem our literature to you, but you will always find that its source is deep and its waves are pure.

HUBERT AND JOHN VAN EYCK: THE QUESTION OF THEIR COLLABORATION CONSIDERED.

BY ALFRED MARKS.

[Read June 24th, 1903.]

In the history of the brothers Hubert and John Van Eyck, two of the greatest names in the annals of painting, are some interesting and difficult problems. Did the art of Hubert spring suddenly into perfection, as in the old-world fable Minerva sprang fully armed from the brain of Jupiter? Did his genius, as M. Paul Durrieu has lately expressed it, suddenly flash out like some brilliant meteor, which bursts on the dazzled gaze of beholders? All analogy forbids us so to believe; enormous as was the stride made by Hubert, his art must, in its beginnings, have started from the point reached by his predecessors. The problem is similar to that which perplexed early inquirers into the marvels of Shakespeare's art. Those inquirers had, fortunately, records to hand which, patiently and skilfully questioned, were ready to disclose the secret. But thus far the most diligent inquiry has failed to reveal the inspirers of Hubert's art. The ravages

of time, of fire, and of the iconoclasts * have perhaps destroyed the evidence which would have revealed the secret of Hubert's beginnings.

Another problem in the story of the two brothers is that relating to the invention, or, more properly, to the improvement of oil-painting. Much more has been done here; perhaps there is nothing to add to the conclusions reached by Sir Charles Eastlake in his admirable History of Oil-Painting—a work as remarkable for the patient investigation a for the wide knowledge of its author.† I shall not presume to deal with these problems. On the first of these questions I do not purpose to touch at all to the second I shall need to refer only in so far as it may help to elucidate the subject of my more humble inquiry. I ask you now to investigate with me a third problem. Criticism has been greatly perplexed by the question, Which of the works ascribed to the Van Eycks are to be allotted to Hubert, which to John? I ask you to consider the evidence tending to establish the collaboration of the two brothers in a large number of works at present commonly ascribed to one or other of them exclusively. In particular, it will fall to us to consider whether we cannot establish some preliminary notions as to the share of each brother in the great work, the Adoration of the Lamb, the altar-piece of Ghent.‡

* For the destruction committed by the iconoclasts see Voisin (C.), 'Guide de Gand,' 4th edit., pp. 43—47.

† Eastlake (Sir C. L.), 'Materials for a History of Oil-Painting,' 2 vols., 1847.

‡ It may be convenient to say here something about the inscription of the Ghent altar-piece. The Latin text, recovered from under

The relations of the two brothers were such as to render collaboration, or, at least, working in agreement, extremely probable. The birth-dates of Hubert and John Van Eyck are not known; the dates generally accepted are—for Hubert, about 1370; for John, about 1390, giving a difference in their ages of twenty years. The invention of the improved method of oil-painting is by all writers referred to the year 1410,* when John would be twenty years old. In the opinion of Sir Charles Eastlake,† this makes it probable that the invention

neath a coat of paint, is not ascertained wholly free from doubt. Three translations of it have been given:—(1) The painter, Hubert Van Eyck, greater than whom none is to be found, commenced [the work]; the bulk was completed by his brother John, second to him in art, relying on the request of Jodoc Vyt. This verse invites you to contemplate that which was completed on the 6th of May, 1432. (The year is given in a chronogram.) (2) The painter, Hubert Van Eyck, greater than whom none is to be found, began the work, which John, second to him in art, completed. Etc., etc. (3) The painter, Hubert van Eyck, greater than whom none is to be found, began [the work]. John, the second brother, with art completed it. Etc., etc.—The first, essentially that given by two recent writers, Herr Kaemmerer ('Hubert und Jan Van Eyck,' 1898, p. 34) and Mr. Claude Phillips ('Fortnightly Review,' October, 1902), is no doubt the correct translation. The others are too obviously coloured by partisanship. The second seeks to exalt Hubert by diminishing John's share in the work. I can find no authority for giving to "pondus," here translated "work," any other meaning than "weight," "mass," "bulk." The third seeks to exalt John by cancelling the statement that he was second to Hubert. Unless in the interest of a theory, no one would translate the words "Johannes arte secundus frater" otherwise than in the way given in the first and second renderings.

* Guicciardini (Lodovico), 'Descrittione di tutti i Paesi Bassi,' 1567, p. 97. Vasari (G.), 'Vite,' 2nd edit., 1568 ("Di Diversi Artefici Fiamminghi"). Opmeer (Petrus ab), 'Opus Chronologicum,' p. 406 (the writing of this book, published in 1611, was completed in 1569). Mander (Carel Van), 'Het Schilder-Boek,' 1604; translated by Hymans (Henri), 'Le Livre des Peintres,' 2 vols., 1884–5.

† Eastlake, 'Materials, etc.,' vol. i, pp. 191, 192.

must be ascribed to Hubert rather than to John, his pupil and junior. Another argument is derived from the epitaphs of the two brothers, which have fortunately come down to us, though the actual monuments have long been destroyed.* That of Hubert is extremely simple; his career is treated merely as a theme for enforcing the eternal lesson of the shortness of life, and as a text for pious exhortation:

"Take warning from me, ye who walk over me. I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me. Art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence, are not spared when death comes. I was called Hubert Van Eyck; I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, this was all shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of the Lord One thousand four hundred and twenty-six, on the eighteenth day of September, that I rendered up my soul to God, in sufferings. Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin; turn to the best, for you must follow me at last."

In the mention of medicine, coupled with art, Sir Charles Eastlake sees a reference to chemistry as one of the qualifications of the painter.† It would perhaps be unsafe to build much on this vague reference. A stronger point, not, I think, mentioned by Sir Charles Eastlake, is found in John's epitaph. Here there is, as we shall find later, a summary of

* The translation is that given by Eastlake, 'Materials, etc.,' vol. i, pp. 185, 186. The epitaphs are given by Vaernewyck (Marcus Van), 'Die Historie van Belgis,' 1574, and by Van Mander. John's epitaph still stood in the Church of St. Donatian in the sixteenth century (Delepierre, O., 'Galerie d'Artistes Brugeois,' 1840, p. 11).

† Eastlake, 'Materials, etc.,' vol. i, pp. 185, 186.

the painter's characteristics, but not the most distant allusion to the invention. That the credit of the invention should have been given to John rather than to Hubert is easily susceptible of explanation. Hubert's name was soon forgotten. John, the court painter, whose works were sent abroad—to Italy, whence the first accounts of the invention came,—John alone was remembered; at most Hubert was treated as the inferior and subordinate of the younger brother.* These questions bear on our inquiry only thus far: it is reasonable to assume that the two, in possession of the secret of a new method of painting, would work in concert.

We pass to the next stage, the declaration of some of the earliest writers that the two brothers actually did collaborate. This is asserted by both Guicciardini and Van Mander. Lodovico Guicciardini, a nephew of the famous historian, was born in 1521. He left Italy at an early age, and was established in Antwerp in 1550. In 1567 he published his book, 'Descrittione di tutti i Paesi Bassi.' In this he gives a long account of Flemish painters, derived from his own inquiries and from inspection of the pictures themselves. The writer and his book are held in high esteem. To Guicciardini, John was the principal figure of the two brothers, though not, as to Vasari, the only painter named Van Eyck. After describing the Ghent altar-piece, John's altar-piece in the Church of St. Donatian, and mentioning a picture at Ypres, probably the altar-piece on which

* See, for example, Opmeer, op. cit., p. 406, where he gives the portraits of the two brothers from the Ghent altar-piece, John's being placed above Hubert's.

John was engaged at the time of his death, Guicciardini says, "Side by side with John went Hubert, his brother, who lived and painted continually on the same works with this brother."*

Van Mander was born rather more than a hundred years after the death of John Van Eyck. His 'Book of Painters' was first published in 1604. M. Hymans, who has translated the book into French, bears testimony to its value. He speaks of Van Mander as conscientious and learned; he was not content merely to gather chance materials; he had a horror of forming hypotheses. M. Siret, a well-known authority on Flemish art, also bears witness to the value of Van Mander's researches. He says, "Van Mander is the first historian who described the lives and works of the painters of the Netherlands; he is the most deserving of confidence. When he wrote, it was altogether impossible to consult authentic documents, not then, as they are to-day, collected in the archives of the cities. But Van Mander did all that it was possible for him to do. He recorded with the greatest simplicity, and with a great love of truth, all that his researches brought to his knowledge."† It would be easy to multiply favourable testimonies of the same character.

After describing the invention, so called, of oil-painting, Van Mander says, "The new invention was kept secret by the two brothers, who painted together or separately many beautiful works."‡

* Guicciardini, op. cit., p. 97.

† In 'De Christlijke Kunst,' tom. i, pp. 2, 3.

‡ Translation, Hymans, vol. i, p. 30.

So much for tradition collected by diligent and careful inquirers. Taken together with the fact that in two if not in three pictures we find the portraits of the two brothers side by side, there is surely more than enough to put us on inquiry whether the association of the two did not extend beyond the completion by John, after Hubert's death, of the Ghent altar-piece. Let us therefore turn to the pictures themselves, and question them. It is not necessary to say that our inquiry deals with the signed pictures of John Van Eyck only as throwing light on the question of collaboration in other pictures.

The pictures forming the direct object of our inquiry are these:

The Fountain of Life, or, as it should perhaps be more properly called, The Triumph of the Church over the Synagogue, in the Madrid Museum.

The Adoration of the Lamb, the great altar-piece of St. Bavon in Ghent, portions of which are now in the Museums of Berlin and Brussels.

The Virgin and Child, with Saints and a Donor, the triptych of the Dresden Gallery.

The Virgin and Child, with Saints and a Donor, Chancellor Rolin, in the Louvre.

A Carthusian Monk with Saints, in the collection of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, Paris.

The Calvary, in the Museum of Berlin.

St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, in the Turin Museum.

A picture of the same subject, known as the Heytesbury St. Francis. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. J. G. Johnson, of Philadelphia.

The Three Marys at the Sepulchre, in the Gallery of Sir Frederick Cook, at Richmond.

A Donor with St. Anthony, in the Museum of Copenhagen.

A picture of the Virgin and Child, known only by the copy in the Berlin Museum.

The Crucifixion and Last Judgment, in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, two wings of a triptych, the central portion, an Adoration of the Magi, being lost.

A Carthusian Monk with Saints, in the Berlin Museum.

From the complete list of the well-known and important works of the Van Eycks I have omitted two only:

The Annunciation, in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg, one wing of a diptych.

The Virgin and Child, of the Städel Art Institution, Frankfort-on-Main.

I am not prepared to say that these two works are not the result of collaboration, but, in these cases, I am unable to produce such evidence as I shall lay before you with respect to the pictures in the list. The Annunciation of St. Petersburg, it will be observed, is not a complete work.

This list is not very long, but with the exception of the pictures signed by John, of certain portraits, and of some doubtful pictures, it includes, as I have said, all the well-known works ascribed to the two brothers. Though the pictures are comparatively few in number, it is to be borne in mind that one of them, the Ghent altar-piece, is of stupendous dimen-

sions. The measurements of the panels, back and front, taken together as one picture, are—height, 23 feet 9½ inches; width, 42 feet 5½ inches. As the landscapes will claim our chief attention, I may add that the central panel, The Adoration of the Lamb, is 4 feet 4 inches high; the width of the five panels taken together, The Adoration, The Judges, Soldiers, Hermits, and Pilgrims, is 14 feet 5½ inches. It is to be remembered that these vast surfaces are covered with work of the most minute detail. For instance, Van Mander writes that painters had told him that there was a month's work in the sceptre held by God the Father.* We must also remember that even as it is the picture is incomplete. It had originally a predella, now destroyed. It is said that the whole picture comprised 330 figures.†

In considering the evidence of collaboration in the pictures, we will first take those having landscape backgrounds.

Everyone must have remarked the wonderfully faithful representations of exotic plants to be found in these landscapes. All the plants that to-day claim the attention of a traveller from the north are here, except plants introduced and domesticated since the discovery of the New World. The aloe, so called, and the prickly pear, now so abundant in the south of Europe, are not here; but we find the olive, the orange, the cypress, the umbrella or stone pine, and the date palm. One other plant we find, less often seen by the traveller—the dwarf palm. These southern plants are thus distributed in the

* Translation, Hymans, vol. i, p. 31.
† Ibid., vol. i, p. 32.

pictures. In the Berlin Calvary we have th cypress and the stone pine; in the Berlin copy ' The Virgin and Child we have the stone pine, t cypress, and the date palm. In the panels of t Ghent altar-piece we have all the exotic pla named, with the exception of the dwarf palm. T dwarf palm is seen in the following:—The St. Fran of the Turin Museum, and the Heytesbury Francis, The Donor and St. Anthony of Copenhag The Three Marys of Sir Frederick Cook. We w first take the pictures having the dwarf palm.

The dwarf palm, or palmetto (*Chamærops humil* has a limited geographical area; it is confined to countries bordering on the western half of Mediterranean. Where can either of the t brothers have seen it? For there can be no do that the plant was drawn from nature. It grows Italy. The best authority on the botany of It gives this account of it. It is found, he says, " hills and rocks by the shore, along the west coast of Italy, and in the islands of Sicily, Sardi Elba," and other less known islands; but, he ad "for the most part, here and there, and not v common." It occurs near Nice, at one place Tuscany, near Terracina, at Fondi, at Gaeta, and other parts of the kingdom of Naples as far Calabria.*

Now it is not in the least likely that a travelle the fifteenth century would have visited any on these places. In Sicily, where alone I have s the plant growing, it was probably at one time m abundant than now, as we may infer from

* Parlatore (Filippo), 'Flora Italiana,' 1852, tom. ii, pp. 274—

mention of it by classical authors.* But the chosen home of the plant seems to be in the south of Spain and Portugal. In their work on the botany of Spain, Willkomm and Lange state that it covers extensive tracts in Andalusia.† A lady writes to me to say that she has seen miles of it there. Sir J. C. Robinson wrote to me :—" South of the Sierra Morena in Spain, and of the Tagus in Portugal, the palmetto flourishes everywhere. Directly after passing the crest of the Sierra Morena, about Baylen, it covers the mountain-side for leagues; it is, in fact, one of the commonest weeds in Andalusia and the Alemtejo."

My friend Mr. Luffmann, the Director of the School of Horticulture at Melbourne, travelled on foot from the north to the south of Spain, and has recorded his experiences in a most interesting book, 'A Vagabond in Spain.' I wrote to him inquiring about the plant. He writes, " If you turn to your map and discern the rude triangle formed by Seville, Cordova, and Osuna, you will have a piece of country lying between these towns which is literally overrun by the plant. I have a most distinct recollection of using the palm for a pillow. Baskets, ropes, etc., are made of it, and the roots are dug up and dried, then used as fuel. I paid a halfpenny for such a fire at a hill hamlet near Osuna."

With this evidence before us of the scarcity of the plant in Italy, where it is found only in remote places, and, on the other hand, of its abundance in

* Virgil, 'Aen.,' iii, 705; Cicero in 'Verrem,' Act. II, lib. v, cap. 33 and cap. 38; 'Silius Italicus,' xiv, 200; Theophrastus, 'Hist. Plant.,' ii, 7—11.

† 'Prodromus Floræ Hispanicæ,' 1861, i, p. 221.

certain frequented districts in Portugal and Spain, it becomes extremely probable—indeed, almost certain—that the plants seen in the pictures were sketched in Portugal and Spain rather than elsewhere. There is no evidence, either historical or traditional, that Hubert Van Eyck ever visited the south of Europe, let alone Spain. But we have documentary evidence, unimpeachable in character, proving that John did actually visit the exact part of Spain where he could not fail to see the dwarf palm. Two years after the death of Hubert, John accompanied an embassy sent to Portugal with a proposal of marriage to the Infanta, on condition that the lady's appearance pleased the suitor, the Duke of Burgundy. To this end John Van Eyck was charged to paint the lady's portrait, and on the portrait the decision was to be made. The expedition set out from Écluse on October 19th, 1428, waited at Sandwich over three weeks for vessels to come from London, was driven to take shelter in several English ports, and at last reached Lisbon on December 16th, 1428. We need not follow the embassy in its wanderings in pursuit of the King of Portugal. The ambassadors came up with him on January 12th, 1429. "Master John Van Eyck, *varlet de chambre* of our lord of Burgundy, and an excellent master in the art of painting," got to work on the portrait of the Infanta. It is interesting to note that he was engaged on the portrait for a month. Unfortunately it is lost, or from it we might form some estimate of the time occupied by him in his work. The portrait was sent off about the middle of February, and, while awaiting the decision to be formed on it, the ambassadors

determined to enjoy themselves. First they and their suite went to the famous shrine of St. James of Compostella, in the north of Spain, and from there turned south and visited the Duke of Arjona, the King of Castile, the King of the city of Grenada, "and several other lords, countries, and places." About the end of May they returned to Lisbon, and, the decision taken on the portrait being favourable, the ambassadors set out with the Infanta on October 8th, 1429. When, after many perils of the sea, the embassy at length reached home, John Van Eyck had been absent more than a year.*

From the mention of the places visited, it is abundantly clear than John Van Eyck must have seen the dwarf palm covering the southern slopes of the mountains of Andalusia. We need surely go no further to seek the explanation of the presence in the pictures of a plant growing so abundantly in this happy clime. Scarcely would one have seen elsewhere the dwarf palm. The visit of John Van Eyck to Portugal and Spain leaves no reasonable doubt that it was he who painted the landscapes in which we find this plant.

The other exotic plants seen in the pictures are not necessarily connected with the journey to Portugal. It is to be noted that the dwarf palm, an assured result of this journey, does not occur in the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece. I incline to the opinion that the other exotic plants were painted from studies made by John Van Eyck in the course of a much earlier journey to Italy. There is no

* Gachard (L. P.), 'Collection de Documents Inédits concernant l'Histoire de Belgique,' ii, pp. 63—91.

documentary evidence of such a journey, but I v
introduce in its proper place the evidence found
the pictures. But let us first finish with the exc
plants other than the dwarf palm. All these mi
very well have been seen in Italy, without going v
far south. There is no difficulty at all as to
cypress, the olive, the date palm. The stone p
has, indeed, a limited geographical range, but it
found in central Italy, and even further no
Some of my hearers may have seen the fam
Pineta of Ravenna.* Nor is there, I think, a
difficulty as to the orange. The orange in the
tures is not the sweet orange generally seen to-d
that was introduced at a later date. But th
seems to be no doubt that the bitter, or Sev
orange, was not uncommon in Italy in the fiftee
century. At Rome one is shown an orange t
said to have been planted by Saint Dominick in
beginning of the thirteenth century.† But where
the exotic plants in the landscapes of the Gh
altar-piece were seen—whether in Spain or in Italy
I will go on to prove that the landscapes are fr
the hand of John Van Eyck. To this end I v
produce contemporary documentary evidence.

I have already quoted the epitaph of Hube
written in the homely mother tongue, touching
its humility and its simplicity. That of Joh
the courtier, the friend of the prince, often employ
by him in delicate missions, is in a different vein.

* Parlatore, ubi supra, iv, pp. 35—37.

† In the court of the monastery of St. Sabina. Flückiger (F.
and Hanbury (D.), 'Pharmacographia,' 2nd edition, 1879, pp. 124, 1
Risso (A.) and Poiteau (A.), 'Histoire Naturelle des Orangers,' 18
pp. 25, 26.

is written in Latin verse; it celebrates his skill, placing him above the greatest artists of antiquity. Only in the last line does the author remember the world to come. The epitaph is of the greatest interest and value, for in a very few words it accurately sums up John's characteristics as a painter. In order that we may have a translation free from bias, I quote that given by Sir Charles Eastlake:

"Here lies Joannes, who was celebrated for his surpassing skill, and whose felicity in painting excited wonder. He painted breathing forms, and the earth's surface, covered with flowery vegetation, completing each work to the life. Hence Phidias and Apelles must give place to him, and Polycletus be considered his inferior in art. Call therefore the Fates most cruel, who have snatched from us such a man. Yet cease to weep, for destiny is immutable; pray only now to God that he may live in Heaven." *

We may without using violence thus render the tribute:—His portraits were full of life (breathing forms); he painted with the greatest truth all things whatsoever (quodlibet opus); he excelled in painting flowery landscapes. It would not be possible to express more accurately in a concise form the merits, as a painter, of John Van Eyck. He painted men and women with absolute truthfulness and with unflinching realism. In the same spirit he painted everything. Sir Charles Eastlake truly says, "The works of John Van Eyck show that he was endowed with an extraordinary capacity for seeing

* Eastlake, 'Materials, etc.,' vol. i, pp. 189, 190.

nature." * Animals, trees, flowers, birds, every kind of inanimate object, rocks, the tiles of a church, the stuff of a dress, the grain of wood,—he painted all with equal care and equal fidelity. As regards the eulogy of his landscapes, we cannot doubt that it was inspired by those of the Ghent altar-piece. Other works of the painter may have been sent abroad, but these were present to the writer of the epitaph. Moreover in the whole series of the pictures by the Van Eycks there are no landscapes to compare with those of the Ghent altar-piece in importance. In the epitaph, therefore, we have distinct evidence that John Van Eyck was recognised by his contemporaries as a great master of landscape painting. By inference, the epitaph claims for him the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece. This seems to be the view taken by Sir Charles Eastlake, who, in commenting on the epitaph, says, "The allusion to his treatment of landscape is more characteristic."

Van Mander also praises John's landscapes. He says, "John also painted many portraits from life, executed with the greatest patience; to them he often added, as backgrounds, agreeable landscapes." † Van Mander probably refers here to pictures such as that of the Louvre. But we shall find reason to believe that the landscape background and accessories of this picture are alone to be ascribed to John.

We are not yet at the end of our evidence to show that John Van Eyck executed the landscapes

* Eastlake, 'Materials, etc.,' vol. i, p. 267.

† Translation, Hymans, vol. i, pp. 39, 40.

of the Ghent altar-piece. A remarkable instance of John's "extraordinary capacity for seeing nature" is found in two panels, The Pilgrims and The Hermits, in the sky of which we see a number of birds disporting themselves. They are not the conventional birds we generally find in pictures. Different kinds are recognisable; some are swallows or martins. All are evidently the result of careful study. Among them we note a flock of wild geese flying, according to the habit of the bird, in two lines converging at an angle. This flock of geese is John's; we find it in one of his signed pictures, the St. Barbara of the Antwerp Museum.

We shall find the same flock in nearly every picture of the Van Eycks into which it could possibly be introduced. As regards the class of pictures we are at the moment considering, we find the flock in The Three Marys and in the St. Francis of Turin. I should have expected to find it in the Heytesbury St. Francis, but Mr. Johnson tells me that he cannot discover it in the picture.

Before we leave the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece, I desire to call your attention to a very remarkable and interesting feature occurring in the panel of The Soldiers of Christ. In the extreme distance we see snow mountains. Where did John Van Eyck see snow mountains? They must be some portion of the Alps. We must try to forget the ease and frequency of visits to mountainous districts in our own day, and go back in imagination to the time when travel was a costly and arduous affair, not to be lightly undertaken. On what errand can John have been bound when he

came within sight of the Alps? No explanatio offers itself but this—that he was on his way Italy. We shall presently find in the pictur evidence of such a visit. Meanwhile I ask you note that we find these snow mountains in no few than six pictures—in the panel just mentioned The Soldiers of Christ, in the Berlin Calvary, in T Crucifixion of St. Petersburg, in the Louvre pictu

Snow mountains in the Ghent altar-piece.

in that of the Rothschild collection, and finally in the Dresden triptych.* These snow mountains are especially interesting as being, if I am not mistaken, the earliest representations of the Alps. Mr. Josiah Gilbert, who has made an admirable study of the landscapes in the early masters of painting, praises

* The landscape of the Dresden triptych, seen through a window, is extremely small, two inches high and half an inch wide. Dr. Woermann, who was so kind as to examine the landscape for me, expressed himself somewhat doubtfully as to the presence of snow mountains, but I have since found that Mr. Gilbert speaks positively on the subject (Gilbert, Josiah, 'Landscape in Art,' p. 153).

highly these mountain scenes. He suggests that the mountains may be those of Savoy, perhaps even Mont Blanc among them. But Mr. C. E. Mathews, the veteran Alpinist, tells me that, so far as he can judge from photographs, he cannot identify any mountain. John Van Eyck may have sketched the mountains in the saddle, just as, a hundred years later, Erasmus crossing the Alps wrote in the saddle his poem on old age.* The circumstances would not be favourable to exact delineation, but Mr. Gilbert assures us that the mountains in The Soldiers of Christ show appreciation of the beauty of mountain form.†

We will now go on to consider the pictures having backgrounds of architecture or containing architectural features. In the following pictures we find architecture of a peculiar character:

The Virgin and Child, with Saints and a Donor, the triptych of the Dresden Gallery.

A Carthusian Monk, with Saints, in the Rothschild collection.

Chancellor Rolin, with Saints, in the Louvre.

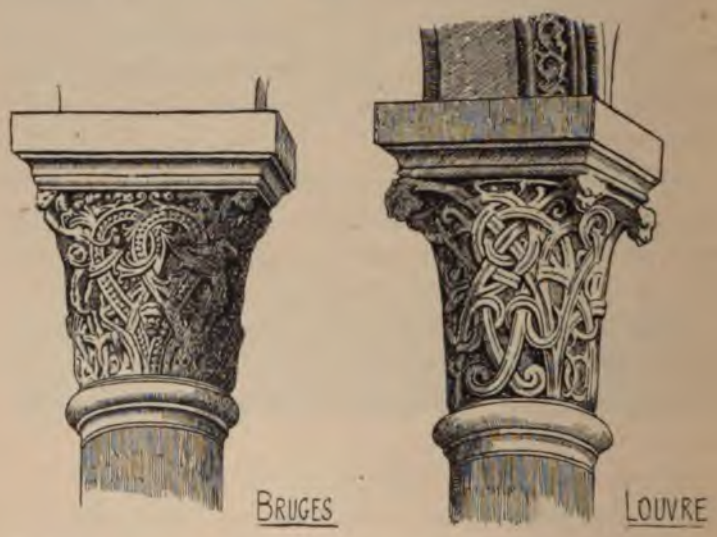
Architecture of the same character is found in the altar-piece now in the Museum of Bruges, signed by John Van Eyck, and dated 1436.

The architecture in these pictures is Romanesque, with round-headed, stilted arches, resting on the richly carved capitals of columns of rare marble. In the Rothschild picture, where the architecture

* Nichols (Francis Morgan), 'The Epistles of Erasmus,' p. 416.

† Gilbert (Josiah), 'Landscape in Art before Claude and Salvator,' 1855, p. 53. See also pp. 146, 150, 153, 164, for references to John Van Eyck's snow mountains.

merely forms a frame for the landscape, the arches are wide, the other characteristics being the same. The architecture of these pictures is not a real architecture,—that is, it has not been copied from any actual examples. My friend Mr. G. H. Birch, the Curator of the Soane Museum, thinks that it is based on Lombardic forms. Others would trace the capitals to the architecture of the Rhine churches.*



But agreement is general that it is an architecture invented, not merely copied. It may be described as a Gothicised form of an earlier style. Whether the suggestion came from Italy or from the Rhine, from southern or northern types, is immaterial to my argument. There is no difficulty in either sup-

* See, for instances, Moller (G.), 'Denkmäler der Deutschen Baukunst,' pl. ix (from Mainz); pl. xvii (from Worms). Also King (T. H.), 'The Study Book of Mediæval Architecture,' 1868, vol. iv, pl. ix (from Worms).

position. The Rhine churches would be easily accessible to John Van Eyck. From the snow mountains we have deduced the probability of a journey to Italy. In these pictures we find further proof of such a journey. Marble abounds in the architecture. In his description of the Rothschild picture, von Tschudi speaks of slabs of porphyry and verde antico.* In his description of The Fountain of Life, Señor Madrazo remarks on the columns of "polished jasper." Columns of rich variegated marble occur in other pictures. These things belong to the architecture of Italy, not to that of the North. St. Barbara's tower in the Rothschild picture reproduces features of Italian Gothic. Writing of The Fountain of Life, Señor Madrazo says, "The two towers at the sides, containing the tribunes in which the singing angels are placed, have a character wholly Italian. It is an architecture part Latin, part Byzantine, part Romanesque, part Gothic,—the architecture of Florence, Pisa, and Siena in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."† I am myself not sure that it is safe to go quite so far as this. We have already seen, in discussing the question of the origin of the capitals in the architectural backgrounds, that the painter did not give literal copies of architectural features; he took, rather, as suggestions, the forms before him.‡

* In 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstammlungen,' 1894.

† In Rada y Delgado (J. de Dios de la), 'Museo Español de Antiguedades,' tom. iv.

‡ A very interesting example of this is perhaps found in The Annunciation of St. Petersburg. The pavement shows two Biblical subjects: David slaying Goliath, and Samson throwing down the

We note two points. The architecture bears the impress of the painter's individuality, and it shows that he had visited Italy. The painter was John Van Eyck, not Hubert. This is proved by the identity of the architecture with that of John's signed picture in the Bruges Museum.

In the Louvre and Rothschild pictures we find the flock of wild geese, and also the snow mountains — two other features identified as due to John.

Some recent criticism has tended towards the conclusion that the landscape backgrounds in the Van Eyck pictures are to be ascribed to Hubert, and the architectural backgrounds to John.* In claiming the architectural backgrounds for John, I might therefore look for the support of some critics. But I regret that I cannot go with them in ascribing these pictures wholly to John. Take the Dresden triptych. There will be no disagreement in assigning the architecture to John. But John has given us his conception of a saint in the altar-piece of the Bruges Museum. The Saint George in this picture is, it must be admitted, deplorably vulgar. How is it possible to ascribe to the painter of the St. George the noble and beautiful figures of the Dresden triptych, especially the St. Michael and the St. Barbara, two of the most beautiful figures in the whole range of the Van Eyck pictures?

Again, it would seem that the Louvre picture is certainly the work of two painters. Otherwise we must suppose that the painter, having completed his

pillars of the house. The border contains signs of the Zodiac. Was this suggested by the famous pavement of the Duomo of Siena?

* Weale (W. H. James), in 'Catalogue de l'exposition des Primitifs flamands,' Bruges, 1902, "Section des Tableaux," p. xvii.

figures, proceeded to kill them with his accessories. John surpassed himself in painting the accessories of this picture—one of the chief glories of the Louvre. Everything is painted with the utmost minuteness and delicacy: the two magpies in the middle foreground; the peacocks; the lilies and irises of the garden; even weeds springing up in the chinks of the paved walks are not forgotten. Marvellous is the view of the distant city and of the winding river, which can be no other than the Rhine, descending from the snow mountains in the extreme distance. John shows here, perhaps even more than in the Ghent altar-piece, that he is a great master of landscape painting. All is a very marvel of beauty; nevertheless I fear that we must admit that, taken as a whole, and as a devotional picture, something is lacking in this wonderful work. It almost seems that Michael Angelo had this picture in mind when he so severely criticised Flemish painting. It consisted, he said, of garments, houses, green fields shaded by trees, rivers, bridges, what are called landscapes, many figures here and there, without symmetry or proportion.* I fear we must admit that the dominant interest of the picture does not centre in the figures.

The backgrounds of these pictures being John's, we must ask, If the pictures are wholly his, how is it that they do not bear his signature? The question brings us to the consideration of John Van Eyck's later practice of signing his pictures.

* MS. of François de Hollande, quoted in 'Les Arts en Portugal,' par le Comte de Raczynski, Paris, 1846. (Quoted in Eastlake, 'Materials, etc.,' vol. i, pp. 221, 222.)

The date, 1420, affixed to a Head of Christ, in the Museum of Bruges, is now by everyone admitted to be, like the signature to the picture, a forgery. There is another picture, The Consecration of Thomas à Becket, the date affixed to which, 142[illegible]1, is not so universally disallowed. In the catalogue of the exhibition held last year at Bruges, it is stated:—"This picture was given by John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, to Henry VI, King of England." * This appears to be an enlargement of Walpole's statement that the "tradition" is to this effect. He significantly adds, "But tradition is no proof." † There is no foundation for the tradition. The picture is much later, perhaps a hundred years later, than the date it bears. It is now generally ascribed to John Gossart, whose birth-year is supposed to be about 1470. The Duke of Bedford died in 1435; therefore it is clear that he cannot have sent over the picture as we now see it. It has been suggested that underneath the picture of Gossart or another is a genuine picture of John Van Eyck, to which the date properly belongs.‡ This supposition seems far-fetched, as there is nothing in the picture to recall John Van Eyck. Till we have evidence of the existence of the hidden picture, we cannot accept the date as genuine, removed as it is by eleven years from the earliest authentic signature.

Till that evidence is produced we must regard The Virgin and Child of Ince Hall, and one of the por[illegible]

* Catalogue, as in note on page 21, p. 4.

† Walpole (Horace), 'Anecdotes of Painting,' ed. 1888, vol. [illegible] p. 27, note.

‡ Weale (W. H. James), in 'Athenæum,' March 14th, 1903.

traits of the National Gallery, both works dated 1432, as beginning the series of John's signed pictures. The series continues till the year preceding that of the painter's death. We have one picture dated 1433, one 1434, two 1436, one 1437, two 1439. I have omitted the date 1438, that of the Berlin Head of Christ, as the picture is clearly not by John Van Eyck, and the signature is manifestly not genuine, the device, ALS IKH KHAN, having been copied by someone who did not know the meaning of the words.* In several cases John Van Eyck has affixed his signature to the frame of the picture. The frames of some pictures may have been lost. Subject to this reservation, the absence of a signature renders doubtful an ascription to John Van Eyck.

For two years, 1422 to 1424, John Van Eyck was engaged in decorating the palace of John of Bavaria. But, according to the received opinion, he was thirty-two years of age when he entered this service. If up to that time he was not working in collaboration with Hubert, where are his pictures painted before 1432, when the series of his signed pictures begins? And if we reject the hypothesis of collaboration, how are we to explain that John began to sign only when, on the completion of the Ghent altar-piece, collaboration finally ceased?

I have now stated the evidence for collaboration as it presents itself to me. I have, as far as possible, avoided controversy, but I might be misunderstood if I refrained from answering certain

* See fac-simile in the catalogue of the museum. See also Kaemmerer (L.), 'Hubert und Jan Van Eyck,' p. 101.

objections that have been raised to the case as partially stated by me in the 'Athenæum.'*

It has been objected that John Van Eyck could not possibly have taken any part in painting the altar-piece of Ghent before 1425, as he was not a burgher of Ghent.† I ventured to ask whether our knowledge of the working, nearly five hundred years ago, of the rules of the guilds, is sufficient to justify so uncompromising an assertion. On this point I will quote the remarks of a very high authority. Messrs. Crowe and Calvacaselle say:—"According to the rules of the Guild of St. Luke, at Ghent, no stranger could practise the art of painting without being a burgess of the city and a freeman of the guild. . . . There were certain conditions, however, under which it was possible for strangers to avoid the penalties enforced on evasion or neglect of the guild laws, and these were, service under a member of the ducal family. For some time previous to 1419 Ghent was the habitual residence of Philip of Burgundy, then Count of Charolois, and his wife, Michelle de France; and it is not improbable that Hubert Van Eyck was connected in some way with the Count of Charolois, and that John Van Eyck enjoyed the privilege of exemption as his assistant."‡

It has also been uged that John Van Eyck's time was too fully occupied in the duties of his appointments to leave him leisure to collaborate with Hubert. This can only apply to the period after

* 'Athenæum:' May 26th, June 23rd, 1900; November 1st, December 13th, 1902; February 28th, March 21st, 1903.

† Weale (W. H. James), in 'Athenæum,' December 13th, 1902.

‡ Crowe and Calvacaselle, op. cit., pp. 36, 37.

1422, when he entered the service of J
Bavaria. In that service he remained up
tember 11th, 1424, being employed in decora
chapel, or certain rooms in the palace
Hague.* This is incontestable; it no doubt
about, temporarily at least, what Messrs. Cro
Calvacaselle call a "severance of the partner
which John Van Eyck had lived till then
brother." † His service with John of Bavaria
terminated in September, 1424, John Va
entered the service of Philip the Good on M
1425. Here, then, is an interval of several
during which "the partnership" may hav
renewed. John's new appointment was as
and *varlet de chambre*. As court painter he
a salary as a retaining fee; he was bound t
for the Duke when required to do so. As
functions of *varlet de chambre*, the Mar
Laborde says that the title implies no fixed
the favour of the Prince and the aptitudes
holder completely changing the nature
duties.‡ There is evidence that John Va
held the office of court painter up to a sho
before his decease in 1440. There are grou
perhaps conclusive, for thinking that dur
early part of his service with Philip the Goo
Van Eyck may have resided at Lille. He wa
times entrusted with secret missions. We ha

* Crowe and Calvacaselle, op. cit., pp. 40, 41; note
Pinchart.

† Crowe and Calvacaselle, op. cit., p. 42.

‡ Laborde (L. E. S. Joseph de), 'Les Ducs de Bourgogn
1849—52. This work is the authority for all statements r
John's service with Philip the Good.

that he was absent for a year in connection with the embassy to Portugal. In 1426 he made "a certain pilgrimage" and "a certain long journey," for which he received payment in August. At the end of October in the same year he received payment for "certain long secret journeys." Then in 1428—29 comes the journey to Portugal. After this there is no record of any lengthy journey for some years. A short journey is recorded in 1431. So that after his return from Portugal there is no serious interruption to the completion of the Ghent altar-piece and other pictures left unfinished by Hubert. In 1436 we find him sent on "certain long journeys and foreign travel," but the interruption did not prevent him from completing his Bruges altar-piece and the Vienna portrait, both bearing this year's date. With the exception of the journey to Portugal, there does not seem reason to suppose that his opportunities of working at his profession were more restricted in the earlier than in the later portion of his career.

In support of this contention I may cite a well-known writer on the Flemish painters—M. Ruelens, one of the annotators of the French translation of Crowe and Calvacaselle. He says:—"It is true that he (John) made journeys in the years 1426, 1428, and 1429, but one may still reckon that he had four years free," that is, between 1426 and 1432.*

The "severance of the partnership" in 1422 may account for the accumulation of pictures awaiting completion when Hubert died.

* Crowe and Calvacaselle, French translation, 'Les Anciens Peintres Flamands,' 1862, "Notes et Additions," liii.

It has been asked whether the persons who had given commissions for these pictures would wait six years for them.* The answer is, in the first place, the delay of one year due to John Van Eyck's absence in Portugal was not foreseen. Then, if, as is believed, Hubert and John were the sole possessors of a certain method of painting in which the pictures had been begun, those who gave the commissions had hardly any choice but to wait. Finally, in the principal case, that of the Ghent altar-piece, we are not required to say whether Jodoc Vyt, who gave the commission, would or would not wait. Unless we wholly reject the testimony of the inscription on the Ghent altar-piece, we must admit that he did wait for six years, for that inscription tells us that the picture was completed in May, 1432. And if Jodoc Vyt waited, there is no discernible reason why the others should not also have been content to wait.

I think that I have now dealt fairly with such objections as have reached me.

Let us now sum up the results of our inquiry. We have established four points as distinctive of John's work in pictures painted in collaboration:

1. Exotic plants.
2. A fanciful architecture.
3. A flock of wild geese.
4. Snow mountains.

The altar-piece of the Madrid Museum stands outside pictures having one or other of these features. Evidence of collaboration is, in this case, furnished by the portraits of the two brothers, as in the Ghent

* Weale (W. H. James), in 'Athenæum,' March 28th, 1903.

altar-piece, and by architectural features borrowed from Italy. I will refer later to this picture.

We will now reconstruct our list of pictures, appending to each the numbers indicating the particular feature or features found in each, testifying to John's share:

The landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece, 1, 3, 4.

The Crucifixion of St. Petersburg, 4. (We find also here the winding river of the Louvre and Rothschild pictures.)

The Calvary of the Berlin Museum, 1, 4.

The Virgin and Child (copy), Berlin Museum, 1.

The triptych of Dresden, 2, 4.

Chancellor Rolin with Saints, Louvre, 2, 3, 4.

Carthusian Monk with Saints, Rothschild collection, 2, 3, 4.

The same subject, Berlin Museum, 3.

St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, Turin Museum, 1, 3.

The same subject (Heytesbury, now Philadelphia), 1.

The Three Marys, Sir F. Cook's collection, 1, 3.

Donor with St. Anthony, Copenhagen, 1.

I ought to add, as to The Crucifixion of St. Petersburg, that Passavant claims to have found in this picture also, as in those of Ghent and Madrid, portraits of the two brothers.* I have not seen the picture, and do not find in Mr. Hanfstängl's admirable photographs, recently executed, warrant for expressing an opinion.

I have not attempted any chronological arrangement, beyond placing first The Fountain of Life, and last, the four pictures with the dwarf palm.

* In 'Kunstblatt,' 1841.

The reason for placing them last is obvious: the landscapes must have been painted after John Van Eyck's return from Portugal in 1429.

A fuller explanation must be given of the reason for placing first The Fountain of Life. Critics are not in agreement as to this picture, whether it is an original or an old copy. At least in design it is older than the Ghent altar-piece. The Triumph of the Church over the Synagogue, to give the picture its true name, contains the germ of the idea which afterwards found broader and more human expression in The Adoration of the Lamb. In form also it is earlier, simulating in painting the carved work which, in earlier altar-pieces, filled the centre of the picture.

This picture is of great interest, as it is probably the first that has come down to our times—it may even be the first picture—on which the two brothers worked together. It contains their portraits.* Passavant gives as forty the age of Hubert in this picture.† According to the received dates of birth of Hubert and John, this would give us the year 1410 as the date of the picture, and the age of John as twenty. The year 1410 is also that given as the date of the invention of the new method of oil-painting.

We have already seen that the details of this picture reveal a study of Italian architecture. The drawing of the architecture is hard; it is the work

* Crowe and Calvacaselle, op. cit., pp. 96—98. A drawing of the heads is given.

† Passavant (J. D.), 'Die Christliche Kunst in Spanien,' 1853, p. 127.

Snow mountains in the Louvre picture.

[*The note in the left-hand corner refers to the size of the drawing.*

of a prentice hand, but the hand of a prentice who had visited the enchanted land of Italy, and had noted much. He had travelled through the Rhine country, and seen its castled crags, and the Pfalz, a fortress seemingly moored in mid-stream; he had crossed the Alps, noting the wonder and beauty of the snow mountains; he had seen the architecture of Italy, and had marvelled at the wealth of jasper and porphyry and many rich and costly marbles, spoils of the old pagan world, enriching the churches. With what delight must he, this keen observer of nature, have seen for the first time a world of plants new to him, coming from the North—the solemn cypress, the grey olive, the spreading stone pine, the graceful date palm, above all the orange with its blaze of golden fruit! I am not drawing on my imagination; he saw all these things, and noted them in his sketch-book. After nearly five hundred years we see in the pictures of the two brothers the rich harvest of this journey.

I have now concluded my presentation of the case. I have refrained from touching on the question whether John's part in the pictures painted jointly went beyond the painting of landscapes, architectural backgrounds, and accessories. My object has been to direct attention to the question of collaboration, leaving its extent and limits for further consideration. But I desire to say a few words more about the chief work of the two brothers—the Ghent altar-piece. We have seen that, according to the accepted dates, John would attain the age of twenty in 1410. Leaving aside the evidence of The Fountain of Life, we may cer-

tainly suppose that at this age he would be fully capable of assisting Hubert. We should be justified in assuming this, even if we had not the testimony of tradition that he showed a quick intelligence at an early age.*

We have therefore a period of twelve years during which the partnership between the two brothers may have continued before John Van Eyck entered the service of John of Bavaria. Was any portion of this time employed by John in working on the Ghent altar-piece? Van Mander affirms this. These are his words:

> "It is said that the work, commenced by Hubert alone, was afterwards finished by John. I, on the contrary, think that from the beginning the two brothers worked together, but that Hubert died before the completion of the picture." †

I myself have no doubt that this is a correct statement. Examination will, in my opinion, prove that John executed not only the landscapes, but much of the detail of the upper portion of the picture. I think that, without venturing on doubtful ground, we may in all security ascribe to John the marvellous detail of the panels of The Singing Angels and The Playing Angels, the dresses, the painted tiles, the carved desks, and the grained wood of the organ-front. We now see that there is no need to place the execution of these and other landscapes with exotic plants (always excepting the

* Translation, Hymans, vol. i, p. 25.
† Ibid., p. 30.

dwarf palm) after John's return from Portugal in 1429. As I have said, the absence of the dwarf palm from the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece goes some way—not perhaps very far—to support the conclusion that they were painted before the journey to Portugal.

Now let us recapitulate. We first found, in the invention of a new method of oil-painting, a circumstance which made probable the collaboration of the two brothers. Next we found that collaboration had been expressly affirmed by two of the earliest writers on Flemish art, diligent and careful inquirers. From these preliminaries we turned to the pictures themselves. We discovered evidence of collaboration in the presence in them of exotic plants and of a fanciful architecture, both traced to John. Corroborative and cumulative evidence was found in forms of bird-life, also traced to John. We found documentary evidence which we could but interpret as ascribing to John the execution of the landscapes of the Ghent altar-piece. This, again, enabled us to ascribe to John the representations of snow mountains found in several pictures. The evidence of southern travel thus furnished, supported and completed the evidence of a visit to Italy found in architectural features. An unbroken chain of evidence showed that the visit to Italy, proclaimed by the pictures, was made by John, and was made by him at a very early date in his career, before the painting of the first known work produced by the two brothers in collaboration.

Finally, we record that the conclusions reached affect, with only two exceptions of importance, the

whole of the works ordinarily ascribed to one or other of the two brothers alone.

At the outset of our inquiry I spoke of problems attaching to the history of the two brothers. Our investigation, if my conclusions are well founded, reveals yet another problem. The period from the death of Hubert Van Eyck in 1426 to the death of John in 1440, is well accounted for in John's works, signed and unsigned. The same may, I think, be said of the period reckoning back from the death of Hubert in 1426 to the year 1410, when we may assume that John began to work in collaboration with Hubert—"in partnership," as Messrs. Crowe and Calvacaselle have phrased it. But where are the works executed by Hubert during the youth of John, a period of, let us say, twenty years—the twenty years by which Hubert was the senior of John? If my conclusions are correct, there is scarcely a single work—indeed, I do not know of even one—that we can assign to this period as the sole work of Hubert. It is a singular coincidence that the attainment by John of an age when we may assume that he would be qualified to enter on his career as a painter, should agree with the date assigned to the discovery of the new method of oil-painting. M. Paul Durrieu thinks that he has identified Hubert as the painter of the marvellous miniatures of Turin and Milan, works that would add to the renown even of the painter of the Ghent altar-piece.* Was Hubert engaged in another branch of art up to the time when his discovery of the new method launched him and his pupil on

* In 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' January and February, 1903.

w and wider career? There is perhaps here a lution of what seems to be a fresh enigma in the ory of these two great lives.

The inscription of the Ghent altar-piece declares hat no greater painter than Hubert Van Eyck was o be found; John was second to him. But after a ime the very name of Hubert was all but forgotten; his invention and his works alike came to be ascribed o the younger brother. In our day we have witnessed a somewhat violent reaction. In spite of he inscription on the altar-piece of Ghent declaring hat the bulk of the work was executed by John, in spite of the clear indications furnished by the altar-piece itself, some modern criticism has gone so far as to refuse to John all share in this great picture beyond the two small panels of Adam and Eve.* But we must not allow our desire to do justice to the greater to betray us into injustice to the less. We cannot doubt that to Hubert we owe the conception and design of this immortal work. Greater he was than John if, as we should, we place first the gifts of a lofty imagination and the power of awakening the deepest emotion. On the other hand, John is here revealed as a very great master. As the result of our inquiry we may to-day unhesitatingly grant the claim that he is the father of landscape painting,—that, in the words of Lord Lindsay, "all that we gaze at with such rapture in the works of Poussin and Claude, Cuyp and Ruysdael, nay, even in the lovely backgrounds of Perugino, Pinturicchio, Ghirlandajo, Bellini, Francia, Ingaro, Leonardo, and Raphael, may be traced

* Weale (W. H. James), in 'Athenæum,' December 6th, 1902.

back to his sunny banks, shady woods, and glittering waters, the green freshness of his foregrounds, and the transparent purity of the atmosphere through which the eye roves delightedly over hill and mountain, till lost in azure distance." *

We need not to grudge to John his share in the execution of The Adoration of the Lamb. It is a marvel that in any age of painting two such great artists should have been found to collaborate, for the most part, in complete and well-adjusted harmony of endeavour. It is a unique instance. Each was supreme in his own domain. To each let us render due and unstinted homage.

It only remains for me to record my obligations to some of those who have very generously assisted me in this inquiry. To Mr. James Britten, of the Natural History Museum, I am indebted for frequent help in botanical questions. I have already mentioned my obligations to Mr. G. H. Birch, and to his name I must add that of Mr. R. Phené Spiers. Both gave me much assistance in the architectural part of my study. It is hardly necessary to add that no one of these gentlemen is to be held responsible for my conclusions.

* Lindsay (Lord), 'Sketches of the History of Christian Art,' 2nd edit., 1885, vol. ii, pp. 318, 319.

ON THE PROBABLE AUTHORSHIP AND DATE OF THE 'TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME' ATTRIBUTED TO LONGINUS.

BY DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., F.R.S.L.

[Read November 25th, 1903.]

ONE effect of the essay which I am about to have the honour of addressing to you will be, I fear, to suggest to you how much easier it is in criticism to arrive at negative than at positive conclusions. My subject is the authorship of one of the world's classics, the famous 'Treatise on the Sublime' attributed to Dionysius Cassius Longinus. Could we maintain the belief in Longinus's authorship which was held undoubtingly until about the beginning of last century, all would be plain and easy. If I could tell you that this memorable work was indubitably written by the celebrated Longinus, a bright light in a dark age, and counsellor of the Queen of Palmyra, I might spare myself much curious and, as I must own, not very satisfactory speculation as to its authorship. I might, *mutatis mutandis*, address you as the Emperor Francis of Austria addressed the Hungarians: "Totus mundus stultizat, et vult habere novas constitutiones, sed vos jam habetis unam constitutionem antiquam, ut non opus sit his novitatibus peregrinis." The rejection of the author-

ship of Longinus, on the other hand, leaves us
sea with little prospect of finding a port. I ne
hardly say that it would be far more satisfactory
the result of the investigation should be to lea
Longinus in possession of the Treatise. He was
great man, great not only by ability but by chara
ter. By the unanimous testimony of his conte
poraries, he towered above every other man o
letters of his age. But, with the exception of t is
fine torso, the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' if, inde d,
it be his, and of a treatise on rhetoric which as
got entangled with the work of another author, is
works are lost; and if he is deprived of this, his p e-
eminence must be accepted on the testimony of
things not seen. One would not like to bereave h m
of any title to fame, or diminish his wreath y
a single leaf of laurel. Much rather would e
see it augmented, and the general testimony of s
contemporaries and successors leaves little room f r
doubt that his lost writings would be found to equ l
the 'Treatise on the Sublime' in critical discer
ment, though, if we may judge by the few fragmen
which have survived, hardly in elevation of thoug
or vigour of expression.

Yet the pursuit of truth alone must influence o n
inquiry, and, should it appear that this work is
indeed wrongly attributed to Longinus, the recog i-
tion of the fact will bring with it one great ga n.
It must in that case have suffered from the want of
the right historical background. Although a tr a-
tise of abstract criticism, it cannot have been un n-
fluenced by the circumstances of the time at wh ch

it was written. It must have imbibed from these a peculiar atmosphere, proper to the period. It must have borne a more or less definite relation to the literary taste of the age. The general principles of criticism are indeed not for an age but for all time, but when the author descends to particulars it is material to know what period he is commending or rebuking. Otherwise his treatise suffers, like a good picture shown in a wrong light. If the book is not by Longinus every reason for supposing it to be a production of the third century disappears, and, place it where we will, we shall view it in connection with a different set of circumstances from those existing when the Roman Empire was beginning to break up.

It will be desirable to preface the consideration of the external and internal evidence for the authorship of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' with some account of its literary history and the origin of the controversy respecting it. It was first published by Franciscus Robortellus in 1554, under the name of Dionysius Longinus, which he had found in his manuscript. Longinus was of course identified with the famous philosopher and critic of the third century, and, though some particulars of internal evidence might well have excited suspicion—as, for example, that there is no other authority for giving him the name of Dionysius,—the tract continued to be unanimously received as his until the beginning of the nineteenth. The first shock which this confidence received was from a minute piece of external testimony. In 1808 the Italian scholar Amati

observed that the title of the work in a Vatican manuscript did not read (The Treatise) of Dionysius Longinus on the Sublime, but of Dionysius *or* Longinus. The scribe, therefore, or the authority from which he copied, did not unhesitatingly attribute the work to Longinus, but doubted whether it might not rather be the work of some other Dionysius. There were many Dionysiuses eminent in Greek literature, but the transcriber can hardly have had any other in his mind than the most famous, Dionysius of Halicarnassus. We will inquire by-and-by whether he may not have been mistaken, but will leave the question at present between the Halicarnassean Dionysius and Longinus. After a while, the same superscription was discovered in two MSS. at Paris, and it was afterwards found that an inscription on the cover of a manuscript at Florence declared the book to be the production of an anonymous writer. The question, therefore, whether it should be attributed to Dionysius or Longinus had, so far as the evidence of manuscripts was concerned, become a fairly open one, and one manuscript even afforded ground for rejecting both. It remained to look for external or internal evidence, extraneous to the MSS., which might incline the scale.

The external evidence is soon stated. There is none. It is very remarkable that so admirable a work as the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' by common consent one of the chief ornaments of classical literature, whether we regard the author's critical acumen or the elevation of his sentiments, should not once be mentioned by any ancient author. We

know that it was copied in the tenth century, and then attributed to either Dionysius or Longinus, but all its preceding history is a blank. This is much against its being written by either of them. Both were widely read, particularly Dionysius, and it seems strange that a book like this, which the students of their writings must have put at the very head of their productions, should have been utterly forgotten when the titles of many of inferior interest have been preserved. As regards Longinus, indeed, an explanation has been attempted. His principal work was an extensive treatise entitled 'Philologica,' in twenty-one books. It is maintained that the tract on the 'Sublime' was one of these books which has got detached from the rest. But this theory is not borne out by examination, the book does not appear to be a part of a larger whole, but has much more the air of a writing complete in itself. It was by the author's own statement called into being by a special cause—his dissatisfaction with the treatise of Cæcilius, and is addressed to a particular person. This lack of external testimony certainly corroborates the view that the treatise is the production of some writer not of the very first distinction as far as general popularity was concerned, whose name has not been preserved, but whose merit has caused his work to be variously attributed to two critics of the highest rank.

The internal evidence is much more affluent. One of the strongest points is thus ably put by Professor Rhys Roberts, who has surpassed every English predecessor as a translator of Longinus:—

"The 'Treatise on the Sublime' abounds in references to Greek authors and in quotations from them. Catholic alike in praise and blame, it ranges the centuries for its illustrations of good style or of bad. Bards of the prehistoric days of Greece, writers of its Attic prime, erudite poets of the Alexandrian era, rhetoricians of the Augustan age—all figure in its pages. But notwithstanding the great number of its references to writings of an earlier date, the Treatise (or so much of it as we now possess) makes no mention of any rhetorician, philosopher, or other writer belonging to the second or third century A.D. Here again the supporters of the traditional view that Cassius Longinus was the author are confronted by a grave difficulty. The gap is a truly remarkable one. How comes it that no reference is made to the rhetorician Hermogenes, who flourished during the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and whose shortcomings (rather than those of Cæcilius) might have provided an opening for a book? How is it that Longinus, who was the centre of a wide circle, makes no mention of his companions in the schools or of his friends? How is it, lastly and above all, that he makes no mention of his enemies, some of whom presumably had written books? For, granted that his taste may have been too fastidious to find examples of excellence in the writings of his contemporaries or of his more immediate predecessors, yet the task he set himself was the exemplification not only of the elevated manner, but also of its opposite. And to go back for examples of defective style to Alexandrian times, or to a period earlier still, instead of attacking living offenders, would have entailed the sacrifice of much obvious point and piquancy."

This is admirably put, and I have only to observe that it is by no means certain that Longinus would have found anything to censure in Hermogenes, whose extant treatises on rhetoric are highly valued, and upon whom he himself wrote a commentary,

now lost. The fact remains that the absence from the 'Treatise on the Sublime' of allusion to any author later than the first century is a strong argument against its being the production of an author of the third.

There are other arguments less easy to express with precision, but even more convincing. Under any possible view, the 'Treatise on the Sublime' was written in Roman times. It was called forth, the author tells us, by his dissatisfaction with a treatise on the same subject by Cæcilius, and Cæcilius was an eminent rhetorician in the time of Augustus. If, then, we can find any correspondence between statements in the book and the condition of the Roman Empire at any particular period, we shall have made some progress towards determining a date, to confirm or confute the authorship of Longinus as the case may be. It cannot be expected that an essay on a literary subject should be fertile in data bearing on the contemporary condition of empires. Near the end, however, the author, whom we will continue to call Longinus, quotes or professes to quote a contemporary philosopher who has been examining into the causes of the decay of eloquence in his time. If he was a real person, and could be identified, the identification would yield the date; but it seems highly probable that he is only introduced dramatically, and that Longinus, who represents himself as answering his arguments, speaks in an assumed character that he may the better exhibit various aspects of the question. Even if so, the delineation of a state of society as actually existing tends to narrow the ground and render one period more

probable than others. What, then, are the special notes of time which the anonymous writer, or Longinus in his person, affords us? First and foremost he dwells upon the deficiency of his age in original genius, especially for oratory. It is an age of high culture, but the creative breath is wanting. "I wonder," he says, "how it happens that in our time there are men who have the gift of persuasion to the utmost extent, and are well fitted for public life, and are keen and ready and particularly rich in all the charms of language, yet there are no longer arise really lofty and transcendent natures unless quite exceptionally. So great and world-wide a dearth of high utterance attends our age." He then proceeds to adduce what he calls the trite explanation, with which nevertheless he appears to agree, that the cause is the loss of liberty, and the consequent decay of that emulation, and that consciousness of counting for something in the State, which are requisite to inspire the public orator. There are no more popular assemblies to address, and nothing remains but panegyric, for which the speaker has been well prepared by being trained up in servility throughout his boyhood. It is evidently implied that the state of things thus signalised had endured for a considerable time, and that the habits of servility thus indicated had become inveterate, and had continued long enough to blight genius everywhere, and occasion a total decay of oratory in particular. It is further evident that they are attributed to no partial cause, but to one affecting the entire civilised world, and that this can be nothing

else than the loss of liberty through the world-wide power of Rome. It follows that the treatise must have been composed under the Roman Empire, but when the Roman Empire had lasted long enough for the state of subjection to a master to have become an accepted idea, and to have produced its full effects upon society and literature. This manifest fact goes far to invalidate the claim of Dionysius of Halicarnassus to the authorship of this treatise, for his literary activity scarcely extended to the Christian era, too early a period for the pernicious influence of despotism upon literature to have become the perfect commonplace which it appears to have been considered in the days of the author of the 'Treatise on the Sublime.' He also appears to have been a friend of Cæcilius, the object of criticism in the Treatise.

It seems clear, then, that the Treatise cannot be by Dionysius. Other weighty objections are adduced in a recent able article in the 'Quarterly Review.' But the reply which the complaints of the pernicious influence of despotism call forth seems to indicate a different period from that of the great critic Longinus, who flourished in the third century. The writer, speaking now in his own person, attributes the torpor of literature and the decay of genius to the universal passion for wealth, which has gone so far that "the entire life of each of us is ordered by bribes, and huntings after the death of others, and the laying of ambushes for legacies." Legacy hunting is a favourite theme for the indignation of serious writers and the scoffs of satirists during the

first and second centuries, but after that perio we hear little of it, and the general tenor of the wri er's remarks on wealth-worship seems fitter for a pe iod when wealth was accumulating than for the im po-verished and distracted third century. In conn ec-tion with this is to be taken a fact of momento us bearing on the question—the author speaks of hi n-self as living at a period of world-wide pea e; for it appears a desperate shift to understa d εἰρήνη otherwise. "The peace of the world," e says, is not a reason for that decline of eloquen e which he acknowledges as an indisputable fact. It is clear that he could not have spoken thus if th e general tranquillity to which he alludes was some thing recent or casual: it must have prevailed for long period, and must have been giving promise o persistence. What period of Roman Imperial hi tory accords with this state of things? Certainl not the third century.* The historical Longinus believed to have been born in 213. Supposing hi to have written his treatise between thirty an forty, the empire would in his time have been onc at war with the Parthians, twice with the Pe sians, and in a chronic state of warfare with th Northern barbarians, would be upon the brink the most terrible disaster Rome had sustained sin Cannæ, and would have experienced a series

* The able writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' already alluded who contends that Longinus wrote in his youth, yields his own ca by admitting that Longinus's language would be inappropriate if wrote after the accession of Maximin, when he would be only twent two. The attitude of the author to the youth to whom the treati is addressed shows that he cannot have been a young man.

revolutions and civil wars. This surely was no period of world-wide peace. Nothing could overcome the improbability of a contemporary author having described it as such but the strongest external evidence, and there is no external evidence except the dubious, and in some cases, retracted superscription of MSS. I have the highest respect for genuine external testimony, and fear that it is in the habit of modern criticism to allow it too little weight. If a catena of classical authorities quoted the treatise as the work of Longinus, or Dionysius even, or any other author, I would accept their testimony, all difficulties notwithstanding. But not one classical authority ever quotes it at all. I therefore feel considerable surprise at the attitude assumed by Professor Saintsbury, a critic for whose judgments I entertain the highest respect. "There is," he says in his 'History of Criticism,' "absolutely no evidence against the authorship of Longinus, only a set of presumptions, most of which are sheer opinion, and carry no weight except as such." Is there no such thing as presumptive evidence? Surely the disturbed state of the world in the third century is not a matter of opinion but of fact, and the inconsistency of its condition with the statement of the author of the Treatise is a matter of fact also, and very obvious matter of fact besides.

Admitting, as I think we must, that the allusion to the peaceful character of the age puts the authorship of Longinus out of the question, it remains to be inquired at what period of Roman Imperial history such an allusion was most likely to have been

made. There is one period at which we know it mig have been made, because it was made. The long-co tinued prevalence of peace is emphatically stated as cause of the decline of eloquence in the anonymou 'Dialogue on Oratory' usually ascribed to Tacitus: *Longa temporum quies et continuum populi otium et adsidua senatus tranquillitas.* This dialogue, which could not have been published under the despotism of Domitian, was probably written under Titus, A.D. 79—81. This, therefore, is a possible date for the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' and it may be said at once that there is no internal evidence inconsistent with it. It might, indeed, appear at first sight that the Treatise ought to be placed somewhat nearer to the time of Cæcilius, whose disquisition on the same subject it proposes to supersede. Cæcilius flourished about the beginning of the first century. But we see from the allusions made to him by Quintilian, about A.D. 90, that he had retained great authority as a critic, and might well be thought worthy of a reply at the end of the first century, or later. On the other hand, the peaceful condition of affairs alluded to by both authors endured for more than a hundred years after the date of the 'Dialogue on Oratory,' and there would be no insuperable objection to placing it at any time within this period which we may be able to confirm by a probable association with any person or event. Before examining whether there be any such we may remark that its generally lofty tone renders it, in our opinion, impossible to date it before the time of Seneca, from which the general tone of feeling, at

least among the literary classes, was much raised. A different moral atmosphere prevails thenceforth until the death of Marcus Aurelius, and we feel instinctively that this treatise is a child of the time. It is also to be observed that the most eminent representatives of the new morality were usually in some way connected with Rome, and that this is especially the case with our author, whose essay is addressed to a Roman, and who shows an acquaintance with Roman literature unusual in a Greek. Plutarch had this acquaintance, but, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of an eminent editor, the evidence of style seems decidedly against the identification of the biographer, who is, moreover, an indifferent literary critic, with the author of the Treatise.

If any piece of external evidence is to be found, it will consist in the identification of the person to whom the Treatise is addressed, Terentianus. And here, I think, Longinus's able translator and commentator, Professor Rhys Roberts, has rendered signal service. He points out that, although the MSS. are in every other place unanimous in reading the name of this person Terentianus, one of the best reads at the beginning *Florentianus*. As the same manuscript has Terentianus everywhere else where the name occurs, the editors are bound to reject this various reading, as they unanimously do. Professor Rhys Roberts, however, observes that the error cannot be fortuitous, that there must be some reason why it was committed. Remembering that the only literary Roman of the name of Terentianus with whom we are acquainted is called Terentianus

Maurus, he suggests that the original reading ma[illegible] may have been *Maure Terentiane*, that Maure may hav[illegible] been corrupted into *Flore*, and that *Flore* and *Tere*[illegible] *tiane* may have grown together into the *Florentian*[illegible] of the MS. He does not put this forward as an[illegible] thing more than a conjecture; on the contrary, h[illegible] scarcely appears to allow sufficient weight to th[illegible] case which he has himself made out for the identi[illegible] cation of the Terentianus Maur[illegible]us. Not only is the supposition that *Maure* may origi[illegible]nally have stood in the MS. highly plausible, but t[illegible]he Terentianus whom I have mentioned as a Latin m[illegible]an of letters is exactly the sort of person to whom [illegible]re might have supposed the 'Treatise on the Sublime' to have been inscribed. He is the author of a[illegible] ingenious and elegant poem on Latin metres, i[illegible]e which every metre under review is illustrated by verse composed after its own pattern. He must therefore have been a literary expert, versed beyond the common in metrical and grammatical studies, just the kind of man to whom our author's treatise would be likely to be inscribed, whether he be the actual person or not.

It would therefore be of considerable assistance towards determining the period of the author of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' if we could fix that of Terentianus Maurus, not that we shall ever be able positively to identify the author's friend with the poet, but, provided of course that this period is not an impossible one for the composition of the Treatise, we shall have established a presumption which may help to incline the scale. Quite apart from the

question of the Treatise, the matter is worthy of investigation with reference to Terentianus himself, because I believe it may be shown that he is at present placed too late. I cannot but suspect that the current belief that he wrote near the end of the third century deterred Professor Rhys Roberts from pressing his identity with the friend of the pseudo-Longinus as strongly as he might have done, for he would feel that in this case such identity was inconsistent with the date which he himself assigned to the 'Treatise on the Sublime.'* I suppose I shall not err in asserting that, as a rule, the soundest conclusions respecting the date of any Latin author are to be found in Teuffel's 'History of Roman Literature,' representing as they generally do the ripest fruits of critical investigation. This great authority in the first edition of his work placed Terentianus Maurus near the end of the third century, but in later editions at the end of the second. He had been originally influenced by the view of Lachmann in his edition of Terentianus (1836). Lachmann was always inclined to paradox in questions of scholarship, and in this instance his view partly rests upon a manifest error. Terentianus mentions Petronius, and must consequently have lived

* This passage is preserved as originally delivered at the request of Professor Rhys Roberts, who has, however, pointed out that he contributed in 1897 a paper on Longinus to the 'Journal of the Hellenic Society,' in which he stated most of the arguments for assigning to Terentianus Maurus a comparatively early date in the second century. The greater part of this paper was embodied in his translation of Longinus published in 1899, but the section on Terentianus was omitted from this, and was unknown to the writer when his paper was read to the Royal Society of Literature.

after him. In determining the date of Petronius, Lachmann deferred to the authority of Niebuhr, who, on the evidence of an inscription, placed Petronius under Septimius Severus. It followed that Petronius must be later than the beginning of the third century. But at the present day no one doubts that Petronius wrote under Nero, or Domitian at the latest; and this argument to establish the late date of Terentianus has fallen to the ground. Nor does there seem to be any conclusive reason for placing him very late in the second century. Terentianus quotes an elegant poet named Septimius Serenus, who wrote poems on country life in peculiar metres of his own invention. Lachmann and Teuffel, in his early editions, have placed him at the beginning of the third century. Why? The fragments we have of him are much too few and brief to afford any internal evidence, and the solitary piece of external evidence we possess, though too problematic to allow of any great stress being placed upon it, so far as it goes, makes the other way. One of the minor poems of Statius ('Silvæ,' iv, v) is addressed to an orator and poet, distinguished by his love of country life, called in the manuscripts Septimius *Severus*, but if the probable emendation *Serenus* be admitted, the poet Serenus flourished in the reign of Domitian. There are difficulties both ways: on the one hand, the person celebrated by Statius certainly came from Leptis, the native city of the Emperor Severus; on the other, if he were related to Severus, it is strange that he should not be mentioned by Severus's biographer in the Augustan History, who is full of

family particulars. Whether, however, we can obtain a positive date for Serenus or not, there seems no reason for placing him, or consequently Terentianus in so far as the latter's mention of him is concerned, at any considerable interval after Domitian. But there is a nearer clue to the date of Terentianus. He speaks of the Faliscan verses of a poet whom he does not name in a way which seems to indicate that they were written near his time. In all probability this poet is to be identified with Annianus, who is frequently referred to elsewhere as the author of similar compositions, and for whose date we have the testimony of Aulus Gellius, who says that he had been accustomed to visit Annianus in his younger days. The 'Noctes Atticæ' of Gellius, where this statement is made, appear from internal evidence to have been written about A.D. 170. He was probably born about 120, and might have visited Annianus somewhere about 140 A.D. If, therefore, Terentianus is speaking, as he appears to be speaking, of Annianus as a comparatively recent poet, he might very well be writing a little after the middle of the second century. Before considering the bearing which this may have upon the date of the pseudo-Longinus, we must advert to the circumstance that Terentianus speaks of himself as an elderly man with grown-up children. The reading νεανία, in the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' is disputed, though Professor Rhys Roberts is probably right in maintaining it. Apart, however, from any particular passage, the inference from the general tenor is irresistible that the person addressed was younger than the

writer, who appears rather in the light of an instructor than of an equal laying his views before a friend. With the data which we already possess for the probable period of the composition of Terentianus's poem, we may reasonably infer that, if he is the Terentianus of the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' this would reach him towards the end of Trajan's reign or in the early days of Hadrian.

The one point which may be considered absolutely certain respecting the date of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' is that it was written after and during a long period of profound peace, which, with the luxury it encouraged, was deemed by the thinkers of the time to be one of the two causes responsible for the admitted decay of eloquence. The other cause was the loss of political liberty. Both these causes were recognised as in operation under the Flavian dynasty, as we know from the 'Dialogue on Oratory'; both were still operating in the latter days of Trajan, the period when the author is most likely to have been in communication with Terentianus Maurus, supposing this author to have been the Terentianus addressed by him. Apart from this certainly dubious identification, there is but one reason for preferring the later date to the earlier; but it is one of weight. Could the censure of despotic government as the enemy of greatness in literature have been safely expressed under the Flavian dynasty? Certainly not under Domitian, who put Hermogenes, the historian, to death on account of certain expressions in his history; and probably not even under Vespasian. This difficulty

has been so much felt that it has been supposed that the Treatise was circulated privately, but this implies that the author knew his danger, and he would hardly have virtually suppressed his treatise for the sake of a few expressions not material to his main argument. Under Trajan or Hadrian the book might have been circulated without risk, and this is a strong reason for attributing the Treatise to their period. It may be added that, although the general style and manner seem to exclude the possibility of Plutarch's having been the author, the vocabulary and the general spirit of both authors appear to indicate that they wrote much at the same time. Plutarch's works were chiefly written under Trajan. It also deserves notice that Tacitus, returning in the days of Trajan to the subject of literary degeneracy which he had touched in the Dialogue, expresses himself with even more energy: "Postquam bellatum apud Actium, atque omnem potestatem ad unum conferri pacis interfuit, magna illa ingenia cessere." The age of Trajan, therefore, is quite as likely a period for the utterance of Longinus's complaint as the first century.

If these views are correct, we must look for the author of the Treatise in some man of considerable distinction in the time of Trajan and Hadrian. I lay stress upon the point of distinction, because, when it is once admitted that he can be neither of the two eminent men to whom the work is attributed in the MSS., Longinus and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, we feel instinctively drawn to attribute it to some one entirely obscure. Upon examination we

lost writings of Longinus, for, although a treatise on the arrangement of words is attributed to the latter, it is merely on the strength of this passage in the 'Treatise on the Sublime.' There is a work on this subject among the extant writings of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, but we have seen that his authorship of the 'Treatise on the Sublime' is highly improbable.

We must cordially echo the conclusions and aspirations of Professor Rhys Roberts. "While," he says, "it is good science to refuse to hazard any conjecture which our information does not warrant, it is good science also to decline to follow some critics in abandoning all hope of ever seeing a solution of this knotty problem. Let us rather recognise that we are confronted with one of those stimulating and fruitful uncertainties which classical research so often presents to its votaries—uncertainties which are stimulating because there is some possibility of removing them, and fruitful because in any case they lead to the more thorough investigation of the obscurer byways of history and literature." Professor Rhys Roberts proceeds to mention as the best hope we have of solving the problems presented by this Treatise the recovery of a more perfect manuscript. The lacunæ in the MSS. which we possess amount to about a third of the book, and it is highly probable that some allusion decisive as to date or authorship might be found in the chapters now missing. So much has of late been effected in the recovery of ancient MSS. from Egyptian ruins that this hope no longer appears so chimerical as it might have done a few years ago. A mere frag-

ment might elucidate the date by the character of the handwriting.

If any proof of the authorship should be gained from the discovery of the missing portion of the Treatise, it will probably come in the shape of an allusion by the author to some work by him or some circumstance in his own life allowing of his identification with some distinguished man. If, for example, he should claim as his own any undoubted work of Plutarch, we should have to put aside all the arguments against Plutarch, convincing as these appear at present, and admit the 'Treatise on the Sublime' to be his work. Only one such identification has been attempted hitherto. The eminent scholar Christ has pointed out that a treatise on the arrangement of words, and also a commentary on Xenophon, are enumerated among the lost works of Theon, a rhetorician of Alexandria. The coincidence is certainly remarkable, and would be entitled to much attention if Theon had lived in the latter half of the first or in the second century. But there is reason to suppose this Theon, who quotes no writer later than the reign of Tiberius, to have flourished in the first half of the first century, and the neat manual of rhetoric he has left us is quite unlike the 'Treatise on the Sublime.'

Another possible clue may be suggested. When we find the names both of Dionysius and of Longinus prefixed to a treatise which cannot be the work of either, we are almost necessitated to suppose that the ancient copyists, struck with the great merit of the work and not knowing from whom it came,

attributed it conjecturally to the most eminent writer on rhetoric with whom they were acquainted.* Such is the general belief, and it is probably correct. But it is just possible that the Dionysius of the title does not denote Dionysius of Halicarnassus, but that the book was really the production of some other Dionysius, and came to be attributed to Longinus in consequence of his prænomen being, or being supposed to have been, Dionysius also. The copyist who wrote "of Dionysius or Longinus" on his manuscript may well have intended Dionysius of Halicarnassus, but this would not prove that the Treatise may not have been the work of some other person of the name, which was a very common one. If this were so, and our conjectures respecting the date of the Treatise are well founded, there is but one Dionysius of that period at present known to us to whom it could be attributed, the eminent rhetorician Dionysius of Miletus. Any attempt at an absolute identification would be hazardous; we can only say that the few characteristics of Dionysius of Miletus presented by Philostratus agree well with those which we may suppose to have belonged to the author of our Treatise. He was, we are told, studious of brevity, and, as our author certainly would have done, discouraged the cloying sweetness of the rhetoricians of his day, whom he admonished that honey should be administered with the finger, not with the whole hand. He appears to have been a man of

* It is worth remarking that Eunapius, in his life of Porphyry, written about the beginning of the fifth century, names Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Longinus together as the two most distinguished Greek critics.

great dignity and authority, and also of great modesty and temperance, and must have had some talent for administration, as Hadrian entrusted him with a government,—where is not stated, except that it was over "citizens of no mean city." Hadrian also put him on the list of those entitled to public entertainment at the Alexandrian Museum, which would seem to argue some previous connection with the city. Professor Rhys Roberts has pointed out that our author seems to have some special points of contact with Alexandria. Dionysius had been a pupil of the eminent rhetorician Isæus, and his flourishing period may be roughly stated as the first third-part of the second century. He was a native of Lesbos, a circumstance which, if he were really the author of the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' would lend point to his quotation of the ode of Sappho's, for the preservation of which we are indebted to this writer. These indications are exceedingly slight, but it may be said with some confidence that if the name of the author of our Treatise was Dionysius, and if he was neither Dionysius Longinus nor Dionysius of Halicarnassus, no person of the name hitherto known to us has so strong a claim as Dionysius of Miletus.*

We may sum up our general conclusions as follows:—That the author of the Treatise lived in an age of peace, which when he wrote had continued long and gave promise of indefinite continuance in

* The claim of Dionysius of Miletus was advocated by Professor Schoell, in his History of Greek literature, published in Paris in 1813, but he assigns no reasons.

the future. That this peace had been productive of wealth, which had in its turn developed luxury and extravagance. That the Roman world had so long been deprived of liberty that this deprivation and its consequences admitted of discussion as academical questions. That legacy hunting was a conspicuous feature of the times. That these circumstances, as well as the absence of allusions to writers later than the first century, are inconsistent with the period of Dionysius Longinus, the minister of Zenobia, whose authorship would otherwise have been most probable. That they accord best with the state of the world under Trajan and Hadrian. That if the Terentianus addressed by the author can be identified with Terentianus Maurus, the treatise may be referred with some confidence to the second decade of the second century, a date probable on other grounds. That the writer was an active man of letters in his day, and is probably to be identified with some person already known to us by name. That the possibility of his having been Dionysius of Miletus is not entirely unworthy of consideration.

This is all that I can find to say upon the main subject of my paper, the purpose of which is not to deal with Longinus in his character as critic. I will only observe that he has great significance for our own day, and that Matthew Arnold seems to me to have been much indebted to him. There is one point, however, very subordinate, but of interest, upon which I may add a few words. Longinus cites as an instance of descriptive poetry whose picturesqueness amounts to sublimity, Euripides'

description of the Sun guiding and counselling Phaethon after he has entrusted the reins of his own chariot to his hands. Euripides says, as rendered in Mr. Way's version, contributed to Professor Rhys Roberts's translation of Longinus:—

> "Hard after on a fiery star his sire
> Rode, counselling his son—Ho, thither drive!
> Hither thy car turn, hither!"

The word which Mr. Way has translated "fiery star" is, in the original MSS. of Longinus, "of Sirius," the dog-star. Literally, "The father rode behind, having ascended the back of Sirius." But many of the editors of Longinus, and all the editors of Euripides, have adopted the emendation of σειραῖον instead of Σειρίον. Σειραῖος ἵππος is the outer horse on either side; so that if the Sun mounted him, he would be riding in front of the driver, Phaethon. Mr. Way, in a letter to Professor Rhys Roberts, protests against this emendation, which, as he points out, cannot be reconciled with the poet's express statement that the Sun rode behind Phaethon (ὄπισθε). I should like to say a word in his support. It is manifest that the learned men who have adopted the emendation, σειραῖον, have formed no clear picture of the situation in their minds. The poet's idea evidently is that the Sun, riding behind and slightly above Phaethon, is able to take a comprehensive view all around, and see things which might well escape Phaethon's attention, occupied as he is with the management of "his snorting four." He is therefore continually calling out to his son from behind

and directing him to go this way or that. Nothing could be more spirited. But imagine the Sun seated upon a horse in front of the car, "his own postillion," as Mr. Peacock says, and he is evidently unable to give his son any clear directions, except by turning round in the most undignified manner. Is it not further manifest that unless he is able to control all four horses, and not one only, he must himself be involved in Phaethon's catastrophe; and that if he can control them the catastrophe will not happen at all? As observed by the late Thomas Love Peacock, in his restoration of the Phaethon in his "Horæ Dramaticæ," "he had indisputably abandoned the guidance of the chariot wholly and exclusively to Phaethon." Mr. Peacock's remarks are exceedingly to the point, but he has somewhat injured his own case by proposing the unnecessary emendation, ἐν ᾧ τὰ for νῶτα. His idea seems to have been that Sirius ought himself to be riding in a chariot, which the Sun would enter; but, as Mr. Way remarks, "there is nothing improbable in Sirius being represented as a single horse." The reason for the introduction of Sirius is evident:—There is a time in the year when Sirius rises with the Sun, and "their horses run side by side along the circle of the sky." The conception of Sirius thus affording a steed for the Sun when he has temporarily yielded up his own is a fine one, and the spirit and picturesqueness of the passage, which the unlucky emendation, σειρᾶιον, would entirely destroy, amply merit the commendation bestowed upon them by

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THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read January 27th, 1904.]

AMONG the famous letter writers in our own country, we should place Charles Lamb as one of the first. Although he is better known as an essayist, his letters are not inferior to his essays, which are amongst the *deliciæ* and *facetiæ* of our literature. He possessed the friendship of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Hazlitt, Hood, and other literary men of his time, with whom he frequently corresponded, and in these letters he has told the story of his life, from a very early period, until within a few days of his death. We think that there is no literary biography in our language, except Goldsmith's, which is so interesting. Like Hood, Lamb could present his infirmities and failings in a ludicrous light, in a half-frolicsome roister-doyster mood, filling his pages with strange conceits and whimsies, sly satire; and, withal, there was in him a sprightly humour that acted as a kind of anæsthetic for the pains of life, which otherwise would have been too great for him to have borne. Before referring to Lamb's unique correspondence it is necessary to know something of his domestic troubles and afflictions, and of the awful tragedy which overshadowed his early and later life.

In early life Lamb was himself confined in a lunatic asylum. In one of his letters to Coleridge,

dated May 27th, 1796, he cheerily describes his experiences, which confirm the truth of Dryden's lines:

> "There is a pleasure sure
> In being mad, which none but madmen know."

He says:

"My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was; and many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume if all were told."

In another letter a little later he writes:

"At some future time I will amuse you with an account as full as my memory will permit of the strange turn my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy, for while it lasted I had many, many hours of true happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad! All now seems to me vapid, comparatively so."

A few months after this letter was written there occurred in Lamb's family one of those dreadful tragedies which, in one revolving sun, wrecks a household and blasts the happiness of a lifetime. This calamity Lamb describes in a letter also addressed to Coleridge, dated September 27th, 1796:

"My dearest Friend,—White, or some of my friends or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines:—My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the

knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses; I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Bluecoat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend, but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel. God Almighty have us all in His keeping."

A few days afterwards he again writes to Coleridge, after telling him that "my poor, dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and the unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses":

"God be praised, Coleridge; wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that most supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than regret. On that first evening my aunt was lying insensible—to all appearance like one dying; my father with his poor forehead plastered over from a wound he had received from a daughter, dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly; my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room; yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since."

After a few months' confinement his sister was discharged from the asylum on the condition that her brother should take charge of her. Lamb undertook to be her guardian, and thus at the age of twenty-one he had to abandon all ideas of love and marriage that he might devote himself to his sister. Lamb's father survived his wife's tragic death nearly three years; he was quite imbecile, and Lamb had charge of him as well, whom he described as—

> "A palsy-stricken, childish, old, old man,
> A semblance most forlorn of what he was."

In truth, he had to sorrow not only for the dead, but the living also, which is the worst sorrow. After the father's death his sister, who had been living apart from her brother in lodgings, was restored to him, and they lived a life of "dual loneliness" until his death. Lamb, in one of his letters, described her "as perpetually on the brink of madness." So sudden were these attacks that whenever they travelled together it was necessary to take a strait-waistcoat with them, which his sister packed herself. Once Lamb told a friend when referring to his domestic trials, "What a hard heart mine must be that these blows cannot break it!" He could say with the poet, like many other sufferers:

> "In my lonely first despair, it
> Seemed that I could never bear it,
> Yet I have borne it until now;
> But do not, do not ask me how."

We are apt to look for more than human nature in our men of genius, and if it were not for their frailties they would be worshipped.

As we record Lamb's self-sacrifice and noble devotion, his unselfish and lovable character, we turn the picture of his many infirmities to the wall and repeat with Wordsworth, "O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived." He was proud of the name of Lamb, and in one of his sonnets he wrote:

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name."

There is no English writer who is so universally loved. Even Thackeray, who was no flatterer, after pressing a letter of Lamb's to his forehead, called him "St. Charles." This terrible tragedy, which carried with it sorrow enough for a lifetime, made Charles Lamb what he was—a unique being. Without the knowledge of this awful calamity his life and writings would have been unintelligible.

The history of a man is in his character. What an example Lamb has set to some of our modern pessimists, who, unacquainted with any real sorrow, cultivate misery for the market, and prate about the joy of grief and the luxury of woe! Surely there are natural tears and real misery enough without manufacturing more. Might not the words of the old ballad be true of Lamb, as of many who are suffering from real sorrow?

"And werena my heart licht I wad dee."

Dante places in his lowest hell those who in life were miserable without a cause, who never truly lived. Lamb well described himself in the character of Old Burton, "as a man often assailed by deepest

melancholy, and at other times much given to laughing and jesting, as is the way with melancholy men."

In Lamb's letters, as in his essays, are to be found his happiest conceits, touched with the cross-lights of humour and pathos; we cannot separate the writer from the man, with his eccentricities, personalities, and picturesque quaintness of style and expression. Even his satire is Lamb-like, and never wounds or offends.

As Hood said of Lamb's face, so of his mind, it was "none of those willow-pattern ones which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries, but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, one to the set—unique, antique, quaint. No one who had once seen could pretend not to know it again. In short, his face was as original as his figure, his figure as his character, his character as his writings, his writings the most original of the age."

Lamb had one of the most curious minds ever deposited in a human brain, full of strange conceits, whims, and fancies. He once described himself as "a bundle of prejudices made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies." Can we wonder, therefore, at those rough bosses, odd excrescences, and gnarled nodosities of character, and oddities of thought and manner; those felicitous absurdities called nonsense mixed up with harmless fun and melancholy that leaves no pang? Few like Lamb could talk or write "first-rate nonsense," which is the real essence of mirth, and must not be confounded with some of the comic imbecilities of these later days. Humour has been well called the sad heart's sunshine, for it lightens up our every

life, which without it would be dark and dismal indeed.

As the poet sees everything through a kind of glory, so the humorist sees life and its varieties through the sunshine of his genial spirit. "He that hath not a dram of folly in his mixture," says Lamb, "hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." Perhaps some of the best examples of Lamb's wit are those which came out from his brain by jerking contact with other minds, and as a rule repartee is one of the best forms of wit. Though Lamb was shy before strangers, among his friends he would stammer out his puns like minute-guns, or open upon them a small battery of cynical epigrams. If he had a philosopher at table he would carry on an argument with laughter, against all the rules of common sense, slyly interposing paradoxes which would seem to convert logic into nonsense and nonsense into logic.

Every Englishman, says Novalis, is an island, and that may be the reason why so few literary reputations, like fairies, cannot cross running water. Lamb's writings are essentially English, and few except where the English tongue is spoken can properly appreciate their delightful strangeness. He wrote plainly, and did not put much water into his ink. He is one of the most readable and quotable of our writers. He is not like some of our great authors whose works are read by few, but who are known chiefly through the immortality of quotation. Lamb never looked at things with a squinting, evil eye. He saw the funny side and the odd ways of life. There was nothing

modern about him; he "could not," as he wrote, "conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession." His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boyman. "I cannot make these present times present to me. I read histories of the past, and live in them." In fact, he believed there was nothing new but the old. So he loved old ways, old friends to trust, old authors to read, old wines to drink, the ancient haunts and time-worn nooks—

> "Where visions of a vanished past
> Bring back in all its mellow glow
> The golden age of long ago."

Yet, withal, Lamb kept a child's heart until the last; and strange to say, no one could imagine him ever being young. Perhaps he was an illustration of the proverb quoted by Cicero, *Mature fias senex, si diu velis esse senex:* if you would be young when you are old, you must be old when you are young.

It was our good fortune to know one of Lamb's dearest friends, a sister of Emma Isola, the adopted daughter of Lamb. Miss Isola had stayed for weeks at his house when a girl, and she said of him that though a man he did not put away childish things, for, like a great schoolboy, he was full of romps and fun and practical jokes, yet subject at times to periods of great depression. And here I might digress for a moment in order, I hope, to clear up a mystery which has surrounded Charles Lamb's life. In an early letter from Lamb to Coleridge, 1796, part of which I have quoted before, in describing his insanity, he says:

"Coleridge, it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on *another person*, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy."

I think I have found a clue to the other person mentioned in the above letter—the Anna of his first love, "the fair-haired maid" of his early sonnets. Her name was Mary Sumner, who lived for a time with her two aunts in Hertfordshire, and afterwards in Islington; both places Lamb described as the scenes of his early love. From her grand-daughter, Mrs. Marianne Johnson, I have learned the following particulars:—Mary Sumner was born July 16th, 1775, the same year as Charles Lamb. Lamb proposed marriage to her and was rejected; he was very nervous, and stammered so much that he could not get through his proposal, and she did not treat his offer seriously, but her refusal of him did not break off her friendship. Mary Sumner, in December, 1798, married Captain John Emperor Willson, R.N., and she continued her visits to Lamb and his sister after her marriage. On one of these visits, Mary Lamb took her eldest child in her arms and rushed to the window and asked if she should throw him out; fortunately Mrs. Willson was very calm, and did not try in any way to get the child, but only said something to the effect "that she thought it would be better not." Mrs. Willson (*née* Mary Sumner) died in 1857, and was buried at Bishop's Stortford, her native town. Was Mrs. Willson the Alice W—n of Lamb's Essays?

That is a question I cannot discuss in this short paper.

In Charles Lamb's time letter writing reached its perihelion. The penny post, telegrams, cheap newspapers, the facilitating intercommunication by railways, and the carelessness of the hurrying age, have done much to impair the value and interest of epistolary correspondence. Charles Lamb, like other good letter writers, had plenty of leisure. His daily routine at the East India Office was a good school of discipline for him. It formed early habits of punctuality and method, and kept him from the vicious habit of idleness to which he was prone. Nearly all his best letters were written at the East India House, but they were well thought out before. His letters are as terse, crisp, and piquant as his essays, with the addition of a rollicking audacity of expression and exuberant fun not to be found in his more finished writings. Yet many of his letters are not inferior to his essays, and some of his essays might be classed as letters.

Lamb was one of the best of our critics, in spi[illegible] of his prejudices, idiosyncrasies, and whimsicalitie[illegible] for he had that fine geniality without which, say[illegible] Coleridge, there can be no true criticism. H[illegible] knowledge of modern English literature might hav[illegible] been somewhat limited. The surest test of a man[illegible] critical power is in his judgment of contemporaries. Lamb was one of the first to recognise the merits [illegible] the Lake School of poets, at a time when those author[illegible] were derided in all the moods and tenses of the critic[illegible] grammar. Yet apparently Lamb had but litt[illegible]

sympathy with some of the most famous of his contemporaries, such as Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley; but although Lamb's range of thought might not have been very extensive, he always understood *what* he criticised. He was a stranger to those petty jealousies which too often sour the intercourse of men of letters. He was "tolerant of everything except intolerance."

In his early letters to Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth he showed great independent critical insight as well as broad human sympathies almost unknown to his generation. In these letters Lamb exhibited his great appreciation of the old dramatists, and of the forgotten poets of the sixteenth century, whom he resuscitated in his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakspeare." Swinburne said that he was "the most supremely competent judge and exquisite critic of lyrical and dramatic art that we ever had." He knew how to praise as well as to blame, and he tried to *see* before he attempted to *oversee* an author. Although a desultory and voracious reader, he was an intellectual epicure who "fed on the dainties that are bred in a book." He loved the company of those honest fellows in leathern jackets, his "tattered veterans" and "midnight darlings," as he called his well-thumbed volumes. He knew the "topography of all the blots and dog's-ears." Unlike many so-called book lovers, he knew more about the inside than the outside of a book. The modern book hunter with his inch rule and measure would have despised him, for that sapient patron of literature would have said, "He knows about books!

Nothing—nothing at all, unless perhaps about their insides."

Lamb was more tolerant of other people's infirmities than of his own. He could say with Jaques, "I will rail only against myself, against whom I know most ill." When some one asked him if he did not hate a certain person, he exclaimed, "How could I hate him? Don't I know him? I never could hate anyone I knew." He could *truly* say, "'Tis death to me to be at enmity; I hate it, and desire all good men's love;" but at the same time he "could not like all people alike."

Lamb, as his letters and essays show, was as great an epicure in his eating as he was in his reading, and he considered cookery as one of the fine arts. To him eating and drinking were mental as well as physical enjoyments, for he ate with his brains as well as with his mouth. When invited to dine with his friends he liked to know, as Swift did, the bill of the company as well as the bill of fare, for good company makes good food, and there is no sauce like brain sauce. Montaigne said of certain people, "They do not eat, but only swallow." Lamb has shown the difference between eating and swallowing, as between an epicure and a glutton. Some of the most amusing of Lamb's letters are those written to his friends acknowledging presents of game, brawn, pig, and other delicacies. For their exquisite drollery they are worthy of the author of "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig." Was there ever such a pig in reality which came up to the taste and delicious aroma of Charles Lamb's roast pig?

"That young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ* . . . . whose fat is not fat, but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food—the lean but a kind of animal manna,—or rather, fat and lean so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result of common substance."

In this dissertation there is something more than the pig on which Lamb feasted, for his wit, humour, and poetical taste no doubt stimulated and enhanced the delicacy of the palate; and here he showed the superiority of the enjoyments of the thinking over the mere eating man. Such are the pleasures of the mind over an edacious animalism. There is a story told of an American lady who, when she first heard the singing of the skylark, exclaimed, "Thou didst not sing so sweet a song as Shelley sang to me." So much for the delectable pleasures of the imagination over reality.

We are only beginning to understand how great a part our food plays in the history of our lives as well as in the history of the world. It has been said that half the suicides, murders, heresies, false philosophies, and apostasies that have stained the annals of our race have had their origin remotely in a disordered stomach or liver, from the mal-assimilation of food; and that all diseases enter by the mouth. Sydney Smith says, "Old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, and a great

scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible misguided food. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body." A hungry man is an angry man, and an empty stomach has no conscience. "He had not dined," says Shakspeare of Coriolanus, and Menenius ascribes the hero's failure to the disordered state of his stomach

> "He had not dined;
> The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
> We pout upon the morning, are unapt
> To give or to forgive; but when we have stuffed
> These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
> Than in our priest-like fasts."

"Let me have men about me that are fat," says Cæsar, "sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights. . . . Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look. . . . Such men are dangerous."

It was a saying of Aristotle that the man who had many friends had none. Although Lamb had many acquaintances he had but few friends, and these few he kept through life, and they were part of his existence. There can be no love without sorrow, and the death of any of his friends took away part of himself, and he had to endure that loneliness of heart which he called the worst solitude. He could not tolerate the ordinary cruel, stereotyped forms of condolence which under the mask of friendship are often sent without any heart to the bereaved. When his old friend Norris died, he wrote in one of his letters to Crabb Robinson:

"In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I

can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now."

What deep feeling and pathos are contained in these last words! In the same letter he gives the following whimsical reminiscence of his old friend:

"There was a pride of literature about him, from being amongst books [he was a librarian], and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him very diverting airs of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that, 'In these old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling,' and seemed to console himself in the reflection."

He anticipated Artemus Ward's remark upon Chaucer, "He couldn't spell."

One of Lamb's lifelong friends was Coleridge, whom he survived only a few months. Coleridge, just before his death, inscribed the following lines in a copy of one of his early poems, "This lime-tree bower my prison," which referred to Lamb as "my gentle-hearted Charles":

"Ch. & Mary Lamb
dear to my heart, yea
as it were my heart
S T C Æ 63 1834
1797
1834
———
37 years."

"The golden thread which tied their hearts together was never broken." After Coleridge's death Lamb was constantly exclaiming to himself and friends, "Coleridge is dead." In a letter which he wrote soon after his friend's decease, he said:

"When I heard of the death of Coleridge it was without grief. He seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world—that he had *a hunger* for *eternity*. I grieved that I could not grieve."

Charles Lamb was born in a crowd, and he was of the "streets streety." London was the centre of his affections, his Mecca. In his early time poets and painters did not trouble nature much, and Lamb was not "romance bit about nature." In early life he had taken trips into Hertfordshire. In 1800 he visited Coleridge at Stowey, and was introduced to Wordsworth. In 1802 he stayed with Coleridge in Cumberland, and was at first frightened at the sight of mountains, "great dumb monsters all couchant and asleep." To his imagination they seemed to come at night to his window and stare at him. Now and then "he whiled awa a few idle weeks at one or other of the universities.

Although not in his letters, we cannot refra quoting from his essay on "Oxford in the Vacation on the Bodleian Library. He says:

"What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as

soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the fruit bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard."

In 1822 he was persuaded to go to Paris, but he always felt the journey dreary which did not end at home. He preferred his lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden, "delightfully situated between two great theatres," to any rural paradise. In a letter to his friend Robert Lloyd, in 1801, he had written:

"A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces justling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to a man than the shepherd driving his 'silly sheep' to the fold."

He would not have exchanged "London by lamp-light for all the glories of Skiddaw and Helvellyn, nor No. 4, Inner Temple Lane by *Punch*-light for Melrose by moonlight." He certainly would not have agreed with Shelley that "Hell is a city much like London." He could even write in praise of the London fogs. He says:

"In a well-mix'd metropolitan fog there is something substantial and satisfying—you can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like breathing water, as we may fancy the fishes do. . . . . And it wraps you all round like a cloak, too—a patent waterproof one, which no rain ever penetrated. No; I maintain that a real London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it. Many spurious imitations of the above are abroad, such as Scotch mists and the like, which are no less deleterious than disagreeable."

Lamb used to tease and poke fun at Wordsworth

about his lakes and mountains. In one of his letters to that poet in 1801, before he had seen a mountain, he says:

"Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles, life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade,—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without the power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must have I been doing all my life not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

"My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares where I have sunned myself, my old school—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do no

envy you. I should pity you did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind, and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me from disuse have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city."

That Lamb was not always serious in the disparaging tone in which he was apt to speak and write of the charms of scenery was well known. In the 'Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott' there is a curious letter from Lamb, at a much later date, to the author of 'Waverley,' in which he humorously justifies himself for having expressed his contempt for mountain scenery, etc.:

"It is not likely that I shall ever find myself in Scotland, but, should the event ever happen, I should be proud to pay my respects to you in your own land. My disparagement of heaths and Highlands—if I said any such thing in half-earnest—you must put down as a piece of the old Vulpine policy. I must make the most of the spot I am chained to, and console myself for my flat destiny as well as I am able. I know very well our molehills are not mountains, but I must cocker them up and make them look as big and as handsome as I can, that we may both be satisfied."

In 1823 Lamb removed to a cottage in Islington, near the New River. Here he spent some of the

happiest years of his life. He was near his friends, who often came to visit him, who went with him in his walks and rambles round the district, which was surrounded by parks, green lanes, and villages now all swept away. Even then he lamented the encroachments of what he called "horrid bricks and mortar," which—

> "Turned our pleasure fields and valleys
> Into squalid courts and alleys."

Alas! how many of the most beautiful spots around London have disappeared! Well might a little girl, when her teacher was telling her of the beauties of the Garden of Eden, exclaim, "But I suppose it is all built over now."

Unfortunately, in 1827 Lamb was advised for his sister's health as well as his own to move farther into the country. He took up his abode first in Enfield, and afterwards removed to Edmonton. This change was a great mistake, as it afterwards proved. He was far from his "old bosom cronies," and the "old familiar faces," most of whom were "gone before to that unknown silent shore." As he could find no rest in idleness, he moped, pined, and longed for the old town life, with its humming crowds, late hours, and hot suppers. These lonely hours tired him to death. Instead of enjoying the superfelicity of talking, through disuse his voice became like one of Dante's ghosts, hoarse with long silence. Yet London had become unfamiliar to him, and in the old houses, the souls he loved had gone from them. In a letter to Bernard Barton, 1829, he writes, after spending ten days in town:

"But town, with all my native hankering after it, is not what it was. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone, and in London I was frightfully convinced of this as I passed houses and places empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about anybody. The bodies I cared for are in graves or dispersed. My old clubs, that lived so long and flourished so steadily, are crumbled away."

He reminds us of the picture of the forlorn man in Holmes's poem of 'The Last Leaf:'

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
They are gone."

In a letter to Wordsworth, 1830, he says:

"In dreams I am in Fleet Market; but I wake and cry to sleep again. What have I gained by health? Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. O never let the lying poets be believed who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village, or a little teasing image of a town."

He would have agreed with Tennyson that "God made the country and man made the town, and the devil made the country town."

One of the great troubles that afflicted Lamb was moving. In a letter to Manning, 1809, he says:

"We move to No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, where I mean to live and die; for I have such horror of moving that I would not take a benefice from the King if it was not indulged with non-residence. What a dislocation of comfort is com-

prised in that word 'moving'! Such a heap of nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul. They'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it and the second reeked claret."

In one of his letters to Tom Hood, September 1827, when removing from Colebrook Row to Enfield, he says:

"You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door-posts. To change habitations is to die to them; and in my time I have died seven deaths."

While Charles Lamb had to endure great sorrows and afflictions through the whole of his life, they did not prevent his giving great comfort and consolations to his friends in their distresses, though he could not always follow his own teaching. Like all men, he had his ideal of life, but no man lives up to his ideal. The best of men are only men at best, and to form a proper estimate of mankind you must not expect too much from them. The following letter was written to Robert Lloyd in answer to a very desponding one received from his friend in 1798:

"My dear Robert,—One passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which

Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that 'this world to you seems drained of all its sweets.' At first I had hoped you only meant to insinuate the high price of sugar, but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, and country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements, have all sweetness by turns. Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you. You possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. . . . You may extract honey from everything; do not go a-gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers, ... who can see no joys but what are past, and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place," etc.

There is a humorous letter addressed to Bernard Barton, November 22nd, 1823. The poet, we suppose, had complained of his liver, and Lamb gives him this consolation:

"You are too much apprehensive of your complaint; I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him), who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two.

"The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can, as ignorant as the world was before Galen, of the inner construction of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save those of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the

circulation of the blood an idle whimsey of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like bad humours. Those medical gentries choose each his favourite part; one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refer to that, whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tampering with hard terms of art—viscosity, scirrhosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors, think how long the Lord Chancellor sits, think of the brooding hen."

Not only could Lamb console his friends in their troubles, pains, and distresses, but he could distil the essence of his own sorrows and troubles into mirth and laughter, but it was not a heartless laughter which left a sting or pang behind. In a letter to Bernard Barton, 1824, he says:

"Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare—a 'whoreson lethargy,' Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do anything, or to be anything—a total deadness and distaste, a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb, soporifical, good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events—a mind stupor—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot and my excuse. . . . O for a vigorous fit of gout, cholic, toothache—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs! Pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this Death! Did

you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine and spirits, and smoking, and snuff, in unsparing quantities; but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Again, in writing to Wordsworth he says, "My bedfellows are cough and cramp. We sleep three in a bed."

That Lamb tried to make light of his own disappointments and failures is shown in a letter to Manning in 1808, where he describes how he went to Drury Lane to see his own farce under the strange title of Mr. H—. How when it was acted the first night, he joined himself in the hisses of the pit when it was damned, and he thus described this madhouse of noises which greeted his own farce:

"How they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes, like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hiss'd me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of Aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow-creatures, who are desirous to please them! Heaven be pleased to make the breath stink and teeth rot out of them all therefore

make them a reproach, and all that pass by them to loll out their tongues at them. Blind mouths! as Milton somewhere calls them."

In some of his letters to Manning there is almost a mad frolicsome humour. When his friend was thinking of going to China in 1803, he wrote him a letter full of delicious banter, of which we give a few disjointed extracts. He says:

"For God's sake don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary;' what are you to do among such Ethiopians? I tremble for your Christianity. They will certainly circumcise you. Some say they are cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! The Tartars really are a cool, insipid, smouchy set; you'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance to keep the fancy *under*. . . . Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi; their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound; to sit at a table not as a guest, but as a meat. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?

"God dispose all for the best, I have discharged my duty."

In the following letter to Manning, dated October 16th, 1800, Lamb writes in his happiest vein:

"I wish you had made London in your way. There is an exhibition quite uncommon in Europe, which could not have escaped *your genius*—a live rattlesnake, ten feet in length, and the thickness of a big leg. I went to see it last night by candle-light. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours at Pentonville. A man and woman and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been

discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half-moon of wired boxes, all mansions of *snakes*—whip-snakes, thunder-snakes, pig-nose snakes, American vipers, and *this monster*. He lies curled up in folds. Immediately a stranger entered (for he is used to the family, and sees them play at cards) he set up a rattle like a watchman's in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head, from the midst of these folds, like a toad, then shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike the wires with my finger, and the devil flew at me with his toad mouth wide open; the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. But it frightened me so much, that I did not recover my voice for a minute's space. I forgot, in my fear, that he was secured. You would have forgot too, for 'tis incredible how such a monster can be confined in small gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish to heaven you could see it. He absolutely swelled with passion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box; and just behind, a little devil, not an inch from my back, had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain, quite through the bars! He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror; but this monster, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his cursed mouth, when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pains all over my body with the fright."

It is interesting to note throughout Lamb's letters how little he thought of literary fame or cared for it. He had none of that ambition which an old writer once compared to a crocodile, that continues to grow to the end of life. He wrote

some of his best essays in order to earn money, and in his lifetime his writings, when published, with one or two exceptions, were unremunerative; and yet his genius was recognised by some of the best authors and critics of his time. Shelley was one of the first to notice the great literary merit of Lamb's writings. In a letter to Leigh Hunt, September 3rd, 1810, referring to a parcel of books which he had received, he says:

"With it came, too, Lamb's Works. I have looked at none of the other books yet. What a lovely thing is his 'Rosamund Gray'! How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest parts of our nature in it! When I think of such a mind as Lamb's—when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?"

That Hazlitt, one of the finest critics of his age, formed very early a high estimate of Lamb's character and genius, is shown in his "Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits," and also in his essays "On the Conversation of Authors" and "Of Persons one would have wished to have seen." Though Hazlitt was one of those proud spirits who build for themselves desolate places, he kept up his friendship of long standing with Lamb to the last.

Macaulay, writing in 1840, after making some severe strictures in the 'Edinburgh Review' on Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," etc., says, "We do not wish to represent him unfairly, for we admire his genius, we love the kind nature which appears in all his writings, and we cherish his

memory as much as if we had known him personally."

No doubt the popularity of Lamb was greatly enhanced by the publication of his letters, etc., by Talford in 1837, followed in 1848 by the "Final Memorials," soon after Mary Lamb's death, which told the story (that could not be given to the world in her lifetime) of Lamb's lifelong martyrdom, of his patient sacrifice, self-submission, and devotion to his sister during her frequent attacks of madness. We are sorry that time will not allow us to record this life's tragedy through his letters. For some time before his death his sister gradually grew worse, and he lived almost alone, although in the same house with her. In two of the last letters to his friends Wordsworth and Miss Fryer, where he mentions his sister, he has told in a few words the tale of his heart-breaking misery. In 1833, writing of his sister, he says, "I see little of her; alas! too often I hear her." And again:

> "When she is not violent her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of the world. Her heart is obscured, not buried; it breaks out occasionally, and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her. Her memory is unnaturally strong and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of names and things that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me. . . . For twelve hours incessantly she will pour out, without intermission, all her past life, forgetting nothing, . . . sense and nonsense; truth and errors huddled together a medley between inspiration and possession."

His sister once said, "Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives." According to their own confession there were times when with difficulty they could live together, and yet there never was a time when they could have lived apart from each other, except in her periods of insanity.

It is impossible in our short space to give a fair selection from the vast correspondence of Charles Lamb, who has been called the prince of letter writers, so as to form a proper estimate of the value to our readers. He has already taken his place as an essayist and critic among the classic authors of his country.

Swinburne says, "For subtle and simple humour, for tender and cordial wit, Lamb's essays and letters have never been approached; as a critic, Coleridge alone has ever equalled or excelled him in delicacy and strength of insight, and Coleridge has excelled or equalled him only when writing on Shakespeare. Of Shakespeare's contemporaries Lamb was as much the better judge as he was the steadier, the deeper, and the more appreciative student. A wise enthusiasm gave only the sharper insight to his love, the keener edge to his judgment; and the rare composition of all such highest qualities as we find scattered or confused in others raised criticism in his case to the level of creation, and made his lightest word more weighty than all the labouring wisdom of any judge less gracious, any reader less inspired than Charles Lamb."

APPENDICES.

No. I.

It has been my good fortune to give two or three of Lamb's unpublished letters to the world, one a very valuable letter to his friend James Kenney, the dramatist, which was first published in my periodical, 'The Archivist,' and I have not seen it printed elsewhere:

"Londres, October, 1816.

"Dear Friends,—It is with infinite regret I inform you that the pleasing privilege of receiving letters, by which I have for these twenty years gratified my friends and abused the liberality of the Company trading to the Orient, is now at an end. A cruel edict of the Directors has swept it away altogether. The devil sweep away their patronage also. Rascals who think nothing of sponging upon their employers for their Venison and Turtle and Burgundy five days in a week, to the tune of five thousand pounds in a year, now find out that the profits of trade will not allow the innocent communication of thought between their underlings and their friends in distant provinces to proceed untaxed, thus withering up the heart of friendship and making the news of a friend's good health worse than indifferent, as tidings to be deprecated as bringing with it ungracious expenses. Adieu, gentle correspondence, kindly conveyance of soul, interchange of love, of opinions, of puns and what not! Henceforth a friend that does not stand in visible or

palpable distance to me, is nothing to me. They have not left to the bosom of friendship even that cheap intercourse of sentiment the twopenny medium. The upshot is, you must not direct any more letters through me. To me you may annually, or biennially, transmit a brief account of your goings on a single sheet, from which after I have deducted as much as the postage comes to, the remainder will be pure pleasure. But no more of those pretty commissions and counter commissions, orders and revoking of orders, obscure messages and obscurer explanations, by which the intellects of Marshall and Fanny used to be kept in a pleasing perplexity, at the moderate rate of six or seven shillings a week. In short, you must use me no longer as a go-between. Henceforth I write up NO THOROUGHFARE.

"Well, and how far is Saint Valery from Paris; and do you get wine and walnuts tolerable; and the vintage, does it suffer from the wet? I take it, the wine of this season will be all wine and water; and have you any plays and green rooms, and Fanny Kellies to chat with of an evening; and is the air purer than the old gravel pits, and the bread so much whiter, as they say? Lord, what things you see that travel! I dare say the people are all French wherever you go. What an overwhelming effect that must have! I have stood one of 'em at a time, but two I generally found overpowering, I used to cut and run; but, then, in their own vineyards may be they are endurable enough. They say marmosets in Senegambia are so pleasant as the day's long, jumping and chattering in the orange twigs; but transport 'em, one by one, over here into England, they turn into monkeys, some with tails, some without, and are obliged to be kept in cages.

"I suppose you know we've left the Temple *pro tempore*. By the way, this conduct has caused strange surmises in a good lady of our acquaintance. She lately sent for a young gentleman of the India House, who lives opposite her at Monroe's, the flute shop in Skinner Street, Snow Hill—I mention no name, you shall never get out of me what lady

I mean,—on purpose to ask all he knew about us. I had previously introduced him to her whist-table, her inquiries embraced every possible thing that could be known of me, how I stood in the India House, what was the amount of my salary, what it was likely to be hereafter, whether I was thought to be clever in business, why I had taken country lodgings, why at Kingsland in particular, had I friends in that road, was anybody expected to visit me, did I wish for visitors, would an unexpected call be gratifying or not, would it be better if she sent beforehand, did anybody come to see me, wasn't there a gentleman of the name of Morgan, did he know him, didn't he come to see me, did he know how Mr. Morgan lived, she never could make out how they were maintained, was it true that he lived out of the profits of a linendraper's shop in Bishopsgate Street (there she was a little right, and a little wrong—M. is a gentleman tobacconist); in short, she multiplied demands upon him till my friend, who is neither over-modest nor nervous, declared he quite shuddered, after laying as bare to her curiosity as an anatomy he trembled to think what she would ask next, my pursuits, inclinations, aversions, attachments (some, my dear friends, of a most delicate nature), she lugged 'em out of him, or would had he been privy to them, as you pluck a horse-bean from its iron stem, not as such tender rosebuds should be pulled. The fact is I am come to Kingsland, and that is the real truth of the matter, and nobody but yourselves should have extorted such a confession from me. I suppose you have seen by the Papers that Manning is arrived in England. He expressed some mortifications at not finding Mrs. Kenney in England. He looks a good deal sunburnt, and is got a little reserved, but I hope it will wear off. You will see by the Papers also that Daws is knighted. He has been painting the Princess of Coborg and her husband. This is all the news I could think of. Write *to* us, but not *by* us, for I have near ten correspondents of this latter description, and one or other comes pouring in every day, till my purse strings

and heart strings crack. Bad habits are not broken at once. I am sure you will excuse the apparent indelicacy of mentioning this, but dear is my shirt, but dearer is my skin, and it's too late when the steed is stole to shut the door.—Well, and does Louisa grow a fine girl, is she likely to have her mother's complexion, and does Tom polish in French air—Henry I mean—and Kenney is not so fidgety, and You sit down sometimes for a quiet half-hour or so, and all is comfortable, no bills (that you call writs) nor anything else (that you are equally sure to miscall) to annoy you. Vive la gaite de cœur et la bell pastime, vive la beau France et revive ma cher Empreur.—C. Lamb.—Address, Mr. Kenney, St. Valery sur Somme, France."

No. II.

The following letter was first published in 'The Archivist.' It is addressed to Miss James, his sister Mary's old and faithful nurse, who lived at 20, Upper Charles Street, Goswell Street Road:

"We have just got your letter. I think Mother Reynolds will go on quietly, Mrs. Scrimpshaw having kittened. The name of the late Laureat was Henry James Pye, and when his 1st Birthday Ode came out, which was very poor, somebody being asked his opinion of it, said:

And when the Pye was open'd
The birds began to sing,
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King!

Pye was brother to old Major Pye, and father to Mrs. Arnold, and uncle to a General Pye, all friends of

Miss Kelly. Pye succeeded Thos. Warton, Warton succeeded Wm. Whitehead, Whitehead succeeded Colley Cibber, Cibber succeeded Eusden, Eusden succeeded Thos. Shadwell, Shadwell succeeded Dryden, Dryden succeeded Davenant, Davenant God knows whom. There never was a Rogers a Poet Laureat; there is an old living Poet of that name, a Banker as you know, Author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' where Moxon goes to breakfast in a fine house in the Green Park, but he was never Laureat. Southey is the present one, and for anything I know or care, Moxon may succeed him. We have a copy of 'Xmas' for you, so you may give your own to Mary as soon as you please. We think you need not have exhibited your mountain shyness before M. B. He is neither shy himself, nor patronizes it in others.—So with many thanks, good-bye. Emma comes on Thursday, C. L.

"The Poet Laureat whom Davenant succeeded was Rare 'Ben Jonson,' who I believe was the first regular Laureat with the appointment of £100 a year and a Butt of Sack or Canary—so add that to my little list.—C. L."

No. III.

There is another interesting letter which came into my possession, which is not published in his works. It is addressed to Moxon—it is undated.

"Dear M—,—As I see no blood-marks on the Green Lanes Road, I conclude you got in safe skins home. Have you thought of inquiring Miss Wilson's change of abode? Of the 2 copies of my drama, I want one sent to Wordsworth, together with a copy of Hone's 'Table Book,' for which I shall be your debtor till we meet. Perhaps

Longman will take charge of this parcel. The other is for Coleridge at Mr. Gilman's Grove, Highgate, which may be sent, or if you have a curiosity to see him you will make an errand with it to him, and tell him we mean very soon to come and see him, if the Gilmans can give or get us a bed. I am ashamed to be so troublesome. Pray let Hood see the 'Eclectic Review'—a rogue. The 2nd part of the Blackwood's you can make waste paper of.—Yours truly, C. L."

THE LAST MUNICIPAL ELECTION AT POMPEI.

BY JOSEPH OFFORD, M.S.B.A.

[Read February 24th, 1904.]

About 420 B.C. the Greco-Oscan city of Pompei was taken by the Samnites, a warlike people who adopted the language and culture of the Oscan inhabitants. These Samnite-Oscan citizens and their descendants created, under Greek influence, the civilisation to which we owe the finest monuments that have been preserved in the buried city; and the decorative style of art, so far as it is peculiar to Pompei, is the result of their mingled culture. Subsequent to the third Samnite war, the city fell, 291 B.C., under the political domination of Rome, but it was not completely placed beneath the Roman yoke until the time of Sulla, B.C. 80. Under the republic and early empire it had become an important town, possessing some 30,000 inhabitants, when it was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake in A.D. 63. Rebuilt by the energy of its citizens, it was only just completely restored, to be again, after sixteen years, destroyed by the great eruption of Vesuvius.

Some remembrance of the volcanic danger must have been preserved in the part of Campania around

Vesuvius, for Vitruvius in his 'History of Architecture,' ii, 6, says, "It is stated that in former times the heat increased so under Mount Vesuvius and became so great that fire was vomited forth over the fields all around." *

A confirmation of this has been one of the most interesting discoveries in Italy of the present century. During archæological excavations on the eastern slope of Vesuvius last year there were found the remains of an elegant Roman villa of the time of Augustus. It was some feet below the surface of the soil, covered by long cultivated fields. It is not, however, below even a thin layer of ashes or lava, showing that, as was stated at the time, the eruption which destroyed Herculaneum, Pompei, and Stabiae, did not injure places to the east of the mountain. But the newest and most important information these researches present is that by further digging below the villa it was ascertained that one and a half metres beneath the ground, on which it had been erected, there was a stratum of ashes, under which again are prehistoric tombs. This layer of ashes therefore is the record of an eruption centuries before that of A.D. 79, and one whose destructive effects were distributed in the opposite direction. This confirms the statement of antiquaries that the Sarno Valley possesses remains of ancient villages destroyed in very early times by a volcanic eruption.

The visitor who saunters along the narrow streets and lanes, or courts, of Pompei, now after 18[illegible]

* The note inserted by Vitruvius, without any mention of the catastrophe of A.D. 79, is an indirect proof, but decisive one, of his work having been written in the early years of Vespasian.

years available to the pedestrian, notices upon the walls and pillars, between the doors and windows of private and public dwellings and edifices, numerous Latin inscriptions in cursive writing placed about six feet above the pavement.

If he patiently decipher them for himself, a matter requiring considerable scholarship, or study their contents in the work of some learned author who has enlarged upon them, he will discover that almost all these texts are electioneering advertisements connected with various municipal offices of the city.

Thus in the volume of the 'Corpus Inscriptionem Latinorum,' published as long ago as 1871, out of 1450 Pompeian texts, about 1350 are of political import. If we omit the "Bankers' receipt tablets" from records since edited, subsequent finds present to us the same proportion of political texts.

These electioneering "*graffiti*" do not, however, all connect themselves with the elections shortly preceding the volcanic catastrophe, or those which would have been held had it not taken place, but relate to several elections; and some 10 per cent. of them, written in larger letters and ruder script than the others, date from the time of Augustus, or perhaps earlier, indicating that this means of electioneering was, as we know from the classics, common for a considerable period.* These older texts, however, only reveal themselves in cases where the whitewash, or stucco, flaking off from the tufa

* One of the earliest of these electoral inscriptions is that in 'Cor. Ins. Lat.,' iv, No. 36, N . BARCHA . II . V . V . BO . VFITAV . BEIS . VENVS POMP . SACRA . N(umerium) Barcha(m) II v(irum) v(irum) B(onum) o(ru) v(os) f(aciatis)ita v(o)beis Venus Pomp(eiana) sacra [sancta propitia sit].

brick walls, discloses them beneath. Though the city of Rome may have had an "Official Journal" engrossed by literary slaves, in which electoral notices were published, a small town such as Pompei could not be so favoured.* The cheap process of modern printing was then undreampt of, and circularising unknown; so the advice to voters and claims of the various candidates were inscribed upon the house-walls of their clients, supporters, and friends.

After the election some doubtless would be white-washed over, whilst others upon the residences of shopkeepers and tenants of a competitor would purposely be suffered to remain, to remind the patron or owner of the loyalty of their occupants.

How long some such were unobliterated it is difficult to define, because at Pompei almost all the inscriptions preserved, except the very few old ones alluded to, date from the year 63 A.D. to that of the eruption, and the majority from an election held only a few months before. The reason why they abruptly terminate in 63 A.D. is that in that year the terrible earthquake destroyed or damaged well nigh all the city, therefore the edifices covered up by Vesuvius in the final disaster are either entirely new or renovated.† When we consider that the list

* Tacitus says the daily "Acta" were much read at Rome, especially at meal times, and Dion Cassius tells us Livia took care that a list of her morning callers should be published in the "Annals."

† For the rebuilding of Pompei, doubtless after the earthquake, the ancient inscribed sepulchral stela from the cemetery outside the Porta Marina appear to have been utilised, for the following text was found in 1898, upon a stone that had been used for building material:

"P. Maccius L(uci) f(ilius) L(ucio) Maccio Papi filio patri Spellae

of these electoral inscriptions amounts to about 1500, connected with more than a hundred candidates, that only half of the town is as yet disinterred, and that those preserved relate to so short a period, some idea may be formed of the popularity of this method of canvassing. No citizen could promenade Pompei without becoming familiar with the names of those seeking, or who had previously sought, municipal honours, and as the coveted title and office of Decurion—that is to say, membership of the Communal Committee, of which there were a hundred members—was most likely to be attained by previous service in municipal matters, the names of all the Decurions were common property, the attention of citizens having from time to time been called to them by electoral manifestoes.

Like the numerous "Municipia" and "Colonia" of the Empire, Pompei possessed civic autonomy; but whilst, usually, there were three Collegia of Magistrates, each with dual chief functionaries, Pompei had but two, the Aediles and the Duumvirs.*

In all municipia there used also to be two Quaestors, or Treasurers of the city's funds. At Pompei these

ovi f(iliae) matri Epidae A(uli) f(iliae) uxori . T Maccius Velasianus, et P. Maccius Mamianus Fubzanus h(eredes) reposuerunt de suo."

The name Fubzanus, probably of Oscan origin, is curious, and the whole inscription is cut in very archaic style.

* Mr. Eustace Neville Rolfe, B.A., in his book upon Pompei, 3rd edition, 1899, says:

"The duty of the Aediles was to act as borough magistrates and police commissioners; they also superintended the supply of provisions to the public and the market arrangements, and were responsible for the conduct of all public games. They had further to see that temples and public buildings were kept in proper order, and private houses whose condition was dangerous were put in proper repair. Their powers were very considerable, and they were able to enforce their orders by prosecution and fine. Thus in time of

financial offices seem to have been fulfilled by the Duumvirs. Dr. Mau, the greatest living authority upon Pompei, says that in the earlier Samnite period there was one Quaestor. The city being governed by a judicial assembly—Kombennion, coventus—presided over by a Medixtucticus and beneath him the Quaestor and two Aediles.*

The franchise was open to all burgesses, and practically universal, but the decision did not rest with the enumeration of individual votes, but by the voting cast by each tribe or electoral bureau, corresponding to the territorial sub-divisions of the city. That is to say, the majority of *curia* votes carried the candidates.

At Rome the municipal magistrates were elected not by the populace, but the Senate. If Pompei had been governed in the same manner, her officers would have been elected by the Decurions, or their municipal senate, but this was not the case. Light is thrown upon this subject by two inscriptions proving that Domitian in A.D. 82—84, presented privileges to two Spanish towns, Salpensa and Malaga, permitting their citizens to elect their own

scarcity the Aedile could at once punish any individual who was hoarding his corn in hopes of a rise in price and cause the hoard to be issued to the public. The main object which the Aedile always kept in view was by splendid entertainments to secure votes for higher offices of state. Under him worked the Duumviri."

It is doubtful whether this is precisely accurate; we hardly know how much of these duties were delegated to the Aedile and Duumvirs by the Decurions, and how far they appertained to the Duumvirs as much as to the Aediles. The latter seemed to have possessed the power of issuing warrants to arrest criminals, or perhaps of doing so without that formality. M. Gusman says they too were responsible for the good drainage of the city.

* Mediss tovtiks, chief administrative officer.

magistrates, and this was precisely the Pompeian plan.

The nature of the Pompeian electoral "*graffiti*" proves this, for the majority ask the average citizen (not the Decurions) "oro vos faciates;" that is, "I request you to nominate so-and-so as Duumvir or Aedile."* Further still, we have inscriptions stating that such and such a person had nominated or would vote for a candidate, published of course with the object of inducing others to do likewise. There are records of the exercise of the franchise by persons of such humble positions that they could not have been Decurions.

For instance, one is a Designatore; that is, a "steward," or "usher," who maintained order among the spectators at the theatre, and who possibly led the "claque" at suitable moments, and who certainly would not have been acceptable or eligible for a seat on the Municipal Council.

Finally, we have a text stating that "Paquius Proculus had been unanimously elected by the *inhabitants* of Pompei as Duumvir."

In passing it should be noted that two words are used in the invitations to electors, "Rogare" and "Facere." Their *precise* differentiation is somewhat difficult, but there can be no doubt the first

* From the Roman Conquest by Sulla to the commencement of the Empire the title of Aedile seems to have been dropped or avoided, because it would remind the citizens of the autonomy when independent, and in munimental texts they appear as "duumviri v. a. sacr. p. proc." This almost certainly is the abbreviation of "duumviri viis, aedibus sacris publicis procurandis," Duumvirs in charge of the streets, temples, and public religious festivals. But "Aediles" occur in this period once or twice in electoral graffiti, showing it was in verbal use, and the term soon returned again to official acceptance.

was the correct word to use before a candidate's nomination, and official presentation or "professio nominis," and was intended not only to secure him nomination votes, but also to induce him to stand; whilst "*faceo*" was the appropriate term subsequent to the declaration list of the candidates, and was an urgent recommendation to electors to proceed to the poll. The signification of the two words cannot be precisely similar, because both occur in one recommendatory inscription. Thus 'Cor. Ins. Lat.,' iv, 699, says: "C Julium Polybium Aed-Licinius Romanus Rogat et Facit." It follows from the above facts that inscriptions relating to the same candidature which have the verb rogare, are slightly anterior to those using facere. A person who claims to have been the first to advocate a candidate therefore must necessarily use rogare. Accordingly we have this text: M HOLCONIVM PRISCVM AED. PRIMVS ROGAT PROCVLVS. One text uses volunt, as synonymous with rogant; and once rogare is replaced by cupere.

Like our civic terms in Britain, Pompeian municipal elections were annual, taking place in March, the officials for the past year rendering their accounts and vacating their posts on the last day of the succeeding June, the new members taking over affairs on July 1st.

The posts which had to be filled were four, two Duumvirs and two Aediles, who were for some purposes united into a "Collegium" of four, and in the inscriptions promulgating municipal ordinances are sometimes entitled the "IVviri."

The destruction of Pompei occurred upon August 23rd and 24th, so the four magistrates had been in office

nearly eight weeks, and elected five months before. The texts prove to us that at the fated city's final election eleven candidates contested the seats, seven for Aedileship and four for the Duumvirate.* This contest has produced in the moiety of the city excavated about 750 *graffiti* for this last election, making approximately 1500 manifestoes for the whole city of from 12,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, including slaves. So the event was not productive of very intense civic excitement. Though both Duumvirs and Aediles assumed office upon July 1st, they were not elected upon the same date in March, but the Aediles were voted for first, then the Duumvirs. Every fifth year the contests for the latter posts became keener, because quinquennially the Duumvirs revised the list of Decurions, or 100 civic councillors; and in those years it was customary, in order to obtain experienced men solely, to elect as Duumvirs only those who had adorned that office previously. As they could not have originally become Duumvirs without previously serving as Aediles, these quinquennial Duumvirs were the wisest of all the city's magistrates.

If the electoral franchise was wide, it was not so

* Until an inscription found in 1902, adding M. Samellius Modestus to the candidates for Aedile for A.D. 79, it was thought the number that year was only ten for the two offices. The new text associates Modestus with C. Helvius Sabinus, who we know was a candidate for Aedile in A.D. 79. It reads, "CN . HELVIVM . SABINVM . ET . M . SAMELLIVM . MODESTVM . AEDiles Dignum Re Publica Ora Vos Faciatis." The other text reads, "M. Samellium Modestum Aedilis viis aedibus sacris publiciis procurandis vicini rogant" (see 'Revue Archéologique,' 1902, p. 446). This view is confirmed by another inscription, No. 1169 of the Pompei Texts, which associates Samellius to be voted for jointly with L. Albucius for the dual Aedileship, and Albucius we know ran for the post in A.D. 79.

facile to possess the necessary qualifications for candidature. The intending member had to be twenty-five years of age at least,* must not be a freed man, and in some cities (we are not sure whether this was a Pompeian rule) must not be the son of such. He had to be possessed of a fortune of 100,000 sesterces at the least, or about £800. Sometimes a city selected the Emperor as their representative on their council, as a proof of their loyalty, and perhaps in hope of favours it might cause to be bestowed; it being quite understood he could not personally serve, but was, if elected, to be represented by a prefect he would select to act on his behalf. In both A.D. 34 and 40, Caligula was a Duumvir of Pompei, and the duties of the office were carried out in his name by a prefect.

As a thankoffering for the honour received it was also necessary to promise a sum legally fixed, which, for fear of accidents and in anticipation of success, had to be deposited before entering upon office, to be given to the public games fund, or for some work of civic utility.

No pecuniary emolument attached to office, and no limit was placed upon the amount the holders thereof might spend during their term. Consequently only wealthy men coveted the posts, as a rule, and many vied with each other in the generosity, or prodigality, of their expenditure, each and all endeavouring to transmit their name to posterity;

* There were exceptions. 'Corpus Ins. Lat.,' x, 846 tells us N. Popidius Celsinus, although aged six, was by the Municipal Senate accorded the Decurionship, because at his expense he rebuilt the temple of Isis after the earthquake.

or, for the sake of popular acclamation, perhaps with the hope of attracting the notice of the Imperial authorities at the capital, endeavoured to become famous by their benefactions. The magnificent monuments and edifices of Roman cities testify to the benevolence of their citizens, whilst classic authors and innumerable inscriptions describe the fêtes, gladiatorial combats, and immense donations bestowed.

These extravagances brought their own nemesis in preventing, very probably, the worthier citizens from desiring municipal honours. Thus in some cases a scarcity of candidates occurred; then persons were nominated against their protests, and compelled to serve.*

In A.D. 79, at Pompei and elsewhere, however, this evil does not seem to have occurred, and the difficulty feared was the multiplicity of candidates in provincial cities. Thus corruption of the electorate had to be guarded against, and for this purpose severe electoral laws were promulgated. For two years before becoming candidates they were forbidden to distribute donations to the people or to give public festivals, and were even prohibited from entertaining more than nine persons at a private banquet. If a candidate or one of his clients, practically his "election agent," infringed these regulations, the fine was 5000 sesterces, about £40. Needless to say these enactments were not adhered

* Dr. Mau says a nominated candidate had the right to himself nominate a second candidate for the same vacancy, and that second candidate could suggest a third; but how the final adjudication of the post to one of them was decided he does not state.

to by wealthy men—the penalty was paltry to them if enforced, and few, if any, cared to incur their influential enmity by causing it to be inflicted.

Though nominally the elections were supposed to be carried by the efforts of the several arrondissements, or wards (curia),* and individual efforts on the part of clients and friends of the candidates, the really decisive influence appears to have laid with the "*Hetaeriae*," or associations of all descriptions, "*Collegia*," or clubs and guilds. The Hetaeriae, or secret brotherhoods, were severely prescribed by law, but, notwithstanding, flourished everywhere, playing a great part in all provincial city life, and even the all-powerful Caesars dreaded their influence. The Collegia did not so strictly fall beneath the ban of the law, but were carefully watched.

Both Hetaeriae and Collegia, Tacitus tells us, were particularly rampant at Pompei, and in A.D. 59, after the gladiatorial games, the rivalry between them and those of the neighbouring town of Nuceria gave rise to a sanguinary combat at Pompei. All the latter's associations were abolished or dissolved for ten years, new ones forbidden, and even to apply for authorisation was a crime.

Probably they flourished in private; at all events, twenty years after, at the date of the eruption, they, whether illicit or not, were in full force and apparently ran the electoral machine — a sort of Tammany *régime* not unknown to modern history.

* A suburb might, like an association, run a candidate on its own account, as a district; for a text says, "The inhabitants of the Pagus Campanus ask for the election of Marcus Epidius Sabinus as Aedile."

Among the guild corporations, or "Sodalicia," there were the wood-workers, "lignari;" the fruit-sellers, "pomari;" the vendors of chickens, pigeons, and other birds, "gallenari;" the fishers, "piscicapi;" the perfumers, "unguentari;" barbers, "tonsores;" tavern-keepers, "caupones;" dyers, and others.

Probably by pre-arrangement a guild would run one candidate only,* out of trade interest. That is to say, for each office; for at the same election the lignari ran Cuspius Pansa for Aedile and Holconius Priscus for Duumvir; inscriptions inform us for the A.D. 79 election, which personages the tonsores, unguentari, caupones, and dyers favoured. Perhaps, however, some of the notices were not written up by the Sodalicia to direct their members whom to vote for, but were an appeal from the candidate, most likely a member of the guild whose suffrages he craved. The texts are short, such as "Caupones facere," "Unguentari facere," and so on, and may be read as originating from either cause. The Collegia and Hetaeriae, clubs, exercised more direct and presumably powerful pressure. Many of these bodies were recruited among the lower ranks and evil members of society, and enrolment involved abject obedience. Some of course were athletic or convivial affairs, such as the ball-players, "piticrepi;" the "*bon viveurs*," or late drinkers; the long sleepers (or late risers), "universi dormientes;" the little thieves, "furunculi."

The late (or deep) drinkers had their head-quarters in the street of the Augustales, near the Forum, at a

* The electoral appeals make this a point in their phraseology, "Lignares Universi" (rogant).

"tavern" kept by one Edon; and we can still read over his shop door, "Here you can have a drink for one 'as'" (about three farthings), "he who pays two shall have a better draught. What will you pay to drink some Falernian?" *

EDONE . DICIT
ASSIBVS . HIC
BIBITVR . DIPVNDIVM
SIDIDERIS . MELIORA
BIBES . QVANTVM
SIDIDERIS . VINA . F.
FALERNA . BIB.

Two houses further on, at No. 13, a candidate is lauded by the thieves' club, and a little beyond by the "prolonged sleepers." It will be obvious that though these collections of gentry were diverse in title they might all be classed as "*bon vivants.*" It is all in the nature of things that late drinkers should be sound sleepers, and that these birds of the night should congregate near the thieves.

It is evident that this worthy trio of Hetaeriae found a patriot fitted to represent their exquisite civic sensibilities, and pre-eminent virtues, in one M. Cerrinius Vatia, who, strangely enough, was also recommended by the Lictors Society, the very corporate embodiment of justice. Perhaps he reckoned the vices of the one were palliated by the virtues of the others. But whether he would reall-

* The value of maturing wine by age was well appreciated by the Pompeians. An amphora of wine found at Pompei is dated in the consulship of G. Cornelius Lentulus and Marcus Asinius Agrippa, fifty years before the city's destruction.

have proved an acquisition to the municipal magisterial bench is open to grave doubt.*

The association of the inebriates with the Ladrones seems sometimes to have led to disastrous results, for a tavern-keeper, one Varus, announcing the stealing of a wine flagon, offered a reward of sixty-five sesterces for its restoration, and double that amount for the arrest of the thief: "Urna vinaria periit de taberna sei eam quis retulerit dabuntur H.S. lxv sei furem qui abduxerit dabitur duplum a Vario."

It would appear that a candidate of the late sleepers had been elected an Aedile on some occasion, for a certain Macerior, who should have been a member of the fraternity, wrote a graffito as follows:—"Macerior requests the Aedile to prevent the people from making a noise in the streets, disturbing the good folks who are asleep."

A much more legitimate political influence was that of the Gens, or tribal family, who as a rule naturally voted for a member of their own tribe, and the notices recommended this tie as a reason for exercising the franchise in the person's favour. Cn Helvius Sabinus was candidate of the Helvia gens. More powerful than it was the great Popidia gens, whose lineage was of high antiquity. An A. V. Popidius had been Quaestor when the portico in front of the Basilica was built, whilst Pompei was still an Oscan city before it became a Roman Colonia. A magnificent mansion, owned at the date of the

* Dr. Mau has recently suggested these texts representing a candidate as favoured by the thieves, or dissipated members of society, were really imaginary inscriptions intended to injure the aspirant referred to.

eruption by N. Popidius Priscus, had so long been the property of the family that it contained an Oscan inscription in one of the small inner apartments that must have escaped destruction at the earthquake.

The most important Gens was that of the Holconii, whose members are mentioned in scores of inscriptions, as will be shown in enumerating the candidates of the A.D. 79 election.

Quite another valuable electoral interest was that of the religious sects, or votaries of the various deities.

The favourite god of Pompei had been Venus, and her fervent followers, the "*Veneri*," were numerous in the city. It had even been called "Colonia Veneria Cornelia Pompeianorum," but in the first century of our era the Roman Pantheon had been invaded by the gods of Egypt, just as in the previous one the deities of Greece and Syria had been acclimatised in Italy, and Isis vied with Venus in the votaries adhering to her cult. Her sanctuary was near the theatre, and her adorers were united in an association named "Isiaci." Her worship was novel, a recommendation to the satiated sensuality of many so-called religions of Southern Italy.* To the effete Pompeians, as to the Romans, it proffered many celestial felicities without requiring much earthly morality, to infer the facts as mildly as possible, and, needless to add, its members were numerous. Its mysteries, founded upon Egyptian

* The physical joy of life was all in all to these gay citizens. An inscription thus sets forth their view of earthly felicity, "Nemo est bellus nisi qui amavit;" and a second sums up the question thus, "Quisquis amat valeat, pereat qui parcit amare."

myths whose original meaning was lost, had the advantage of being incomprehensible. The cult of the Lotus and similar effeminicities resembled certain aesthetic vagaries of modern so-called culture.

The Isiaci recommended plumping for Cuspius Pansa and Helvius Sabinus, "CN . HELVIVM . SABINVM . AED . ISIACI . VNIVERSI . ROG. . . . ." The Veneri, Popidius Secundus for Aedile and Ceius Secundus for Duumvir. But the Veneri went further than mere human advocacy, alleging that the goddess herself recommended the candidate "VENVS . CASELLIVM . AED."

If divine patronage from Aphrodite and the "Spouse of Osiris" was valuable, the influence of the fair sex, whose conversation and charms were present and actual, potently contributed to success. Ladies, although they had no votes, entered into the struggle with energy, and their appeals to electors went straight to the point, using naïve arguments calculated to go home to the hearts of their readers. Statia and Petronia fancy Casellius and Albucius, so add, "May we in perpetuity find such citizens in our colony." Their reason for advocating Casellius may be that of the following inscription:—"Casellius should prove an excellent Aedile, for he will give such magnificent games."* However regrettable,

* The orchestra of the smaller, or comic, theatre was magnificently paved with coloured marbles. An inscription in bronze letters informs us that Marcus Oculatius Verus defrayed the cost, as a gift to the city, instead of (pro ludis) giving public games, on his accession to office as Duumvir. The neighbouring city of Herculaneum has preserved for us an inscription directing the officers of the Collegium of the Libertini there, named from Jupiter Compagus, to expend their funds upon improvements of public benefit and utility

truth compels the statement that some of the political ladies were of more than doubtful reputation. One of them who begs suffrages for her friend kept a little drinking shop in Consularis Street, and the names of others intimate to students they were freed-women. Hence perhaps a lady of high position, hesitating to proclaim her name, says, "His darling ('animula') advises Claudius." This gentleman probably was Ti Claudius Verus; if so, his final title is omitted, so that close friends or residents in the district would detect the person intended, and perhaps recognise the lady, whilst others not know either. Nothing we can yet trace in Pompeian inscriptions reveals the lady to us.

Frequently husband and wife united their names in a recommendation, indicating a conjugal unanimity in political matters as pattern for citizens of later times. A candidate, Sabinus, twice receives this dual advocacy, from a certain Thalamus and Recepta, and from Rufinus and Parthenope. The latter couple were persons of note.

Lest it be thought that all interests possible of enlistment in the cause of civic patriotism have been exhausted, we now turn to the utilisation of the muses. The very latest text disinterred of electoral

rather than upon games. It is known as the "Lex Pagana of Herculaneum."

"Pagus Herculaneus scivit a(d) X Terminalia, conlegium, seive magistrei Iovei Compagei(sunt), utei in porticum paganam reficiendam pequniam consumerent ex lege pagana, arbitratu Cn Laetori . Cn . f magistrei pagei, uteique ei conlegio, seive magistri sunt Iovei Compagei, locus in teatro esset tam quasei sei ludos fecissent. 'Cor. Ins. Lat.,' i, 571, and x, 3772.

import is the product of a poet, and depends also upon artistic effort, for in flamboyant red letters, upon a house in the fifth Regio that belonged to Lucretius Fronto, a supporter of his indites the following verse:

"SI . PVDOR . IN . VITA . QVICQVAM . PRODESSE . PVTATVR
LVCRETIVS . HIC . FRONTO . DIGNVS . HONORE . BENE . EST."

The muse of this political poet was not quite perfect in the pentameter, but the "hic," which interrupts the rhythm, is not to be regretted, because it decides for us the ownership of the mansion upon which it is inscribed.

A curious verse in the Pompei volume of the 'Corpus' Dr. Lanciani terms a centipede rather than a hexameter: "A Vettium Caprasium Felicem* aedilem Balbe rogamus." But there was a poet at Pompei, for the following lines were found there:—"Alliget hic auras si quis obiurgat amantes. Et vetat assiduas, currere fontis aquas."

"Whoever has a mind
To hinder lover's ways;
Let him go zephyrs bind,
Or running waters stay."

* In 1898, in the 9th Regio, Insula III, some stucco fell off a building revealing a new inscription relating to Vettius Caprasius Felix, almost certainly not the A. C. Felix who had been Duumvir in A.D. 74, for the Aedileship was always a preliminary office to the Duumvirate, and the new text is a recommendation for Aedileship. Moreover, it is written in red, a sign of antiquity at Pompei. It reads:

"A . VETTIVM . CAPRASIVM . FELICEM . AED(ilem) V(iis) A(edibus) SACR(is) P(ublicis) P(rocurandis) VICINI ROGANT."

The amplification here is that of M. Willems. Avellini would read, "Urbi annonae solemnibus publice procurandis;" and Henzen, "Viis annonae sacris publicis procurandis."

If every conceivable weapon was thus used in the contests, no wonder Cicero wrote, "It was easier to become a Senator of Rome than a Decurion at Pompei." *

These electioneering addresses were not only advantageous to the candidates, but an advertisement for their writers, just as, with an eye to business, the printer places his name at the corner of modern bills. Many of the scribes appear to have been artists by profession, and doubtless stooped to write these notices because it was such lucrative work.† Two of these writers were "flag painters" named Florus and Fructus. One, if we may judge by his name of Protogenes, was one of those many Greek art workers who came from Hellas to Italy, seeking commissions from wealthy Roman patrons. Some scribes possessed such reputation that for an election they secured more

* The paucity of Pompeian poets prompted the utilisation of Roman ones. Thus we have a hexameter each of Propertius and Ovid united thus with emendations suiting the special occasions:

"Candida me docuit nigras odisse puellas.
Odero si potero: Sed non invitus amabo."
(See Eleg. I, 1—5, and Amor. III, 11—15.)

A singular instance of the adaptation of two couplets from the same authors of similar meaning to each other, and the uniting them together, occurs in a Pompeian graffito. The first is from Ovid (Amor. I, viii, 77); the second from Propertius (Eleg. IV, v, 47):

"Surda sit oranti tua janua, laxa ferenti;
Audiat exclusi verba receptus amans.
Janitor ad dantis vigilet: si pulsat inanis,
Surdus in obductam somniet usque seram."

† One writer, who tells us, in the inscription in which he records his name, that he wrote it by moonlight, was Aemilius Celer, and we happen to be able to identify his residence, for upon a house, in the north-eastern part of the ninth region, is written, "Aemilius Celer, hic habitat."

commands than they were capable of carrying out, and so obtained assistance from fellow-artists. Such a person, one Infantio, appears to have been overwhelmed with scribal commissions for the last contest, for he tells us, "The announcements beneath are delineated by Infantio, with the assistance of Florus, Fructus, and Sabinus, here and at other places."

The rest of the text is an appeal for Cerrinius Vatia, all of whose notices are beautifully written, probably at special expense.

Finally in this connection, sometimes the white-washer, or preparer, of the stucco has his name added by the writer "*Scripsus Issus Dealbatore Onesimo.*" *

The arrangements for deciding a tie between candidates were curious. A married one defeated a single man; if both were married, he with children conquered one without them; if both had families, the largest family man won; if by extraordinary coincidence they were equal upon all these points, it was settled by lot.

As in later times, "undue influence" may have been exercised; for instance, an employer of labour, a certain Saturninus, recommends Cuspius Pansa, in

* Generally an elector in these notices is advised, or advises, only one candidate out of the four to be elected. Frequently, however, two are referred to, sometimes three, as in a text where Casellius and Albucius are selected for Aediles with Holconius for Duumvir. For the final election no list for all four has been found; though for that of A.D. 77 such a one is extant, and also for a few others.

SVETTIVM CVM . EPIDIO
II VIR . I . D . O . V . F . DIG . SVNT
HERENNIVM ET VERVM
AED . O . V . F .

his own name and those of all his apprentices.* He was an artist in bronzes, and some of the beautiful ornaments in Pansa's Villa may have come from his workshop.

The workmen or apprentices of Helvius Sabinus appear to have voluntarily advocated the claims of their employer upon voters, for upon a column in front of the Basilica they wrote, "Sabinum Aed. Discentes Rogant" ('Cor. In. Lat.' iv, 673). There, however, was much electoral freedom. Thus the rich young auctioneers, commission agents, and bankers, Quintus and Sextus Jucundus, favoured for Decurion the candidature of Holconius, or certainly one of them did so; but the neighbours, although probably supported as tradesmen by the brothers, did not hesitate to write up at their door a request for them to vote for another candidate, whom further inscriptions all around in their district lauded. Naturally, great importance would be attached to the advocacy of any personage connected with the Imperial Court at Rome. Dr. Mau has brought together three notices stating that Suedius Clemens favoured the election of Epidius Sabinus as Duumvir. These statements were eminently calculated to influence voters, because Suedius Clemens was the Commissioner sent from Rome by Vespasian to decide upon the dispute as to the ownership of certain plots of land; and had adjudicated in favour of the restitution to the city of some areas claimed

* C . CVSPIVM . PANSAM
AED . D . R . (P) O . V . F . SATURNINVS
CVM . DISCENTES . ROG .
('Corpus Inscrip. Latin.,' iv, 20, 275).

by private persons. The inscription informs us:—"Ex autoritate imp. Caesaris Vespasiani Aug. loca publica a privatis possessa. T Suedius Clemens tribunus causis cognitis et mensuris factis rei publicae Pompeianorum restituit.

Great and wealthy families carried much local weight. In the south of the city the two Secundi had numerous supporters because of the influence upon his neighbours of a certain L. Caecilius Capella, who lived in the Amphitheatre Road; and other collections of texts by districts reveal similar valuable connections for candidates with their affluent friends and relatives.*

Pompei had originally been an Oscan city, and there appears to have been a clannish spirit among the old Oscan families almost to the last, for in an electoral recommendation for one of the earlier contests the backer of the candidate spells his name in Oscan style, from right to left; the latter form an interesting proof of the primal derivation of writing in Italy from a Semitic alphabet.†

The more frequented a shop or dwelling was likely to be, the greater its suitability for electoral notices. Thus the house of Titus Genealis Infantio,

* That power and riches in these cases were sometimes united with gracious demeanour may be inferred from a text which condemns one Rufus, who proudly promenaded with a staff, whilst members of the great Vibii family, notwithstanding their wealth and grandeur, it says, never appeared in public with staff or sceptre.

† There are some six Oscan inscriptions at Pompei, which owing to our inadequate knowledge of the language have given rise to much discussion. They are considered by Herr Degering to be directions to Oscan troops to proceed to certain points of the fortifications. Dr. Mau contests this view, and thinks they refer to places in the market. All are written from right to left.

a baker and pastrycook whose confections apparently were celebrated, was particularly utilised for inscriptions. The majority of them, however, concern a single candidate, Vatia.

Sometimes peculiar reasons are suggested for voting. One reads, "Proculus vote for Sabinus, he will vote for you (Sabinum aedilem, Procule, fac, et ille te faciet)." Another, much more proper, relating to an earlier election, promises the candidate "Will safeguard the public funds (Hic aerarium conservabit)." Some others are very concise, just a call to duty, perhaps written on the eve of the poll. "Ubonius vigila," or "Attalus you're asleep, Suellius is awake." In the notices preserved from early times the praise of the candidate is most modest, the two letters V. B., for virum bonum, being all that is added. As a specimen this may be given, "Publium Furium duumvirum virum bonum oro vos facite." In the later texts, the initial letters D. R. P. for "Dignum re publica," "worthy of public office," appear as a favorite formula of panegyric.

Next door to Jucundus the Banker lived Marcus Vesonius Primus, who appears to have been a most enthusiastic local politician, to judge by the number of electoral advices he inscribed on his mansion. He evidently entertained high opinions of several personages craving municipal honours. He says of Gnaeus Helvius—"Vesonius Primus urges his election as aedile; a man worthy of public office." Of Gavius Rufus, he requests his election as duumvir, "A man serviceable to public interests, do elect him, I beg of you."

Again, "Primus, the Fuller, asks the election of

Lucius Ceius Secundus as Duumvir, with judiciary authority." Also, "Primus and his household are working for the election of Gnaeus Helvius Sabinus as aedile." So the interests in local politics were quite a family affair. As the election day approached the appeal increased in urgency, and such terms are used as: fac facias, fave, or officium commoda.

A pleasing phase in the contest is the total absence of accusations and damaging imputations against the competitors, so regrettable a feature of the modern press on such occasions.* It is legitimate to suppose the career of several of the persons seeking suffrages at Pompei was not free from blame, and their lapses from strict integrity must have been no secret to many, and suspected by more; but no use of such information is made in these numerous texts upon the walls. Another feature of them upon which we must congratulate the Pompeians is that the ardent and excitable advertisements for the Aedileship candidates contrast strikingly with the calm appeals to vote for the Duumvirate. The latter were the dispensers of justice, and the candidates appear to have abstained from all personal calls upon their supporters by means of these inscriptional appeals, and it would seem that the citizens aimed at placing the election

* Unless Dr. Mau is correct in thinking the notices of support for the disreputable Hetaeriae have this basis, but if his view is correct they were more probably inscribed in jest than malice. A non-complimentary remark as to persons neglecting to vote for a candidate is to be noted.

QVINTIOM SI QVI RECVSAT
ASSIDAT AD ASINVM

of judges upon a higher plane than the ordinary contest for municipal office.

The total number of candidates referred to in these inscriptions is about 120. This number is less than the total quantity of requests for candidates, because some of these notices apply to the same personages when they put up for the Aedileship and subsequently for the Duumvirate.

In case this account of municipal matters at Pompei has evoked sufficient interest to make readers desire to know the names of those who contested the election in the spring of that year of which many a citizen never saw the end, their names are here given. It should be borne in mind that the Pompeians, like the Romans in the earlier period, possessed three names—a praenomen, nomen gentilicium, and cognomen. The second was the tribal-gens, family title. Generally the praenomen and gentilicium descended from parent to son. The first seven posed for the Aedileship, the last four for the Duumvirate. They were as follows:—M. Cassellius Marcellus, M. Cerrinnius Vatia, L. Popidius Secundus, C. Cuspius Pansa, C. Helvius Sabinus, L. Albucius Celsus, M. Sammellius Modestus, M. Holconius Priscus, L. Ceius Secundus, C. Gavius Rufus, and C. Calventius Sittius Magnus.*

Of these, the member of the most illustrious Pompeian family was M. Holconius Priscus. The inscriptions of the city for generations inform us of

* Of these, Cuspius Pansa was advocated in a notice by the goldsmiths' guild, orifices, and the muleteers, muliones; Ceius Secundus by the fullers, Holconius Priscus by the fruit-sellers, Marcellus by the cartwrights, lignarii plostrarii. The wood-sellers, lignari, were for Holconius.

the patriotism and generosity of his race. Under Augustus a Holconius* had been five times Duumvir, and quinquennial one twice, and received from the Decurion Council the title of "Patron of the Colony." He was also Flamen of Augustus. His brother, again, was also a Duumvir and quinquennial and "Priest of the deified Augustus" under Tiberius. These two brothers built the great Theatre.

A lady of this family had been public priestess, and other members of it occupied the chief municipal and imperial offices at various times.

We can, from information we possess as to Roman electoral law, picture to ourselves the final contest at Pompei in the spring of A.D. 79. The President of the Comices, who was the oldest Duumvir, had written up in the Forum, upon three successive market days, the list of candidates—on this occasion the eleven personages just enumerated. The six Curia on the decisive day, having been duly notified, assembled in the Forum in different enclosures separated by planks or barriers. The magistrate selected as presiding officer read over the list, and had there been a deficiency of candidates, he could have nominated others to make up the number.

Each voter received a tablet upon which to write the name of the candidate he voted for. At a signal they formed in line and proceeded to the election hall or booth (by a narrow boarded passage) for their Curia.† They deposited their tablet in an

* The only public statue erected in honour of a citizen yet discovered is of this Holconius Rufus. It was placed near the Stabian baths.

† The titles of three of the electoral districts, or Curia, appear in inscriptions. The Forenses, doubtless near the Forum; the Salini-

urn (Cista). The proceeding was superintended by an inspector, selected generally from one of the other Curia. To this single civic inspector each candidate was permitted to add another if he wished. All the inspectors, whether nominated by the "Municipal College of Four" or by the candidates, took a solemn oath to behave honourably, and truthfully to register the votes. The numbers first counted, and entered in the provided records for each curia, then, the figures produced by the Curia majorities determined, the President proclaimed the result.

As M. P. Willems, a high authority upon Roman Public Law, has said, "The decisive factor in all these elections was the personal popularity of the candidate in his commune, produced by his liberalities: the services he had rendered to the numerous and powerful corporations, and alliances with important families and tribes, who secured many votes from their ranks and friends."

We as yet know not the names of the victorious candidates at the last election held in the sunny city

enses, which was between the Herculaneum and seashore gates; and the Campanienses, probably near the Nola Gate. It is thought there were at least three others. The city's municipal buildings were at the south end of the Forum, and were all erected after the earthquake. There are three halls; that on the left for the Duumvirs, the centre one, much the most highly decorated, a Council or Judgment Hall, that on the right for the Aediles' office. The central room was for the Decurions. The Hall of the Aediles was never quite completed. The Decurion Council room had a recess in the rear as shrine for the city's Lares and Penates. These latter almost certainly would have been members of the Imperial Family, such as Titus, Vespasian, and Domitian; but their statues were not in their places when the chambers were excavated.

nestling on the slopes of Vesuvius. A careful calculation of the number of notices appertaining to each might give a very accurate intimation as to who they were. Such a test, however, is not necessary when any day may produce a freshly found inscription revealing the complete list to us.

It is to the tardy excavations carried on by the Italian Government rather than to actuarial calculations, which, perhaps because of some unknown factor, might after all be erroneous, that we must look to complete this very imperfect record of the Last Municipal Election at Pompei.*

As these notes are concerned with the last Pompeian election the appointment of a Praefectus juri dicundo is not discussed, though such had occasionally held office there. He was an extraordinary official chosen by the Decurions to take the place of the Duumvirs; if there was some indecisive result in the election, or perhaps when vacancies arose, or some urgent necessity appeared an adequate reason to the City Fathers to take this course, and place someone of whose virtue or talents they approved into somewhat the position of Municipal Dictator. Dr. Seyffert considers these prefects to have been personages elected by the townships themselves, but unless the municipal Decurions can properly be considered to have possessed a mandate to act as an electoral college for the city, this scarcely appears to be a correct term to apply. One of the Pansa family we know had this honour conferred

* All students of Pompeian affairs should consult Herr Friedreich Furchheim's 'Bibliografia de Pompei, Ercolano e Stabia,' which describes over 500 works.

upon him; for in the inscription under his statue niche at the Amphitheatre, it is said that Gaius Cuspius Pansa was "Prefect according to the law of Petronius," that is, appointed to exercise the functions of the two Duumvirs when no valid election for them had taken place.

ISAAC REED, ESQ.

After an original painting by Romney.

Adlard & Son, Imp.

SOME OLD SHAKESPEARIANS.

(FROM REED'S MS. NOTE-BOOKS)

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., LITT.D., HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read March 23rd, 1904.]

In that common fosse where are buried so many respectable bones of eighteenth-century men of letters, Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes,' may be found a notice of Isaac Reed, editor of the 'Variorum Shakespeare,' 1803, of Dodsley's 'Old Plays,' and many other volumes, a notice dictated by Nichols from what he described as "a bed of pain and anguish," being his "last tribute of respect to so exemplary a character." He speaks of the pleasant gatherings of eighteenth-century Shakesperians in the autumn of several successive years at Cambridge, where the author of the 'Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare,' Dr. Farmer, the Master of Emmanuel College, made the parlour a centre of hospitality. "At that period," says Nichols, "the Theatricals of Stirbitch Fair had powerful patronage in the Combination Room of Emmanuel, where the routine of performance was regularly settled, and where the charms of the bottle were early deserted for the pleasures of the sock and buskin. In the boxes of this little theatre Dr. Farmer was the *Arbiter*

Elegantiarum, and presided with as much dignity and unaffected ease as within the walls of his own College. He was regularly surrounded by a large party of congenial friends and able critics; among whom Mr. Reed and Mr. Steevens were constantly to be found." Steevens, though as quarrelous as a weasel, had, the biographer goes on to say, an inviolable attachment to Reed. Two other persons stood within the same charmed circle, safe from his capriciousness of temper—the Master of Emmanuel and Tyrwhitt, the editor of the 'Canterbury Tales.'

If we could join the party in the Combination Room and the parlour we might happen to hear some interesting talk before the charms of the bottle had been superseded by those more classical ones of sock and buskin. Well, in a poor, imperfect way we can be eavesdroppers. At the sale of Isaac Reed's great library in 1807 his old friend, James Bindley, was the successful bidder for a miscellaneous lot, which included certain manuscript note-books, memoranda, adversaria. Bindley was himself a mighty hunter after books and engravings, with which and with the reading of the proof-sheets of Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes' he beguiled the leisure remaining to him after the performance of his duties as Commissioner of the Stamp Office. His broad face smiles in an engraving by Basire from opposite the title-page of the fourth volume of the 'Literary Illustrations,' and to him the entire collection of 'Anecdotes' is dedicated. Thirty-one of these note-books in the handwriting of Isaac Reed are now in my possession, and I am not aware that any use has been made of them since they passed

into James Bindley's hands in December, 1807. One series is devoted to diaries of the visits to Cambridge in successive years from 1782 to 1795, from which we can ascertain in a general way how the days went by. Two years after the latter date Dr. Farmer died.

According to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' Isaac Reed was born on January 1st, 1741—42. He himself enters under the date January 12th, 1801: "My birthday, æt. 59." The earliest of the note-books before me is of the date 1762, when Reed had just passed his twentieth birthday. He seems not to have kept a regular diary, but rather to have recorded whatever marked a day as in some degree illustrious. And among the red-letter days of all his life, those on which he visited the theatre, the Sundays on which he listened to some eminent preacher, and, as he became known to other distinguished men, those days on which he met contemporary scholars and artists and actors were, in the word of Dickens, the "reddest-lettered." But there were now and again other things to be recorded. The entry for July 10th, 1762, is the following:—"This whole day I was at Guildhall. Heard the Tryal of the Cock Lane Ghost, which began at 9 in the morning and continued to ½ past 9 in the evening, when the Revd. Mr. Moore, Mr. James Parsons, his wife, and Frazier were found guilty." He goes of course to see the lions at the Tower, and pays a visit to "Bethlem"; when May arrives he is punctual in securing an early view of the Artistic Exhibition in Spring Gardens and that in Pall Mall; he hears the famous and often-repeated

"Lecture on Heads"; sees Astley's equestrian performances and Lunardi's ascent in the air balloon; witnesses at Sadler's Wells the dancing of Grimaldi; attends the trial of Mr. Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall; is present in the Abbey at the Handel Jubilee; takes part in thanksgiving services and public rejoicings for the King's recovery; listens to debates in the House of Lords and the House of Commons (Can any one tell me offhand what was "Mr. Glyn's motion" and what became of it?); listens to other debates at the Robin Hood Society on such grave questions as "Whether Human Reason alone is capable of conducting us through all the Moral Duties of Life?" and "Is Good Friday a Day of Joy or Sorrow?" He gazes at the procession of convicted criminals on their way from Newgate to execution; and on one quite crimson-lettered day—it was the 1st August, 1770—he writes at night:—"Went with Bailey to see the execution of Jn°. Stretton at Tyburn. After, to Westm^r Abbey. Even^g at H. M. (Haymarket). Saw the 'Lame Lover and Midas.'"

On Sunday mornings, afternoons, and evenings Isaac Reed was still on pleasure bent—or pleasure, let us say, united with profit. He was liberal in his ecclesiastical sympathies. Dr. Porteus, Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, Bishop Warburton, but more frequently than any of these Archbishop Secker found in him an attentive listener. Perhaps Dr. Dodd, forger and divine, with whom Reed had some personal relations, was his favourite Anglican preacher. But the Rev. Dr. Fordyce, an acquaintance of Johnson, a poet as well as an eloquent

preacher, often drew him to a Presbyterian church; at a Methodist Meeting House he heard a fervent Anglican divine, Mr. Romaine, discourse; once at least he attended a silent meeting of Friends; and once he dared to enter what he terms "a Popish Chappel."

Six days as against one, however, gave the stage heavy odds against the pulpit, and, indeed, "exemplary character" as Nichols calls him, and as in fact Reed was, with his advancing years theatrical performances and the round of dining-out with distinguished friends leave scanty space for his record of Sunday services and sermons. The names of every distinguished actor and actress, and those of many who never rose above subordinate parts, appear upon his manuscript pages. Garrick, Sheridan, Barry, Woodward, Foote, Weston, Shuter, Young, Kemble, Henderson, Macklin, Wilkinson, Bannister, Palmer, Cibber, Pritchard, Bellamy, Pope, Abington, Baddeley, Siddons, and among vocalists Catley, Linley, the "Messiah Singers," the "Spirituale Singers," and many others appear and reappear. Among Reed's "first nights" of the performance of pieces which are still a part of literature were January 29th, 1768, when 'The Good-natured Man' was given at Covent Garden, and Goldsmith wept and swore that he would never write again, for the success was not quite unqualified; and March 15th five years later, when Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds were present to applaud 'She Stoops to Conquer.' That year, the last complete year of Goldsmith's life—"that absurd creature, Goldsmith," he is styled by Reed,—was one of

triumph; his new play was presented at the Haymarket as well as at Covent Garden, and at the latter theatre 'The Good-natured Man' soon followed upon 'She Stoops to Conquer.'* Again, on May 8th, 1777, Reed was a spectator when, on a first night, 'The School for Scandal' had its dazzling victory. With Garrick in all his leading parts Reed was well acquainted, and on June 10th, 1776, he saw the great actor, as Don Felix, take his farewell of the stage. Somewhat later he breakfasts and dines with Mr. Garrick. The 'Biographia Dramatica' of 1762, founded on Baker's 'Companion to the Playhouse,' had evidently an editor qualified by theatrical tastes and experience in Isaac Reed; he collected materials for an enlarged edition, but that which appeared in 1812, some years after his death, was the work of Stephen Jones.

The early hours of the eighteenth century gave ample time for after-dinner talk before the playhouse opened. Through the booksellers and publishers, Newberry and Nichols, Dodsley and Dilly, through the actors Macklin and Henderson, and at Enfield through Richard Gough, the antiquary, Reed made his entry into society. That was a pleasant gathering on March 23rd, 1788, at Mr. Malone's, when he dined with Johnson's friend Bennet Langton, Dr. Farmer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Kemble; and that again, on Shakespeare's birthday, two years later, when Alderman Boydell was the host. In that year, 1790, the artistic alderman was elected Lord Mayor, and his

* I assume that Reed's entries as to plays and theatres may be trusted.

Shakespeare Gallery was receiving many additions; among the guests at dinner were West, and Sandby and Sir Joshua. Again two years, and Reed was one of the mourners at Sir Joshua's funeral at St. Paul's. With George Steevens he seems to have become intimate about 1777; the first mention of Farmer in the manuscript jottings occurs, I think, in the spring of 1782. When the Master of Emmanuel College came up to town he would often dine with Reed and accompany him to the theatre. Their passion for old books was a bond of friendship, not a ground for rivalry. On March 18th, 1791, they went together to see "Madame D'Éon's library"—Madame D'Éon being the famous epicene Chevalier.* Both were welcome guests at Steevens' house, the "Upper Flask," at Hampstead. On August 17th, 1790, occurs an entry of interest: "Went with Mr. Steevens to St. Giles's, Cripplegate, to search for the body of Milton. Found what was supposed to [be] him."† On January 22nd, 1800, Steevens died. Reed attended the funeral of his friend at Poplar Chapel. The clergyman of Poplar, the clergyman of Hampstead, an apothecary, a Mr. Nettleship, and "Little Meen," as Steevens used to call him, a poet, a prebendary, and classical scholar, together with Reed himself, were present. In his note of the event Reed adds the aspiration "*requiescat in pace*," which had a special propriety in the case of one who while he lived could not

* Mlle. D'Éon, in the catalogue of the library, is "*Chevalière*," and a preface gives a narrative of her "very extraordinary case," as the title calls it.

† For an account of the exhumation see 'N. and Q.,' 7th series, ix, 361—364.

easily keep the peace. Six months later he went (June 12th) "to Poplar Chapel with Mr. Flaxman, the Statuary, Mr. Long and Mr. Braithwaite, to fix on a place for Mr. Steevens's monument." The monument—a bas-relief portrait—was the work of Flaxman. The entry for September 20th of that year indicates for Reed the beginning of the end: "From this day to Christmas Day confined with a paralytick affection, which during the greater part of the time incapacitated me from assisting myself even in the slightest manner." He recovered, however, resumed his dinings-out, and before the end arrived did much work, as is evidenced by the 'Variorum Shakespeare' of 1803.

In summer and early autumn Reed sometimes went for short excursions abroad—now to St. Omer and Dunkirk, now to Ghent and Bruges and Brussels, and once to Holland. More frequently his holiday was spent in his own country. He was an early follower of the poet Gray—the interval was only three years—in visiting the English lakes. Sometimes Tunbridge Wells or Bath contented him. In 1796, on his way to Bath, he stopped at Reading, and records that he bought some books from Mrs. Smart, widow of the unhappy poet whose 'Song to David' has been so enthusiastically praised by Robert Browning and Dante Rossetti. In the biography of Sheridan by Mr. Fraser Rae, it is stated that Sheridan's verses entitled 'Clio's Protest, or the Picture Varnished,' were written as an answer to 'The Bath Picture,' by Mr. Miles Peter Andrews, a minor dramatist to whom Gifford deals hard measure in 'The Baviad.' Mr. Fraser Rae has probably excel-

lent evidence for his statement, but it may be worth putting on record the gossip heard at Bath by Reed. "Palmer and Oliver talking of a Captain Rice, who had been a poet and insane, Palmer mentioned a poetical piece by him called 'The Picture,' which was followed by another by Mr. Sheridan called 'The Picture Varnished.' Query, Where is the last to be found?" In answer to the query it may be said that Sheridan's verses, which include the well-known lines—

> "You write with ease to show your breeding,
> But easy writing 's damned hard reading,"

may be found in the first volume of 'The New Foundling Hospital for Wit.'

With Bath in the eighteenth century we are all familiar. We are not so intimately acquainted with the health resorts of Derbyshire. In the autumn of 1766 Isaac Reed stayed at Matlock and Buxton, and he gives a detailed account of all the wonders of the Peak. He speaks with an eighteenth-century townsman's feeling of the awful mountains among which Matlock is lodged: "The Prospect, though confined, is the most romantick imaginable, the Mountains on all sides being so extreamly lofty that they at once strike the Imagination with horror and delight." The residence and bath-house is carefully described. "This Place," he goes on, "is conducted in a different manner from any other place of Publick Entertainment, it belonging to Eight Gentlemen in the County, who about the year 1746 took a Lease of it, and have ever since managed it by their Servants. The Expenses are small, no more than

8d. being paid for breakfast, 1s. for Dinner, 6d. for Supper, and nothing being demanded on account of Lodging, and the Attendance and Accommodation [being] both good this may be considered as the cheapest Place of Publick Resort as well as that at which you may reside with the most Ease and Satisfaction." In the Long Room, at dinner and supper, "all the Company compose one Family, the Gentlemen sitting at one side of the Table, and the Ladies opposite to them on the other." Half way up the ascent, on the other side of the Derwent, across which a ferry conveyed parties of twelve or sixteen, was a resting place where they might "drink Tea," and if "attended by Musick," enjoy a more composite pleasure. "The Sound of Musick among these Rocks," says Reed, "is beyond Expression charming."

The description of Buxton is less attractive: "From the miserable appearance of Buxton it could hardly be supposed that it would [be] chosen as a place of Residence by any Persons except those who are drawn thither by Motives of Health. Yet in the Summer Season I am informed it is much frequented as a Place of Entertainment. It is situate in the midst of a very barren desart Country, the buildings (except the Inns) are despicably mean, and there appears nothing to recommend it as a Place of Diversion."

Reed's autumnal visits to Emmanuel College seem to have begun in the year 1782. The first of the diaries appropriated to a memorial of these visits is named by the writer "A Specimen of a History of a Man's importance to Himself;" later note-books are

headed "More Proofs of a Man's Importance to Himself," and "Self Importance." On the evening before starting for Cambridge Reed ordinarily made his way by coach or on foot from his rooms in Staple Inn to the house of George Steevens at Hampstead. "I left Staple Inn," he writes (September 13th, 1790) "at 11 o'clock, and at Middle Row met with Boswell, who told me Malone would finish his edition of Shakespeare in a fortnight. Then went to the Shakespeare Gallery"—he means that of Alderman Boydell—"to meet Mr. Steevens, with whom and with Mr. Dodsley I remained some time in conversation. Walked with Mr. Steevens to Hampstead. Dined and Slept there." The sheets of Boydell's Shakespeare, which Steevens revised, followed Reed to Cambridge, and had the benefit of his proof-reading. A scholar's wardrobe, conveyed to the "Upper Flask" and meant for display at the university, was not extensive; the most important items in Reed's list of 1793 are "1 suit of Black Cloaths, 7 Ruffled Shirts, 6 Stocks, 1 Wig," with his shaving box and razors. On one occasion, however, an addition had to be made at Cambridge of "black buckles for the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland." Next morning the friends would start early, either in a chaise or the Cambridge Fly, and on the way would breakfast at Epping, or Ware, or Wade's Mill. They were usually in the rooms at Emmanuel College, assigned to each of them, by the afternoon. Reed, unlike his learned and lazy host, the Master, was an early riser. About six o'clock he was commonly out of bed, and, before breakfast in his rooms, walked, if the morning was fine, in the

Fellows' Garden. A second breakfast about ten o'clock with Dr. Farmer was not infrequent. Then followed visits to colleges, hours in the libraries, calls at Deighton's shop or at those of other booksellers, with the inevitable purchase of books or pamphlets. Dinner, unless invitations took Mr. Reed and Mr. Steevens elsewhere, was in Hall or at the Master's table. And by and by they drank tea and played cards, at which last Reed seems to have been highly favoured by fortune, for he records his winnings on one occasion of five shillings, and on another of four. "Concluded in the parlour," commonly brings to an end the record of each day.

Sturbridge Fair, or, as one finds it both in print and manuscript, Stirbitch Fair enlivened Cambridge and its neighbourhood in September. Reed was seldom absent when each year the civic and university authorities on the 18th of that month proclaimed the fair. On the completion of the ceremony he and the Master would dine in the proctor's booth, or, entering some other hospitable booth, would mix with London tradesmen in eating oysters. Nor was the Puritanic casuistry of "Zeal-of-the-land Busy" needed, as in Jonson's play of 'Bartholomew Fair,' to justify the eating of pig in the tents of the wicked. Here is the record of Tuesday, October 1st, 1782. It may, however, be observed first that Homer, who is mentioned and who consorted much with Reed, was not the author of the 'Iliad'—though the place was classic ground,—but another gentleman of the same name, a friend of Dr. Parr, and a Fellow of Emmanuel, who edited the 'Heroides of Ovid' and many other Latin works. "Breakfast at Jude's, and

then went to the Fair with Wilcox, Homer and Steevens. We were met by the Master and Mr. Nichols there," Mr. Nichols, of the 'Anecdotes,' had come down from town, "and adjourned to a Booth to eat Pork. Dined in the College Hall, and in the afternoon went with the Master and Mr. Nichols to the Theatre. Saw 'As You Like It,' and 'Tom Thumb.' Supped in the Parlour. This day has been a more than ordinary pleasant one."

Exactly a week after the fair had been proclaimed came the great day, the 25th, being Horse Fair day. Steevens and Reed, like the author of 'Venus and Adonis,' on whom they commented, were not without an eye for the points of a horse. In 1789 Reed, in company with Grosvenor Bedford, visited Ely, and called on the historian of the cathedral, James Bentham, then over eighty years of age, whom they found a "very hearty and lively" old gentleman. He showed them over the cathedral "with great intelligence and good nature," and Reed climbed "almost as high as the Lanthorn." But perhaps his enjoyment was as great when Mr. Page drove him in his chaise to Tattersall's "to see the famous horse Highflier, for which the Duke of Bedford had offered 10,000 guineas. Great as this sum is, the wonder diminishes," Reed goes on, "when I heard that he had actually produced 4,700 guineas to his owner last year, and would more the next. He is 15 years old, a stately beast, playful, who suffered himself to be led about, biting a stick in the servant's hand, and handled by us all." Twice on one of the Sturbridge Horse Fair days Reed was drawn to inspect the show, and in 1793 he and Steevens were

companions in paying a visit to the wild beasts of a travelling menagerie. Somewhat later in the day they would attend a drum, and finally, "conclude in the Parlour."

There were other important days besides September 25th. Reed seems to have regarded it as a pleasure or a duty to be present in St. Mary's at the Concio ad Clerum delivered by Dr. Kipling, of St. John's. It was a pleasure which many persons found it possible to deny themselves. Dr. Kipling's voice had not the vast resonance of that of a younger namesake. But he gave its origin to a word. I learn from the 'Dictionary of National Biography' that the errors of his edition of the 'Codex Bezæ' and the bad Latinity of the preface were so conspicuous that in the slang of the university a "Kiplingism" came to be synonymous with a grammatical blunder. Yet he delivered successive *Conciones* and became Dean of Peterborough. In 1787 exactly nine persons listened to his *Concio*, but among the nine were Farmer, Reed, and Tyrwhitt, with another person soon to become illustrious, or at least notorious, William Frend, whose prosecution for publishing his pamphlet 'Peace and Union recommended to the Associated Bodies of Republicans and Anti-Republicans' was promoted by Kipling, while on Frend's side stood the whole body of undergraduates, and among them one was dangerously prominent, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In 1793, the year of Frend's prosecution, Dr. Kipling's Latin discourse was attended only by the Vice-Chancellor and the beadles.

In the following autumn, that of 1794, this same

undergraduate, S. T. Coleridge, was the subject of conversation among the dons who dined on October 8th with Mr. Masters at Landbeech. One of the company was the head of his College—Jesus College,—Dr. Pearce, who, Coleridge told his brother, behaved "with great asperity," when, on April 12th of that year, he was admonished before the Fellows. In fact, Pearce seems to have made every effort to reclaim Coleridge from what he regarded as the error of his ways. It was the time of the early alliance between Southey and Coleridge—the days of golden dreams of the Susquehanna and Aspheterism. Coleridge had cut short a discussion with his friendly monitor by assuring him that he quite misconceived the position, "he was neither Jacobin nor Democrat, but a Pantisocrat." Isaac Reed's report of the talk at Mr. Masters's is as follows; and no correction of its errors in a few details need here be made: "In the afternoon Dr. Pearce gave us the following account of Mr. Coleridge, who had just published a drama called 'The Fall of Robespierre.' He is one of three sons of a Devonshire clergyman; his brother, an usher at Newcome's school, Hackney. He has imbibed the wild democratic opinions floating about at present concerning religion and politicks. He is a disciple of Godwin, the author of two quarto volumes on the foundations of religion and politicks, and like him has entertained a foolish notion that the life of man might be protracted to any length. He is an enemy to all establishments of religion, and conceives there should be no publick worship. He is also of opinion that every one should learn some mechanic art, and has accordingly put himself

an apprentice to a carpenter. He is going to America. Dr. P. said that he (C.) was in town lately, and having no money to carry him to Cambridge, he wrote a poem, an elegy, he thought, and sent it to Perry, the Editor of 'The Morning Chronicle.' offering his correspondence to the paper, and desiring the return of a guinea, which he received.* He asserts that his play was written in 8 hours. Dr. P. speaks of him as a very ingenious young man, bating these extravagant and foolish notions which he entertains." 'The Fall of Robespierre,' it will be remembered, was partly the work of Southey; the first act alone was written by Coleridge, and it runs to no more than 274 lines. Southey's two acts were written, he says, "as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse."

Four days after the opening of the Sturbridge Horse Fair came a day of collegiate importance—that in commemoration of the founder. The attendance at the service and sermon in the Chapel was always considerably smaller than that of the diners at a later function in the Hall. In the year of the talk respecting Coleridge, the congregation, as Reed notes, was "larger than usual, being at least 14 persons." Even on that distinguished day the dinner did not necessarily forbid a visit to the theatre. Although Sturbridge Fair had begun to decline, dramatic companies of merit arrived from London or from Norwich. In 1789 a new theatre, as large, according to a newspaper of that

* See J. Dykes Campbell's note on the "Elegy, imitated from Akenside," which first appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle,' Sept. 23rd, 1794.

date, as the Haymarket, was opened, and on September 28th Reed had the pleasure of seeing, as Miss Hardcastle in 'She stoops to Conquer,' Miss Elizabeth Brunton, whom in Coleridge's early verses Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, claims as *her* Brunton, leaving her sister Ann, afterwards Mrs. Merry, to the Tragic Muse. The newspaper from which I have quoted goes on to inform the public that "three of the great Shakespearians, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Reed are here, and seldom miss a night; and to the honour of the actors let it be recorded that these gentlemen are liberal in their commendation." The fourth great Shakespearian, Mr. Malone, came and went, but was not a regular visitor at Emmanuel in Sturbridge Fair time. Steevens had on slight grounds found a grievance against him. The Master, however, was dear to Malone, and is described by Reed as "sitting," in 1788, "for his picture," which was to be the possession of Malone. In 1790 Steevens was suddenly summoned away from Emmanuel College by the death of an old lady, which involved him in business; but he did not forget his friends at Cambridge, and a haunch of venison, in good time for the feast of the Founder's Day, arrived from the absentee. On Reed's earliest visit one of his first proceedings was to view the old apartments of his friend Steevens at King's College. From one of the windows he transcribed four lines which show Steevens, who, like Reed himself, was wedded only to his library, in the unexpected character of a lover—

> "'Tis hard, my Betsy, but the gods are kind,
> And for the just have future joys designed,
> That lovers when they part may ease their pain
> With pleasing hopes of meeting once again."

If these are his own verses they are more amiable than some others that came from his satirical pen.

On a morning of early October during several successive years the Master's fishpond was dragged for a pike, and Reed duly records the weight of each year's take—eight pounds, ten pounds, and, in 1792, "twelve and a half pounds." The diversion of the eminent scholars on a morning of 1795 was that of determining bets as to "the possibility of a person going to several parts of the College blindfold." On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Masters produced a pint bottle of malt liquor brewed in the year 1688, "on the occasion of the birth of a Mr. Simpson, formerly [*i. e.* before Reed's time] one of the beadles. It had little taste of malt liquor, rather of wine. It had not lost its strength." Such incidents as these formed interludes in the almost unceasing round of examining old books, copying manuscripts, and adding new acquisitions to the overflowing library scattered in the rooms at Staple Inn.

During Reed's visit to Emmanuel of the year [illegible], at a dinner given by the Master of Christ's College, Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, was among the guests. He had held from 1764 to 1771 the professorship of Chemistry at Cambridge. Early [illegible] Dr. Johnson, with his friend Topham Beauclerk, visited the university. Boswell's account of the visit is chiefly drawn from a letter of Dr. Jol[illegible]

Sharp quoted in 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' a letter reprinted in full by that indefatigable Johnsonian, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his annotated edition of Boswell. I have not looked into Watson's 'Anecdotes' to ascertain whether he there notices the proceedings of Johnson on this occasion, and shall be content to quote a passage from Reed's manuscript: "Dr. Watson mentioned Dr. Johnson's visit to Cambridge and his behaviour to himself. On his coming to the Laboratory of the Chymistry Professor, Dr. Watson asked him if he should shew some experiments of curiosity as for Ladies or such as were more calculated for Philosophers. A rough answer ensued, and a process was exhibited with which the Dr. expressed himself both satisfied and surprized, and wondered he had not been able to do it himself. In the evening Dr. Farmer, whose guest he was, had invited Dr. Watson, Dr. Lort and some others to spend the evening with him. Dr. Johnson after supper took up a Candle and left the company for two hours to themselves, and went into the Library. On his return the Company were about to depart. Dr. Watson observed, however, that he uttered one sentence for which he excused all his rudeness, as it was strong and forcible, and deserved to be remembered as well as his other Bon Mots. Speaking of the addiction of Country Squires to Rural Sports and Diversions in preference to other Pursuits, he said—'Sir, I have found out the reason of it, and the reason is that they feel the vacuity which is within them less when they are in motion than when they are at rest.'" * It may be added

* Croker, in his edition of 'Boswell,' records this utterance in nearly

that during two hours of the evening on which this conversation took place Mr. Isaac Reed and the Bishop of Clonfert endeavoured to forget the vacuity that was in them over a game of cards. In 1783, some time after Johnson's stroke of palsy, he was visited by Murphy, who found the Doctor engaged in reading Watson's 'Chymistry': "Articulating with difficulty, he said, 'From this book he who knows nothing may learn a great deal, and he who knows will be pleased to find his knowledge recalled to his mind in a manner highly pleasing.'"

The evidence for a gruesome story about the body of Laurence Sterne has been questioned. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has exhibited that evidence, and though the following, from Reed's diary of October 12th, 1787, adds nothing to what has been related, it is perhaps worth quoting as a piece of testimony: "After breakfast went with the Master, Professor Harwood [Professor of Anatomy] and Malone to see the Anatomy Schools. . . . . Concluded the day with the family [of] Dr. Harwood. Present Dr. Farmer, Mr. Masters, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Malone, Dr. Harwood and myself. In the course of the evening Dr. Farmer said that he was informed by Dr. Collignon, deceased, that the body of Mr. Sterne had been sent down to Cambridge and was anatomized. It was stolen from the burying-ground beyond Tyburn, where it was interred, and was recognized by several persons who knew him. I remember Becket the Bookseller once told me that he and, I think, another were the only persons who attended

the same words. He says that Johnson was "tired by his previous exertions, and would not talk."

the Funeral. Mr. Stevenson Hall [*i. e.* John Hall-Stevenson], the Author of 'Crazy Tales' was applyed to, but refused to attend or give himself the least concern about his deceased friend's body." When this story was related by Dr. Farmer, twenty years and upwards had passed since the publication of 'Tristram Shandy.' Farmer had been guilty of what George Eliot called the most gratuitous form of folly—a prophecy. "However much it may be talked about at present," said he, speaking of Sterne's great piece of fantasy and humour, "in the course of twenty years, should anyone wish to refer to it, he will be obliged to go to an antiquary."

A yet more gruesome story is related of a contemporary of Sterne, and to this incident that invaluable treasury the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' which devotes a couple of columns to Robert Butts, Bishop successively of Norwich and Ely, makes no allusion. Before transcribing my citation from Reed, it may be worth while to note that the date of Farmer's birth as given in the 'Dictionary' and the date given by Farmer himself, as recorded by Reed, are not in agreement. The 'Dictionary,' following Nichols's 'Anecdotes,' gives the date, August 28th, 1735. On Tuesday, October 5th, 1790, Reed enters in his diary: "Dr. Farmer said this evening he was born 4th May, 1735." "Dined in the Hall," the diarist writes on October 11th, 1790. "The conversation turning on Bishop Butts, Mr. Cory said he had heard from Mr. Masters that that Prelate had been buried before he was dead, and Mr. Hardy had been told to the same effect by Mrs. Owen, the Bishop's daughter. The fact seems

to have been as follows: The bishop had the Gout, and was in the habit of taking laudanum. By a mistake a greater quantity was administered than was intended, and he to appearance died. The body was delivered to the undertaker, put into the Coffin, and closed up. On the night preceding the funeral a person who slept in the adjoining Room thought she heard a noise and persisted in her assertion; the coffin was opened, the body found turned on its face and the elbows bruised." A pompous inscription glorified the bishop's monument in Ely Cathedral, but, according to Cole, his chief merit was that of "hallooing at elections."*

Another note-book of Reed's contains "Anecdotes of Celebrated Persons," including an account of Horace Walpole's relations with the poet Chatterton, as communicated by Walpole to Reed in a conversation of February, 1777; Glover's reminiscences of the author of 'The Spleen'; Lord Mansfield's anecdotes of Pope, and various odds and ends of which the greater part have in some form found their way into print. From one of these records it is pleasant to learn that Steevens—Johnson had called him "mischievous," but would not allow that he was "malignant"—was admitted to see the Doctor while he was still suffering from the stroke of palsy of June, 1783, and that Johnson confided to him the same details of his composing in Latin verse a prayer that his understanding might be spared which appear in the well-known letter to Mrs. Thrale.

* The 'Dictionary of National Biography' makes the bishop over sixty years old when he married his second wife, whose age was twenty-three. His age was in fact fifty-one.

Possibly it may add something to what is known to mention that Dodsley told Reed that Sterne received the sum of £250 for the first two volumes of 'Tristram Shandy,' for which Dodsley himself, before they were printed at York, had—as is known—refused to give fifty pounds. In the copy of the poem 'The Sick Monkey' in the Bodleian Library is a manuscript note by Reed stating that he had learnt from Garrick that he was the author of this attack upon himself. But perhaps the following—with which I shall end—may give somewhat fuller information than the Bodleian note: "26 Febry, 1777. I received from Mr. Garrick a Poem I had lent him entitled 'The Sick Monkey, A Fable,' Quarto, 1765, and which he informed me he was the Author of himself. The occasion of writing it was this. Being at Paris studying la Fontaine he wrote this imitation of that author and sent it to Mr. Colman in order to be ready to publish as soon as he arrived. The imposition succeeded, and his friends were very angry at this supposed attack upon him, which they spoke of to him as equally cruel and indecent, The Design to it was by Gravelot."

The sale catalogue of Reed's library, in which his portrait appears, in an "advertisement," speaks of the number, the accuracy, and the interest of the notes which he prefixed to many of his books. It adds a character of the collector of the books which is written without extravagant eulogy. It speaks of his generous communication of his knowledge to his fellow scholars. "He was, indeed," says the writer, "a most friendly man; endeared to all who

knew him by his unassuming manners, his instructive conversation, and his honest heart. He was stern, and justly stern, only when he detected in others the violation of truth, and observed sophistry assuming the place of argument. With an independent spirit he displayed also a truly modest and retired disposition; surrounded with books and content with a very moderate income, to him, as Prospero says, 'his library was dukedom large enough.'" The sale of his library kept collectors on the watch during thirty-nine days.

EDMUND SPENSER.

BY PERCY W. AMES, LL.D., F.S.A., SECRETARY R.S.L.

[Read April 27th, 1904.]

To the question "What is a great poet?" a French poet gave the answer "A passage through which the wind blows." We cannot agree with that definition, whether it means divine inspiration or only that he is the product of his times. A poet is more than a transmitter of current thought; more than the resultant of the forces of his age, or than its mere focussing reflector. Those impressions which build up human experience become in the plexus of the poet a vast field of creation, combination and projection. Ordinarily these impressions and their transformations repose in the labyrinths of the mind at the best like faithfully kept archives of our intellectual and emotional past, but in the great poet they are always alive and alert, and at times of exaltation pour themselves forth in a copious flood. Why do we continue to direct attention to the great masters whose supremacy is assured, and to works recognised as imperishable? There comes a period of life to each of us when, as Sainte-Beuve says, "there is no keener pleasure than to study and deepen the things we know, to relish what we taste, just as when you behold again and again the people

you love: purest delight of the mature mind and taste. You stand by your friends, by those who have been proved by a long connection. Old wine, old books, old friends."

Edmund Spenser, the second of the bright beacons that mark the various epochs of English poetry, has been called the poet's poet, not merely because he is the most poetical of poets but because he has trained more poets in their art than any other English writer.

Being the first great poet after Chaucer and often compared to him by his contemporaries, the two are inevitably associated in our minds. We note their similarities and differences, and endeavour as we read them to apportion to each kind of greatness its superiority and influence. Chaucer was of the active, dramatic, and objective genius; Spenser of the contemplative, philosophical, and subjective. Of sources of information about them there are two, one external and circumstantial, the less valuable, and the other their writings. It may be well at the outset to indicate published sources of information about Spenser, before attempting to sketch his life and works.

The earliest biographical notice of the poet is extremely brief, and was written in Latin by Camden in 1606 in a general notice of the monuments in Westminster Abbey: "Edmund Spenser, of London, unmistakably the first of the English poets of our age, as his poems prove, written under the smiles of the Muses, and with an enduring genius. He died prematurely in the year of salvation 1598, and is buried near Geoffrey Chaucer, who was the first

most happily to set forth poetry in English writing, and on him were written these epitaphs:

> Here nigh to Chaucer Spenser lies; to whom
> In genius next he was, as now in tomb.
>
> Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse,
> Still nearer standst thou to him in thy verse.
> Whilst thou didst live, lived English poetry;
> Now thou art dead, it fears that it shall die."
>
> *Translated by John W. Hales.*

In this year also was published 'A Discourse of Civill Life, containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie,' by Lodovick Bryskett. In the very interesting introduction to this pamphlet there is a pleasant picture of a party of friends, all distinguished Englishmen in the Irish service, among whom was Spenser, met together at a cottage near Dublin. Professor Hales puts the date of this meeting in or about the year 1582, but Dean Church has pointed out that Dr. Long, primate of Armagh, who was present and so described, was only appointed in the summer of 1584; but leaving the question of the precise time of the notable gathering, its real interest lies in the recorded statement of Spenser of his purpose in writing "The Faerie Queene," and in the evidence afforded of the high esteem in which he was held by those present. In the month of April, 1619, Wm. Drummond, also a poet, entertained Ben Jonson at Hawthornden, and made notes of his guest's conversations. "Spenser's stanzas pleased him not. . . . He told that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little

child burnt, he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King Street; he refused twenty pieces sent him by my Lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them." In Camden's 'History of Queen Elizabeth,' published in 1628, that distinguished antiquary says with reference to Spenser, ". . . . by a fate which follows poets, he always wrestled with poverty." In 1633 Sir James Ware published Spenser's prose work on the 'State of Ireland,' and prefaced it by a eulogistic reference to the poet. In Fuller's 'Worthies of England,' published in 1662, he says:—"There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil, her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the Queen's money) alledged that was too much, 'Then give him,' quoth the Queen, 'what is reason;' to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward, whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the Queen in her progress:

> 'I was promis'd on a time,
> To have reason for my rhyme;
> From that time unto this season
> I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.'

"Hereupon the Queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer), for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended unto him." In 1750 Spenser's works were published

with a Life of the poet by Hughes, and in the following year Dr. Birch prefixed a Life of Spenser to his edition of "The Faerie Queene." In 1774 Charles Smith, in his 'Natural and Civil History of the County and City of Cork,' gives a description of Kilcolman, "the residence of the immortal Spenser." At that time the castle was almost level with the ground. In 1805 Todd issued an edition of Spenser's works in eight volumes, and in 1845 appeared Professor Craik's valuable work in three volumes entitled 'Spenser and his Poetry.' From 1882 to 1884 appeared in ten volumes the Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart's edition, and this brings us down to the period of the cheapest and also the best, the Aldine edition with Life by Collier, and the Globe edition with Memoir by Prof. John W. Hales, and Dean Church's 'Spenser' in the 'English Men of Letters.' In 1867 the Spenser Society was founded, and has contributed to the study by printing *inter alia* the works of Spenser's contemporaries, Heywood, Taylor, Wither, Drayton and others. Among works not specially devoted to Spenser, but containing valuable references and criticisms, may be mentioned Hallam's 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe'; Henry Morley's 'First Sketch of English Literature'; and Dr. Morell's 'English Literature'; and particularly 'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise,' par H. Taine, Tome premier.

Edmund Spenser was born in London, in East Smithfield, in 1552. We know nothing of his father, but his claim to belong to a noble family, the Spencers of Althorpe, was apparently admitted. He refers to these details in the "Prothalamion."

"At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame."

From one of his later sonnets we learn that his mother bore the famous name of Elizabeth, the name also of his wife.

"Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mother's womb deriv'd by dew descent:
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent:
The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed;
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give."

From a curious MS. published in 1877 it was discovered that Spenser was one of those benefited by a bountiful London citizen, Robert Nowell, and that he was sent as one of the earliest pupils to the newly-founded Merchant Taylors' School in Suffolk Lane, under Dr. Richard Mulcaster. At the age of seventeen he entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a sizar. In the same year, 1569, we find traces of his earliest literary associations. S. John van der Noodt, a refugee from Brabant, published a curious compilation entitled, 'A Theatre wherein be repre-

sented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God.' This formidable production finds itself mentioned in a literary lecture because it contained translations of six of the Visions of Petrarch and some other pieces which, as it transpired later, was the earliest published work of Edmund Spenser. Two interesting friendships were formed at Cambridge; one with Edward Kirke, also a sizar at Pembroke. This is the E. K. who wrote the epistle and the Glosse which accompanied the anonymous "Shepheard's Calender," and he wins the respect and liking of all lovers of Spenser by his high and confident estimate of the genius of his friend at the outset of his poetical career. "But I dout not," he writes, "so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best." "Kiste" refers to Chaucer's "Uncouthe, unkiste." Kirke not only shows his splendid insight by putting Spenser side by side with Chaucer, "the loadstar of our language"; he further reveals himself as a conspicuous champion of the English language at a time when it was the fashion to treat it with little respect. "In my opinion," he says, "it is one special prayse of many, whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have ben longtime out of use, and almost cleane

disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both fu enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hat long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both." The other friend, and to whom E. K.'s epistle is addressed, was Gabriel Harvey, who, after being a Fellow of Pembroke, became a lecturer on rhetoric at Trinity Hall. This faithful friend, who was undoubtedly attached to Spenser and genuinely interested in him, had for a short time an unfortunate influence on his style. It was one of the graces of Spenser's character to have a warm admiration for his friends, and this led him to sympathise with their literary views even if his finer judgment forced him later to abandon them. The classical enthusiasm of Harvey and the prevailing pedantry and affectations were in favour of the foolish attempt to put English poetry in a classical dress. Philip Sidney, Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville also wished to fit English words to the rules of the classical hexameter of six dactyls and spondees. Judging from the extraordinary results of Spenser's own endeavours, we need not wonder at Thomas Nash's scornful criticism of Harvey's fantastic feats in this direction. He accuses him "of having writ verse in all kinds, as in form of a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, a pair of spectacles, a two-handed sword, a poynado, a colossus, a pyramid, a painter's easel, a market-cross, a trumpet, an anchor, a pair of pot-hooks." Professor Hales says, "The language seemed to groan and shriek at the agonies and contortions to which it was subjected." Gabriel Harvey was the eldest of four sons of a

prosperous rope-maker at Saffron Walden. In July, 1878, Queen Elizabeth visited Audley End, which is near Saffron Walden, and Harvey wrote a series of Latin poems entitled "Gratulationes Waldenses," celebrating persons and events of the Royal visit. The Queen is reported in one of these to have said to Leicester, "Tell me, is it settled that you send this man to Italy and France?" "It is," said he. "That's well," she replied, "for already he has an Italian face. . . . I should hardly have taken him for an Englishman." This refers to Harvey's dark complexion which Nash, in that spiteful spirit in which he and Greene conducted literary quarrels, compared to rancid bacon. The steady affection and honour in which Spenser continued to hold him mark a friendship which was a credit and glory to both. In 1586 Spenser addressed this sonnet to him:

"To the Right Worshipful, my singular good Friend,
M. Gabriel Harvey, Doctor of the Laws.

"Harvey, the happy above happiest men
I read; that, sitting like a looker on
Of this world's stage, dost note with critic pen
The sharp dislikes of each condition;
And, as one careless of suspicion,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat;
But freely dost, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerless liberty;
Lifting the good up to high honour's seat,
And the evil damning ever more to die;
For life and death is in thy doomful writing;
So thy renown lives ever by enditing.

"Your devoted friend, during life,
"EDMUND SPENSER."

After taking his Master's degree in 1576 Spenser left Cambridge, and proceeded to the North, somewhere on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and here the London-bred scholar came in contact with the rude speech and manners of rough country life, which, like a true son of genius, he rapidly assimilated and used to give local colour to his first important work. A sorrow was experienced here which affected him nearly all his life and gave special direction to his creative powers. This was an unrequited intense affection for a young lady whom he made famous under the title of "Rosalind, the Widow's daughter of the Glen." "A feigned name," says Kirke, "which being well ordered will bewray the very name of hys love and mistress, whom by that name he coloureth," but ingenious attempts to solve the anagram have not succeeded in identifying the lady. She evidently appreciated Spenser's powers although she rejected him as a lover. Harvey wrote: "Gentle Mistress Rosalind once reported him to have all the intelligences at commandment; and at another christened him her *Signior Pegaso*." This fair unknown was then the means of stirring and exciting in the susceptible young poet the wondrous passion of love, in which element his imagination thereafter moulded its most beautiful and characteristic creations.

Spenser's earliest work, "The Shepheard's Calender," was written about this time, that is, during that somewhat obscure interval between his quitting Cambridge and reappearing in London. It was published anonymously at the end of 1579, though the verses inscribing it to Sir Philip Sidney are

signed *Immerito*, which had already been used as Spenser's pen-name. The title was common and well known as given to an often reprinted "medley of astrology and homely receipts," the Moore's Almanack of the time. In Spenser's work the idea was to adapt a pastoral to every month of the year, but the poet did not consistently observe the season. In this favourite species of composition it was customary to make the shepherds talk in the language of courtiers, but Spenser made the dialogue in appropriate rude speech. This method evidently appeared to Philip Sidney as a doubtful novelty. "That same framing of his style in an old rustic language I dare not allow," he says, "sith neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Samazar in Italian did affect it." The later splendours of "The Faerie Queene" completely eclipse the earlier and lesser work which, to borrow the gay phrase of Madame de Sévigné, was only as "a breakfast for the sun"; but we can understand and sympathise with its warm welcome by men of taste, for nothing of equal excellence had appeared for a hundred and eighty years. Neither the subjects treated nor the system of composition is attractive, but it was at once perceived that these pastorals had the swing, the command, the opulent resource of the real poet, whose thought and language flowed without effort in an ample stream. There was a refinement as well as vigour, and the rich imagination was expressed in a sweet music which lifted the poem to a height that had never been reached since Chaucer's time, and as the language of the earlier poet had already become unfamilar, to the majority of readers

"The Shepheard's Calender" would appear as an altogether new and delightful experience. Although these twelve Aeglogues * were begun in the North of England they were completed in the South, probably at Penshurst, the home of Philip Sidney. To this "noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chevalrie," "one of the very diamonds of Her Majesty's Court," Spenser became known through the good offices of his friend Harvey, and so began another deeply interesting friendship in the life of our poet. The magnetic attraction which Sidney seems to have possessed over and above his multifarious gifts and accomplishments, which gave a fire and a sweetness to his enthusiasms and courtesies, seems to have been felt by all. This is how William the Silent spoke of him in a message to the Queen, when Sidney was only twenty-four years of age. "He had had much experience, had seen various times and things and persons, but he protested that Her Majesty had in Mr. Philip Sidney one of the ripest and greatest statesmen that he knew of in all Europe. If Her Majesty would but try the young man, the Prince would stake his own credit upon the issue of his friend's employment about any business, either with the allies or with the enemies of England."

Spenser thus refers to him in "The Ruines of Time," addressed to the Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's sister:

* From the "Generall Argument of the whole Booke" we read: "They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Aeglogai*, as it were αἰγῶν, or αἰγονόμων λογοι, that is Goteheards tales."

"It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowmed race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
Safe in the bosome of his Soveraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

* * * *

Most gentle spirite, breathed from above
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldës worth,
Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiall grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
Fled back too soone unto his native place;
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

* * * *

O noble spirite! live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new joy;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy!
But, where thou dost that happines enjoy,
Bid me, O! bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see."

Spenser's high admiration for him is shown in umberless ways, and in addition to odes and elegies hich had Sidney specially for subject, he had him n mind when he pictured the Kingly Warrior in

whom was to be summed up in a magnificent unity the diversified graces of other men. Sidney appears to have gained for him the good will and patronage of his uncle the Earl of Leicester: "The worthy whom she (*i. e.* faire Eliza) loveth best, That first the White Bear to the stake did bring." It was this patronage that brought Spenser his few steps of advancement and fortune, and which intensified the jealous dislike of Burghley, who was no lover of poets. The different places and circumstances in which "The Shepheard's Calender" was composed no doubt are accountable to some extent for its diverse features and subjects. Books i, vi, and xii treat specially of his own disappointment in love; ii, viii, and x are of a more general character, having old age, a poetry combat (a delectable controversie), and the "perfect paterne of a Poete" for their subjects; iii deals with love matters; iv celebrates "fayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all"; v, vii, and ix discuss Protestant and Catholic, Anglican and Puritan questions; xi is an elegy upon the "death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido." Occasionally Spenser appears as the reformer, as he mentions various wrongs that needed righting, and condemns luxury and self-seeking among the higher clergy.

> "To kerke the narre, from God more farre,
> Has been an old-say'd sawe,
> And he that strives to touch a starre,
> Oft stombles at a strawe."

In the character of "Thomalin" he draws lessons from one *Algrind*, in which name the syllables are

transposed of Grindal the Archbishop, who was then under the Queen's heavy displeasure for acts heartily approved by Spenser, who had the manly courage to risk the danger of expressing sympathy for him in his disgrace. "The Shepheard's Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall December 5th, 1579. Spenser had already begun "The Faerie Queene," and had submitted it to Harvey for his judgment and advice. He had also sent him about the same time "Nine Comedies," and it was evident, as Dean Church says, "He was standing at the parting of the ways. The allegory with all its tempting associations and machinery, with its ingenuities and pictures, and boundless license to vagueness and to fancy, was on one side; and on the other, the drama, with its *prima facie* and superficially prosaic aspects, and its kinship to what was customary and commonplace and unromantic in human life." It is evident that Gabriel Harvey thought highly of the comedies, which unfortunately are hopelessly lost, and, at this time, he had little appreciation of "The Faerie Queene." In April, 1580, he wrote, "To be plain, I am void of all judgment, if your 'Nine Comedies' . . . . come not nearer Ariosto's comedies . . . . than that Elvish Queen doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding you will needs seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters." Harvey then proceeds to argue in favour of the dramatic way, and concludes as follows:—"But I will not stand greatly with you in your own matters. If so be 'The Faerie Queene' be fairer in your eye than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin run

away with the garland from Apollo: mark what I say, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there is an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some angel put you in a better mind." But, as we know, what Harvey considered as the better mind did not come, and Spenser found his greatest powers in the direction wherein had already set the current of his inward thoughts and fancies. Now, however, Spenser was to undergo a remarkable change of scene and experience. In 1580 Lord Grey of Wilton, the newly-appointed Lord-Deputy, took the "new poet," as he was called, to Ireland with him as his Secretary. And then as Dean Church effectively says, "The Cambridge student, the follower of country life in Lancashire or Kent, the scholar discussing with Philip Sidney and corresponding with Gabriel Harvey about classical metres and English rimes; the shepherd poet, Colin Clout, delicately fashioning his innocent pastorals, his love complaints, or his dexterous panegyrics or satires; the courtier, aspiring to shine in the train of Leicester before the eyes of the great Queen,—found himself transplanted into a wild and turbulent savagery, where the elements of civil society hardly existed, and which had the fatal power of drawing into its own evil and lawless ways the English who came into contact with it." We may be sure Spenser was not corrupted or perverted in any way by it. He continued faithful to his ideal; but it greatly enlarged his experience; it brought him into contact with new types of character; it showed him real and actual warfare between the living knights from Gloriana's realm, and the rebel Irish

with irregular Spanish and Italian allies; and to Spenser there was no shadow of doubt that the English represented single-hearted devotion to truth and order, religion and good government, and that their enemies on the contrary were the embodiments of vices and falsehoods, and treacherous cruelty. In that dreadful time there was no thought of conciliation or any other policy than that of ruthless repression. It was amid such conditions that "The Faerie Queene" was continued. He "could never have seen in England such a strong and perfect image of the allegory itself—with the wild wanderings of its personages, its daily chances of battle and danger, its hairbreadth escapes, its strange encounters, its prevailing anarchy and violence, its normal absence of order and law—as he had continually and customarily before him in Ireland." (Ibid.) There are many indications that Spenser was not happy in Ireland. He writes pathetically of England, contrasting it with his own troubled and indeed awful surroundings:

"No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bordrags nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger."

Lord Grey's short administration is characterised by all the horrors of the prevailing ferocious policy, and it is not surprising that he had many adverse critics in England, and left an abhorred name in

Ireland, but this is by no means inconsistent with the possession of a noble and high-minded personal character. "The good Lord Grey," says Spenser, "was most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate; always known to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, far from sternness, far from unrighteousness." Spenser's characteristic loyalty is further illustrated by his indignant outburst in his 'Present State of Ireland' against the detractors of the Lord-Deputy, who was then dead, when "most untruely and maliciously those evil tongues backbite and slander the sacred ashes of that most just and honourable personage, whose least virtue, of many most excellent, which abounded in his heroical spirit, they were never able to aspire unto." Among the numerous sonnets to various noblemen and ladies which Spenser prefixed to "The Faerie Queene," the following was addressed to Lord Grey:

"Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now do live bound yours by vassalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t'account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned Loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favorable doome."

To the interesting friendships in Spenser's life

which have already been noticed, namely those with Gabriel Harvey, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Grey of Wilton, must now be added one with Sir Walter Ralegh. With that delightful and endearing gift which Spenser possessed of at once perceiving and valuing the best in each of his friends, all these seemed to him to realise his conceptions of human excellence. His genius comprehended all their characteristics and made "The Faerie Queene" reflect "their conflicts, their temptations, their weaknesses, the evils they fought with, the superiority with which they towered over meaner and poorer natures." We do not know when Ralegh and Spenser first met, but they shared the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond in the county of Cork, and so, as near neighbours, often visited each other. It was during one of Ralegh's visits that Spenser read to him the finished portions of "The Faerie Queene." With truer judgment than Harvey displayed Ralegh at once perceived it to be an extraordinary work of genius and urged Spenser to publish it, and with that object the two friends set out for London, and in this manner the poet was once more brought into the centre of English life. In the registers of the Stationers' Company occurs the following entry:

"Primo die Decembris (1589).

"Mr Ponsonbye—Entered for his Copye, a book intytuled the fayrye Queene dysposed into xij bookes &c, authorysed under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbery and bothe the Wardens. vjd."

The first three books appeared early in the following year. Their success was immediate and

lasting. Professor Hales says: "If admiration and fame were or are any compensation for his adverse fortunes such compensation was and is his in no slight measure. His wealth of language, his fine sense of melody, his abundance of fancy, his ardent patriotism, his profound sympathy with all things lovely and of good report gave him at once and have retained for him a foremost place in English literature."

One word with regard to the Spenserean stanza. To the eight-lined stanza employed by Chaucer in "The Monk's Tale," the measure and rimes of which Spenser copied exactly, he made what might be supposed a very simple addition of a ninth line. Its effect, however, shows it to have been a brilliant inspiration, for it contributes both power and music to the earlier stanza. While each of the eight lines consists of five sets of two syllables, that is an iambic pentameter, the last line contains six iambic feet and is called an Alexandrine, as being the measure of the popular French poem "Les Gestes d'Alexandre." A stanza from Chaucer, followed by one from "The Faerie Queene," will serve to illustrate the Spenserean addition:

"More delicat, more pompous of array,
More proud was never emperour than he;
That ilke cloth, that he had wered o day,
After that tyme he nolde it never see.
Nettes of gold-thred hadde he gret plentee
To fisshe in Tybre, whan him liste pleye.
His lustes were al lawe in his decree,
For fortune as his freend him wolde obeye."
("The Monke's Tale.")

And now Spenser:

"Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweet wordes like dropping honny she did shed;
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make."
(Book II, canto 3, stanza xxiv.)

Pope mocked this measure when it was imitated by writers who lacked Spenser's great command over it:

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

Spenser's intention in this great poem is expounded in a prefatory letter to Sir Walter Ralegh, in which he describes it as a "continued allegory." "In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene." "I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii dayes; uppon which xii severall dayes, the occasions of the xii severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii severall knights, are in these xii books severally handled and discoursed." Only six books exist. The first gives the adventures of the knight of the Red Cross, who represents Holiness; the second, the deeds of Sir Guyon, or Temperance; the third, of Britomartis, Chastity, a lady knight; the fourth,

of Cambel and Triamond, or Friendship; the fifth, of Artegall, or Justice; the sixth, of Sir Calidore, or Courtesy. Dr. Morell observes, "The best thing to do with the allegory is to let it alone; to read the poem simply as a poem, and the stories simply as stories." And Hazlitt says, "If readers do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pikestaff." At the time, however, when Spenser composed "The Faerie Queene" it was the very uncomfortable habit of readers and writers to emphasise the importance of the teaching of morality, without which poetry was considered as but idle trifling. Consequently the praises of contemporary admirers, and the excuses and justifications of Spenser himself differ widely from the discriminative judgment of readers unembarrassed by the tyranny of this utilitarian habit of literary criticism. Nevertheless, I do not agree with the recommendation to ignore the allegory altogether. Without worrying over it we may yet try to understand the spiritual significance of the characters and incidents, for in this way we get into closer touch with the mind and purpose of the poet.

The pleasure, excitement, novel experience, and interest associated with and derived from Spenser's visit to the Court of England are described in his poem "Colin Clouts come Home againe." In this he sings the praises of the Queen, and, under fanciful designations, of the poets who glorified her reign. Among these is a supposed reference to Shakespeare:

"And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found,
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Do like himselfe Heroically sound."

He also portrays the darker side of Court life, its intrigues, its jealousies, its insincerities:

"For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malise, and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise."

Spenser also perceived more clearly, and certainly shows up very plainly, the disadvantages to literature of the degrading custom of depending upon the patronage of the rich. Professor Morley says, "A writer then could not expect to live by the use of his pen unless he received indirect aid from the patronage, or direct aid from the purse, of a great lord or of the sovereign."

"So pitifull a thing is Sutors state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist
That few have found, and manie one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent:
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;

* * * *

To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse despaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne."

In the year following the publication of the first three books of "The Faerie Queene" a volume of miscellaneous poetry was published, again by Ponsonby, who prefixed a note to the Gentle Reader in which he refers to these "fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogeather, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them, being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable." One of the pieces, namely "Mother Hubberds Tale," is certainly not grave, and it is important to include it in any notice of Spenser as it displays an almost Chaucerian humour and sarcasm. It is introduced by a pleasant company of friends seated together and passing the time by relating tales "to waste the wearie howres."

"Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided."

These two worthies, both "craftie and unhappie witted," agreed to seek their fortunes together. At first they resolved to be beggars, and to protect themselves the Ape was to pass as a poor soldier, "That now is thought a civile begging sect," the Fox to support him when necessary. In the course

of their adventures they were much disgusted with a certain husbandman who suggested various kinds of hard work—

> "To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
> To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe."

The Ape pleaded his maimed limbs as an excuse for declining toil, but they promptly closed with an offer to make them guardians of the sheep. When their term had expired they were much exercised in mind as to what report and reckoning to make and how to conceal their "false treason and vile theeverie."

> "For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
> Had they to shew; but, ever as they bred,
> They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed."

They solved the difficulty by a final slaughter and feast and then stole away by night. They next set up a new calling, "Much like to begging, but much better named." They got gown and cassock, and as poor clerks made the initial mistake of begging of a priest, who was naturally indignant and asked why they did not seek some good estate in the Church. He then proceeded to sketch for them different ways for the accomplishment of that desirable object. One of these was to seek the favour of some nobleman "that hath a zealous disposition" and then to fashion a "godly zeale,"

> "Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale;
> For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
> There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
> And seeme as Saintlike as Sainte Radegund:

Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lack or long."

This useful friend indicated other ways of rising; if they preferred to look to the Court for promotion—

"Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great Master's will, to scorne, to mock;
So maist thou chance mock out a benefice,
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a bishoprick."

It would also be necessary to bribe the courtiers, and perhaps to compound with a patron to give him half the profits. Being well taught by this priest's "holesome counsell" they obtained a benefice between them, the Fox being ordained Priest and the Ape being his "Parish Clarke." Then they enjoyed themselves with "revell route and goodly glee," to the scandal of the parishioners, who complained of them to the Ordinary, who sent for them often but they disregarded his summons and continued obstinate, till at length he threatened to hold a Visitation, at which they took alarm—

"Then was high time their wits about to geather,
What did they then, but make a composition
With their next neighbor Priest, for light condition,
To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night."

These rogues had then a short taste of their deserts and did much lament and mourn, but after a

time they met a richly decorated Mule, whom the destitute Fox thus addressed:

> "Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
> That I see you so goodly and so gay
> In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
> Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
> Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live
> Or fortune doth you secret favour give."

The fat Mule does not wonder the foolish Fox should envy his wealth when compared to his own misery—

> "That art so leane and meagre waxen late
> That scarse thy legs uphold thy feeble gate."

On this the Fox cries out against the wretchedness that makes him "the scorne of every beast to bee."

After this interchange of personalities, the Mule tells them he comes from royal Court, "where all the braverie that eye may see, and all the happinesse that heart desire, is to be found." So by his advice they next try life among the courtiers, where the Ape was the Magnifico and the Fox his man. Then we have a brilliant satire on the vices and follies of the Court; a picture of the true gentleman, again probably a tribute to Sidney; and the pitiful lament of the Suitor, already quoted. From Court these lively but disreputable friends were again obliged to fly. Their next adventure gives an opportunity for a satire on tyrannical misgovernment. The Fox suggested stealing the sleeping Lion's crown and skin. This was done and the Ape posed as king and the Fox was chief Minister. This audacity

attracted the attention of Jove, who dispatched Mercury to make enquiries and to rouse the sleeping Lion.

> "The Foxe, first author of that treacherie,
> He did uncase, and then away let flie;
> But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
> Cut off, and both ears pared off their height:
> Since which all Apes but halfe their eares have left,
> And of their tailes are utterly bereft."

Most of Spenser's poetical works are filled preponderatingly with the emotion of love, with its impulses, its raptures, its agonies. It was the fashion of the Court and the custom of poetry to speak of the passion of love as if it were the all-absorbing and paramount interest of life. No doubt this prevailing habit of thought and speech intensified the flame when its glow was actually felt. Neither Spenser's life nor his poetry can be understood if this influence be ignored. We have seen how profoundly he was affected by his unrequited love for the fair Rosalind, the beauty who adorned some Lancashire or Yorkshire glen. In the correspondence of Harvey and Spenser, which Dean Church has skilfully summarised, we meet with references to another lady in April, 1580. "The two friends write of her in Latin. Spenser sends in Latin the saucy messages of his sweetheart (meum corculum) to Harvey; Harvey, with academic gallantry, sends her in Latin as many thanks for her charming letter as she has hairs, half golden, half silver, half jewelled, in her little head; she is a second little Rosalind (altera Rosalindula), whom he salutes as Domina

Immerito, mea bellissima Colina Clouta." It is a little tantalising that this lady friend vanishes from the scene also without leaving her name, but apparently she inspired no poetry. Soon after the appearance of "Colin Clouts come Home againe," Spenser found among the Irish maidens the charming Elizabeth, who later became his wife. For a time this lady was as unresponsive as the earlier Rosalind, and the chequered story of the wooing through despair and anguish to its final triumphant close is told in a series of sonnets. They are characterised by consummate grace and genuine feeling, and the persistent lover wins the reader's good wishes. I select a sonnet in which the lady's methods with her sentimental swain are revealed, as they may prove interesting to some young lady present:

"The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare;
And drizling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare;
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pitty on my payneful smart;
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but water,
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter,
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne."

This is sonnet No. 18, and it is not till we reach No. 63 that any signs of the lady's relenting are

perceived; but then the poet says, "I doe at length descry the happy shore," and the remaining sonnets are in an atmosphere of rapturous delight. He speaks of the perfect beauty of her virtuous mind, which alone is divine, permanent, and free. And here is an agreeable picture of the two together:

"One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, quod I; let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

On June 11th, 1594, on the day of "Barnaby the Bright," Spenser was married, and to celebrate this happy event he wrote the finest of all his poems, the "Epithalamion," the most beautiful bridal song in this and probably in any language. In form the rhythm is most subtle, the stanzas are very varied, yet stately and elegant. In this poem he has breathed all the spirit of his genius; it flows in a rapid impetuous stream, sparkling with the riches of his imagination, and yet the whole is ordered with perfect restraint and refinement, and is expressed with an incomparable grace. He sings melodiously of the events and preparations of the

arriage day. In "Mother Hubberds Tale" he d expressly warned the Muses away:

"No Muses aide me needes heretoo to call;
Base is the style, and matter meane withall,"

t here he appeals to the learned sisters:

"Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;

* * * *

So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

"Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes:
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among!
Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring."

appeals to the fair hours and the three hand-ds of the Cyprian Queen to help to adorne "my utifullest bride." He sings of her coming forth this "The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see," he merry minstrels, of the bride's sweetness and

grace, of her spiritual beauty and heavenly gifts, of her bashful downcast eyes before the altar; of bringing her home again and the ringing of the bells; of the rising of the evening star, and the fair face of the moon looking down favourably on their happiness.

In 1595 the "Amoretti" and the "Epithalamion," memorials of his courtship and marriage, were published, and in the same year the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of "The Faerie Queene." He was in England in 1596, and wrote the four hymns on "Love and Beauty, Earthly and Heavenly," and the "Prothalamion," a spousal verse in honour of the double marriage of the daughters of the Earl of Worcester, and these were his last works. In 1597 he returned to Kilcolman, and in the following year was made Sheriff of Cork. Spenser was now at the zenith of his fame and prosperity. His marriage had been blessed with children, and his domestic happiness was unclouded. He was recognised as the prince of poets, and after all the vicissitudes of his career he could now look forward to a peaceful and contented existence among the material beauties of Ireland, mountain, wood, and lake of which he wrote, and in the full plenitude of his powers devote himself to the second part of his great work. But those fair forests could only be enjoyed at a distance, for they sheltered the "thieves and wolves" of still lingering rebellion. Spenser living in the forfeited castle of the Desmonds was doubtless the special object of their undying hatred, and in October, 1598, a fresh insurrection suddenly broke out with all the usual frightful accompaniments. The insur-

gents swept down on Kilcolman, and Spenser and his family barely escaped with their lives. The castle was plundered and sacked, and it is said that one little child perished in the flames. It may easily be understood how profoundly the horrors of this experience would affect a mind like Spenser's. Crushed and prostrated he died at Westminster in the following January.

In summing up Spenser's poetical gifts it may be of interest in conclusion to give briefly the opinions of various competent critics. Professor Craik considers "The shaping spirit of imagination" to be his supreme gift. Hazlitt says, "His versification . . . . is a labyrinth of sweet sounds. . . . Spenser is the poet of our waking dreams, and he has invented, not only a language, but a music of his own for them. The undulations are infinite, like those of the waves of the sea; but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world, from which we have no wish to be ever recalled." Pope says, "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read 'The Faerie Queene' when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago." Hallam says with respect to "The Faerie Queene," "Every canto of this (the first) book teems with the choicest beauties of imagination; he came to it in the freshness of his genius, which shines throughout with an uniformity it does not always afterwards maintain, unsullied by flattery, unobstructed by pedantry, and unquenched by languor." Dean

Church regards his perception of beauty as his greatest gift. "A beautiful scene, a beautiful person, a beautiful poem, a mind and character with that combination of charms which, for want of another word, we call by that half-spiritual, half-material word *beautiful* at once set his imagination at work to respond to it and reflect it. His means of reflecting it were as abundant as his sense of it was keen." His defects as a poet are but his great qualities run to riotous excess. "There was in Spenser a facility for turning to account all material, original or borrowed; an incontinence of the descriptive faculty, which was ever ready to exercise itself on any object, the most unfitting and loathsome, as on the noblest, the purest, or the most beautiful" (Church). Exaggeration, diffuseness, prolixity have been described as the "literary diseases of the age," and Spenser's abundance, which has been compared to "wading among unmown grass," was but an extreme instance of the prevailing characteristic. His linguistic peculiarities must be noticed. In addition to using obsolete inflections and grammatical usages, and words in their primary meaning, or provincialisms which were so regarded, Spenser alters words on his own authority to suit his metre or rime. On occasions of difficulty to his verse, Mr. Craik says "his treatment of words is like nothing that ever was seen, unless it might be Hercules breaking the back of the Nemean lion. He gives them any sense and any shape that the case may demand. Sometimes he merely alters a letter or two; sometimes he twists off the head or tail of the unfortunate vocable altogether. But this

fearless, lordly, truly royal style makes one only feel the more how easily, if he chose, he could avoid the necessity of having recourse to such outrages." I can only give as a piece of personal experience, that fresh from reading the whole of his works, without any philological or other ambitious purpose, but solely for pure enjoyment, even his peculiarities of language have a fascination of their own, although I am glad they have not been copied by other writers. With all the faults which the least sympathetic critic may discover, it is pleasant to know that Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and many other poets have delighted in him, and found him full of nobility, purity, and sweetness.

LORD BYRON.

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read May 25th, 1904.]

"WHAT is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Well, there are questions as to this or that, the truth, concerning this or that, which are either unanswerable, or which take so long to answer that most of us plead an engagement and slip away during the process of inquiry. "Let us hear you," we say, "again, another day, on this matter." And yet in spite of these discouragements, this unanimous plea for postponement, it is impossible to silent the disquisitors: *Uno avulso non deficit alter*—"You may cut, but they come again."

Foremost among the answerers of impossible or interminable questions are the critics. They hear, or feign to hear, a pressing inquiry with regard to the actual or relative merits of prophet, poet, or philosopher and they proceed to appraise the candidate or victim, and to pronounce in a more or less striking manner what they regard and expect others to regard as an inappellable judgment. Now if criticism were an exact science, or if there were any generally recognised body of statutes or systematic code, and if the judges were able to agree among

themselves, there would be something to go by; but as judge after judge, in his own language and according to his own code, delivers himself from his own infallible *cathedra* or throne of judicature, the validity of the sentence rests solely on the authority of the Court.

We know that Milton spoke kindly and even warmly of Shakespeare, and we know, too, that Voltaire belittled him. We are inclined to think Milton was on the whole a greater writer than Voltaire (whom Wordsworth to Byron's indignation once described as a dull optimist), but Voltaire was a very considerable person too; and if criticism were an exact science, or were patient of dogmatic treatment, we might be compelled to wander to and fro in a strait between two opinions.

The conclusion I would draw is that the greater the critic the greater the criticism, but that there is no finality. The prophet or poet speaks, as it were, for the first time to anyone who lends a willing ear, to you or me, and between you and me and the mightiest of the mighty dead there is no order of intercessors, angelical or sacerdotal. The question is, Does he, the poet, appeal to you? Do you admire him? Do you find in his thoughts and words that spiritual food and sustenance which your soul longeth after? And to answer these questions to any purpose it stands to reason that you must have read and digested the prophetic or poetical message and be able to speak from experience.

Criticism may bring you the water, but criticism cannot make you drink or quench your thirst if you drink your fill. To understand the mystery of

poetry does not require the extraordinary intelligence of the half-inspired interpreter, but it does require the ordinary intelligence of the attentive and painstaking reader.

If it were not so, with what semblance or pretence of sanity could any one who is not himself akin to the immortals venture to say either this or that about Lord Byron, when such men as Goethe, and Victor Hugo, and Pouchkin, as Sir Walter Scott, and Macaulay, and Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Swinburne have given him their best thoughts and expressed their thoughts in the best possible words?

Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not propose to rehearse or to criticise the criticisms of those who have spoken with authority, still less to play the criticaster on my own account, but simply to give you the benefit (if it is a benefit) of my own experience in the matter of Lord Byron's poetry; for, in editing his poetical works, duty or necessity compelled me to read, with more or less intelligence, every line which he wrote with his pen, and to read the greater part of, I may say, all these lines with some care and attention over and over again. I was compelled to ask myself what each line of each poem or drama meant or was intended to mean. I was precluded from taking anything for granted; I was obliged to overcome, as far as I could, my own ignorance; I was constrained to dip into some of the books he read and mastered; I was mean enough to bribe the ghost of his valet to guide my fingers to the pages of the old newspapers, 'Morning Chronicle' or what not, which inspired his lordship's political *jeux d'esprit*. Hence, not of grace, but by works—not

as freeborn, but at a great price, *ad hoc* if you will, imperfectly, no doubt, but with some glimmering of intelligence—I got to know not merely what great writers thought and said about Byron and it was right and becoming for me to assent to and reiterate, but the purport, and, indeed, to some extent, the substance of his poems. My business was to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself, not to supply him with *formulæ*, or to furnish his imagination with wings, or more or less dexterously constructed flying-machines. None the less, however, reflections, points of view, generalisations, and so forth did present themselves to my mind, and one or two of these I will venture to bring before your notice.

I can never remember a time when educated and so-called cultivated persons did not speak slightingly of Byron's Eastern Tales. Between May, 1813, and December, 1815, after he was turned twenty-five, and before he was twenty-eight years of age, he threw off six of these tales—"The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina." They were enormously popular. The first three went into eleven or twelve editions each, and Murray sold 10,000 copies of "The Corsair" on the day of publication. They were up to date, they hit the mark; everybody understood them, everybody bought them, everybody praised and enjoyed them spontaneously and unreservedly. They almost persuaded John Bull to be a poet. Then they went out of fashion, and superior readers discovered that they were melodramatic and mawkish, that the

sentiment was cheap, the *technique* faulty, and that, apart from two or three purple patches, such as "He who hath bent him o'er the dead," the Turkish tales were as shapeless and as colourless as seaweed when the tide is out. You remember the Marchioness in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" and her receipt for improvising a glass of sherry. You mixed orange-peel with the water, and, if you pretended hard enough, the result was something like sherry. It would, no doubt, take a great deal of pretending to catch the "first, fine, careless rapture" of "The Giaour" or "The Bride of Abydos." It is difficult to realise that "Lara's wide domain" was once a land of enchantment—

> "And Kaled, Lara, Ezzelin are gone,
> Alike without their monumental stone."

We think of the noble author leaning on his elbows, with upturned eye and downturned collar, and we are sadly unimpressed. There is no escape from this revulsion of sentiment, but before we write off the loss it will be well to examine for ourselves these discarded favourites. We shall not, like our grandmothers or great-grandmothers, sit up till two or three in the morning spellbound and a-quiver with excitement, but we may devote a cool half-hour in the grey light of a midsummer day. What shall we find? A vivid and accurate description of Eastern places, Eastern customs, Eastern men and women. Lord Byron had travelled in the East and had kept his eyes open, and there and afterwards he mastered the contents of such writers as D'Herbelot's 'Bibliothèque Orientale,' Pitton de Tournefort's

'Voyage in the Levant,' Choiseul Gouffier's colossal 'Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce,' Castellar's 'Lettres sur la Morée,' and, for once stealing his brooms ready made, Samuel Henley's Notes to Beckford's 'Vathek.' He knew what he was talking about; he took infinite pains to be correct in his costumes, and he *is* correct. The sentiment may be thin, but the information is solid. He united in an extraordinary degree the artistic faculty of composition with an almost pedantic regard for accuracy of detail. He was a first-rate note-writer, thorough, concise, and entertaining. To quote a phrase which he borrowed from Johnson, he treated Oriental subjects with an Oriental scrupulosity. It is not too much to say that, but for Byron's Turkish Tales, the non-literary British public—your British blackguard, as he delicately and politely puts it—would have known as little about Turkey and Asia Minor, and Mohammedan rites and ceremonies, as they do about Patagonia or did about Thibet. Byron learnt in order to teach, and he taught so agreeably and so effectively that he left the world better informed than he found it. It is a great achievement to force the multitude to assimilate new knowledge of any kind. Matthew Arnold says that Byron taught us little—meaning that he does not help us to find the way of peace, as Wordsworth did. But in another sense he was a valuable instructor, a potent educator, meriting a greater recognition than he has hitherto received.

And after all he wrote very prettily. Take the parting scene between Conrad and Medora in "The Corsair." The pirate had just returned to his island

and his lady-love from a voyage of peril, and before he has time to rest or break his fast he is summoned to another adventure.

"This hour we part!—my heart foreboded this:
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew:
My love! Thou mock'st my weakness and wouldst steel
My breast before the time when it must feel;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I guessed
At such as seemed the fairest: thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco's damp:
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull;—or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.
Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow,
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;

Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while:
And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread,
Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main;
And he deceived me—for—he came again!"

The Turkish Tales were written in England during Byron's poetical nonage. It was not till he had tasted the bitter experience of separation from wife and child, and exile from his country, and had looked on the changed faces of friend and foe, that he put out his full strength. The third canto of "Childe Harold" with its belated profession of natural piety, "Manfred," "The Prisoner of Chillon," with its satellite poems, "The Dream" and "Darkness," were among the first fruits of his foreign husbandry. The poems of this period form a kind of interlude in the prolonged and varied pageantry of the Byronic muse. He had emancipated himself from the influence of Scott and Rogers, and he had passed under the influence of Wordsworth and Shelley. In the ordinary and, perhaps, narrower sense of the word, it was then that he grew in grace as a *poet*. There is a gentleness, a tenderness, a breath of mystery, a quickening of the imagination, in this group of poems—qualities and conditions of the poetic temperament which had hitherto lain dormant and were afterwards thrust back out of sight, if not out of mind. All things are cognisable by genius, all things are possible to genius; but where the native sympathy, and therefore the effectual desire, is wanting there is a deliberate disregard of whatever

things and thoughts are not germane to the one thing needful, the soul's peculiar business, the cause for which it came into the world. Wordsworth was an authority on the construction of chimneys and an admirable landscape gardener, but he spent the greater part of his long life in writing poetry; and Coleridge was a competent and exemplary Civil servant, but he did not stick to it. So, too, Byron with the more ethereal and superlunary divagations of the Muse. He could an he would, but he was dedicated to other ministrations. "I hope," as Vice-Chancellor Bruce used to express it, "I hope I make myself intelligible."

I give as a specimen of this transitional period the opening lines of "The Dream."

"Our life is two-fold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of Joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of Eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like Sibyls of the future: they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain:
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows—are they so?
Is not the past all shadow?—What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own

With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep; for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."

Byron with his friend Hobhouse left the Villa Diodati on the Lake of Geneva October 5th, 1816, crossed the Simplon, and made their way together *viâ* Milan and Verona to Venice. Thenceforward till July 24th, 1823, when he sailed for Cephalonia, he lived in Italy, and, so far as possible, forgot his own people and his father's house. It is this *Italianate* Byron who left an indelible mark on the literature of the world.

He had always been a devourer of books, and being possessed of a tenacious memory and a capacity not only for spells of diligence, but for a strenuous idleness, a dissipation of all else but time, he had put sound work into his hastier and lighter compositions.

But he now began the study of Italian history and Italian literature in scholarlike earnest. His first great Italian poem, the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," which belongs to 1817—1818, has been described as a kind of inspired guidebook to Venice, Florence, and Rome. Italian translators, treating this canto as a complete poem have named it "L'Italia." And, here, perhaps, I may be forgiven if I recite a précis of the first draft of the poem which has already appeared in print: "The pilgrim finds himself at Venice on the 'Bridge of Sighs.' He beholds in a vision the departed glories of 'a

thousand years.' 'The long array of shadows,' the 'beings of the mind,' come to him 'like truth,' and re-people the vacancy. But he is an exile, and turns homeward in thought to 'the inviolate island of the sage and free.' He is an exile and a sufferer. He can and will endure his fate, but 'ever and anon' he feels the prick of woe, and with the sympathy of despair would stand a 'ruin amidst ruins,' a desolate soul in a land of desolation and decay. He renews his pilgrimage. He passes Arquà, 'where they keep the dust of Laura's lover,' lingers for a day at Ferrara, haunted by memories of 'Torquato's injured shade,' and, as he approaches 'the fair white walls of Florence,' he re-echoes the 'Italia! oh, Italia!' of Filicaja's impassioned strains. At Florence he gazes, 'dazzled and drunk with beauty,' at 'the goddess in stone,' the Medicean Venus, but forbears to 'describe the indescribable,' to break the silence of Art by naming its mysteries. Santa Croce, and the other glories 'in Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,' he passes by unsung, if not unseen; but Thrasimene's 'sheet of silver,' and the 'living crystal' of Clitumnus' 'gentlest waters,' and Terni's 'matchless cataract,' on whose verge 'an Iris sits,' and 'lone Soracte's' ridge, not only call forth his spirit's homage, but receive the homage of her Muse.

"And now the Pilgrim has reached his goal, 'Rome the wonderful,' the sepulchre of empire, the shrine of art.

"Henceforth the works of man absorb his attention. Pompey's 'dread statue,' the Wolf of the Capitol, the tomb of Cecilia Metella; the Palatine;

the 'nameless column' of the Forum; Trajan's Pillar; Egeria's Grotto, the ruined colosseum, 'arches on arches,' an 'enormous skeleton,' the restored colosseum of the poet's vision, a multitudinous ring of spectators, a bloody Circus and a dying Gladiator; the Pantheon; S. Niccolò in Carcere, the scene of the Romana Caritas, St. Peter's 'vast and wondrous dome' are all celebrated in due succession. Last of all, he 'turns to the Vatican' to view the Laocoön and the Apollo Belvidere, the counterfeit presentments of ideal suffering and ideal beauty. His 'shrine is won'; but, ere he bids us farewell he climbs the Alban Mount, and as the Mediterranean once more bursts upon his sight, he sums the moral of his argument: Man and all his works are as a drop of rain in the Ocean, 'the image of eternity, the throne of the Invisible!'" *

Now I would have you to remember that in 1818, to all but noblemen and a favoured few who had made the grand tour, these cities, these buildings, these works of art, were unfamiliar, all but unknown, and that Byron's 'Catalogue Raisonné' possessed the charm of novelty. Thomson, in his forgotten poem, entitled "Liberty," goes over the same ground and celebrates some of the same statues. I guess that Byron had read Thomson, but, to quote a memorable phrase, he most certainly created the dry bones of Thomson's outline into the fulness of life. I do not maintain that the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" is a profoundly learned poem, though portions added to the first draft were written up to Hobhouse's historical and archæological notes;

* 'Poetical Works of Lord Byron,' 1899, ii, 311—313.

but it was, unquestionably, a liberal education to the middle classes of this country who were raised by a work which they read and could, in a large measure, understand to a higher level of refinement and intellectual emotion. "Fit audience let me find, though few," was Milton's prayer, and must be ever the prayer of the prophet of the highest; but to find a vast audience slow to learn, and to quicken their intelligence to make them fit for a loftier message than they expect or demand—this, too, is a mighty operation and a thankworthy.

A more immediate outcome of his Italian studies were his two Venetian dramas, "Marino Faliero," "The Two Foscari," his "Prophecy of Dante" (an attempt to naturalise the *ottava rima* of the "Divine Comedy"), and a metrical translation of the first canto of Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore," which followed, and was perhaps suggested by, a prose version recently published in Leigh Hunt's 'Indicator.' The plays, which are modelled on the pseudo-classical dramas of Alfieri, were based on a careful and laborious study of modern French history and ancient, though not the most ancient, Venetian chronicles. They have never been popular in this country, but "Marino Faliero" has given birth to numerous imitations and adaptations in France and Germany.

In the concluding lines of the first canto of "The Prophecy of Dante" Byron, to adapt the lines of another poet, puts into Dante's mouth his own lamentation—

> "The deep, the low, the pleading tone
> With which he sang another's grief
> Interpreted his own"—

"'Tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be racked
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name,
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded, fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing: but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripped from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal She,
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see
And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an Exile—not a Slave of me."

One cannot always sympathise with Byron's appeals *ad Misericordiam*. But there is restraint as well as passion in these lines, and this much he could say with truth and not without honour.

But he owed to the country of his adoption an inspiration which commanded the secret of his

greatest and final success, a triumphant mastery of the *ottava rima*, and the conception of the possibility of the humorous epic. It is true that before he had read or before he had taken hold of the style or quality of Berni and Pulci he had read and taken to himself Hookham Frere's anonymous *jeu d'esprit* which is usually entitled "Whistlecraft." It is elegant, it is refined, it is excellently well done, occasionally and moderately facetious—it was an early if not a first conveyance of the *ottava rima* into English verse—but it was not and never could be more than a literary experiment, a scholarly trifle. Byron saw his chance, and *sans cérémonie* drew or snatched the instrument out of Frere's gentlemanlike keeping, and, with the result, that *his* 'prentice-hand scored a success with "Beppo." I believe that "Beppo" was written with a complete knowledge of "Whistlecraft," and only a very slight acquaintance with Berni and Berni's master, Pulci. It is livelier, smarter, and much more amusing than "Whistlecraft," but it does not rise above its source, genteel—say rather *un*genteel—Italian comedy.

But the instrument, the *ottava rima*, became a many-stringed lute at the touch of the cunning melodist. Before many months had gone by he had learnt all that Frere's models Berni and Pulci or Ariosto, or, on a lower level, Fortiguerra, could teach him; he had found a thing to do, and a way to do it—to make great poetry real, to remove *all* the conventions, and to represent the actual, whether it is clothed in the garment of loveliness, or is mean and ugly, and naked and ashamed. A something in the spirit of the old Italian poets, a humorous

transition from grave to gay, from gay to grave, a jostling of faith with mockery, appealed to his temperament. But he went beyond his masters. He had sounded the depths of anger and bitterness and shame and remorse; he had known sorrow, and through and in it all he had mocked at himself and defied his fate; and with the doubleminded-ness of an overstimulated intellect he had come to doubt the conclusions of his own spirit. He is at war with himself. And so in holding up the mirror to Nature he paints the world as it revealed itself to him—he paints it bravely and firmly. But there is no conclusion to the whole matter. All is vanity.

"Don Juan" is one of the great poems of the world. It is marked, disfigured perhaps, by some ugly stains and spots; they cannot be explained away, or whitewashed into beauties in disguise. We cannot accept it at Byron's own valuation when he was being preached at "From Kentish Town to Pisa," and maintained that it is the most moral of poems; but as long as men go down to the sea in ships, as long as they love fighting, as long as they are not averse to love-making, and as long as they can see and laugh at a joke, they will read "Don Juan," under protest, no doubt, but as a pleasure rather than a duty. "It would be waste of words and time," writes Mr. Swinburne in his splendid appreciation of this one poem of Byron's, "to enlarge at all upon the excellence of the pure comedy of 'Don Juan.' From the first canto to the sixteenth, from the defence of Julia, which is worthy of Congreve or Molière, to the study of Adeline, which is worthy of Laclos or Balzac; the elastic energy of humour

never falters or flags. . . . It was said, and perhaps is still said, that the poem falls off and runs low towards the end. Those who can discover where a change for the worse begins might at least indicate the landmark, imperceptible to duller eyes, which divides the good from the bad." It is, you will remember, in these last cantos, the thirteenth and the sixteenth, that he paints from memory that wonderful picture of his lost inheritance which unites the charm of a fancy-piece with the accuracy of a ground-plan.

I wish that I could bring Newstead Abbey in the County of Nottingham before you. Lord Byron died before my time, in 1824, and I never saw him save once in a vivid and remarkable dream, but I have seen and stayed at Newstead. It is quite unlike other great country seats or palaces, for it is actually a monastery which never quite fell into disuse, but was converted some 300 years ago and more into a baronial mansion. The Priory Church which was built alongside of the monastery was destroyed by time and by Cromwell and other "esurient phantoms" as Carlyle might have called them, all but the west front with its one huge hollow arch, its niches, and lesser arches atop; this, which is flush with the west front of the mansion, stands almost entire. Understand, it is a stone screen, that and nothing more, and behind it, where once were nave and aisles and choir, is smooth green turf, and right at the east end, on the site of the high altar, is an urn-crowned block of masonry which marks the vault which contains the bones of Byron's Newfoundland dog Boatswain.

Now the rest of the abbey consists of the original monastic buildings, guests' refectory, monks' refectory, prior's parlour, and what not, forming a hollow square. Within the square are cloisters, and within the cloisters a grassy quadrangle, and, in the centre of the quadrangle, a quaint stone fountain girdled with a double row of stone gargoyles. On the east side of this square to which a wing or annexe built in the time of Charles I is attached, are four or five state bedrooms where Kings, Henry VII and Charles, and Cromwell, who as Lord Auchinleck, Bozzy's father, reminded Dr. Johnson, "gart kings ken that they had a lith [*i.e.* a joint] in their neck," slept when they visited Newstead. The abbey is situated in an angle of lakes and fishponds. The west front faces the upper or stable lake; a huge fishpond which forms part of the monks' garden is on the east; the second or garden lake is on the south of the abbey; while away to the south-east is a third lake now bordered with trees and guarded by a huge cairn built of vast blocks of plum-pudding stone. The story is that the "wicked lord" looked forward to a day when he should sit atop and watch the devastation of the country-side by letting out of the water from the lake. At least, so the legend goes, and if you stand beneath the cairn when the evening light begins to fail, and listen to the cries of the moorhen and wild fowl as they fly across the solitary wood-fringed waters, you might fancy that it was the chosen haunt of some spirit of malevolence, some eerie phantom that loved to lurk and brood in old unhappy places.

Nearer to the abbey, below the monks' garden, is

a narrow fishpond edged with black yew-trees on either side. The intervening water is black with perennial shade, but, once in a while, the full moon shines down on the pond, illuminating the water but leaving the impending branches now in glimmer and now in gloom; and at the head of the pond is the monks' or holy well, a tiny jet of water shooting out its cone of sand. I could talk for many half-hours about Newstead, but I must stint myself and let you off with only one word as to the poet's set of rooms. On the west front of the mansion, facing the upper lake and the cascade and in line with the ruined arch, is the guests' dining-hall, the guests' refectory, which led to an inner room where the prior and his royal guests dined in state alone. Here it is that the ghost walked, or, as some avow, still walks. I mean the ghost *par excellence*, the ghost of the Black Friar, for he is not a solitary fowl and there are others. A corkscrew staircase leads from the hall to three small rooms, a bedroom, a dressing-room, and a study which Byron chose for his own use and furnished with tolerable comfort and some attempt at splendour. The furniture remains unchanged. The coloured prints of Harrow and Cambridge still hang on the walls. The quaint Chinese pattern chintz curtains still enclose the four-post bed, decorated, I grieve to say, with gilt coronets at the four corners; and a chest of (what second-hand dealers in antiquities would call Chippendale, that is, old-fashioned mahogany) drawers still remain, *in situ*.

The windows look on the lake and the cascade; and the ruined arch, which is close at hand, when the moon is full sends forth its dolorous wail as of

departed spirits. Cannot you picture him—the half-ruined lord of this wonderful inheritance, the lame boy with the head and torso of the Greek god, the love-sick, passionate, tumultuous youth, ever at war with his own soul, alone at night, looking at the moonlit lake and listening to the sound of falling water, the sound of rushing and murmuring winds? And can you wonder that he heard and obeyed the call to be the poet, say rather the prophet, of Romance—can you doubt his inspiration?

He had stolen down the corkscrew stair; or it may be, the house being full of guests, he was sleeping in the prior's parlour, when he heard the rustle of shadowy garments, and the ghostly footsteps that were heard as silence is heard; and now long years after, with fond memories of those dawn-golden days, he re-peoples Newstead with guests that come but never go, and half convinces us that the Black Friar did not always resolve himself into the phantom of "her frolic Grace Fitz Fulke."

Beware! beware of the Black Friar,
  Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
  And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the lord of the hill Amundeville
  Made Norman Church his prey,
And expelled the friars, one friar still
  Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his might with King Henry's right
  To turn Church land to lay,
With sword in hand and torch to light
  Their walls if they said nay

A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
And he did not seem formed of clay,
For he's seen in the porch and he's seen in the church
Though he is not seen by day.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still with the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
And when ought is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadowed by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the Church's heir,
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
And he'll say nought to you;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.

Then grammercy! for the Black Friar
Heaven sain him! fair or foul,
And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

It is impossible to have any acquaintance with Byron literature, or to scale the outwork of a bibliography of his writings, without being struck with the startling fact that men of other nations exalt him to a far higher place in the scale of poets than his own countrymen have definitely assigned him. In his lifetime he was recognised by Goethe as the master spirit of his age—the angel of the Vision of Romance. In France for ten years, and fully twenty after his death, his popularity equalled, if it did not exceed, his first outburst of fame in England. In Italy, in Germany, in Poland, in Russia, he was and is regarded as the greatest English writer of his day—of any day with the possible exception of Shakespeare and Milton. Since Mr. Murray took in hand the great task of issuing a new edition of his works more than six learned monographs on Byron have appeared in Germany. At the present time a monumental edition of his writings is being issued in Russia. Professors of English in Russian Universities take Byron for their starting-point, the centre of the circumference of English literature. You have only to cross the Channel to find that Byron lives and shines and reigns, and that Shelley, and Wordsworth, and Keats, to say nothing of Tennyson and Browning, have scarcely appeared above the horizon. German critics are lost in astonishment that we can be so silly as to waste our time on the Lake Poets and other ephemeral and insular delineators, of the

village, the nursery, and the Sunday School. Why does Byron appeal to these more powerfully, more exclusively, than he does to us?

Is it because we are dull, and sanctimonious, and insular, and they are of sterner stuff and manlier growth, and recognise greatness where we carp and pick holes and pretend we are bored, because in reality we are scandalised and shocked?

I pass over the obvious explanation that Byron had emancipated, or seemed to have emancipated, himself from British prejudices and British limitations, and, with regard to politics, morals, and religion, affected the Continental standard. This would attract, but would not retain, the admiration and affection of many generations of many peoples. Again, it is true that there are defects of style, rough edges, to his lines, an exultant proclamation of rhetorical commonplaces which vex and perplex the nicer ears and taste of his own countrymen—which Latin, and Teuton, and Slav pass over unconsciously and unalarmed. But it is only the second- and third-rate who are permanently damaged by mistakes, by defects of style or even of taste. All these little sins are swallowed up in greatness; and if Byron, as a whole, came home to the mass—I mean the educated mass—of his countrymen, they would have found excuses for these blunders of craftsmanship or exalted them into delightful and honourable mannerisms. I have ventured to suggest that we in England and they on the Continent look on poetry from different points of view—that we expect another answer to our interrogation of the Muse, crave for other spiritual sustenance.

Perhaps we are insular, perhaps we are too much concerned with the intricacies of our souls to be loyal servants of Art. Byron was a creator of great types, great impersonations, which have passed into the thought and literature of all European peoples. He is a mighty inventor, and his creations—Conrad, Manfred, Cain, Sardanapalus, Mazeppa, Don Juan—have impressed themselves on the moral and spiritual imaginations of people whom confessions of inquiring spirits, or manuals of "natural piety," however subtle, or delicate, or refined, would have left puzzled and cold.

For us, or some of us, poetry has another function: it must sustain, it must heal, it must exalt. Byron is a great intellectual force and a mighty artist, but we must look elsewhere for "wells of living water." And these ethical and spiritual necessities of ours do come between us and the due recognition of unfamiliar powers.

Well, we can learn from an enemy, we can take a leaf out of a neighbour's book. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* is not an axiom, but it has weight. At any rate, to be an Englishman and not to be familiar with Byron's poetry, to feel its beauty and to realise its force, is to leave to the stranger and the alien the fruition of a great inheritance.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY WOMEN STUDENTS.

BY CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

[Read June 15th, 1904.]

THOUGH we are all familiar with the lives of certain notable ladies who reached a high standard of learning during the sixteenth century, little or nothing is known concerning the general education of girls and women of that period. No Royal Reports enlighten us concerning their opportunities, and no private study has elicited and combined a definite series of details. It is therefore important to note and collate all that may be gleaned concerning this interesting subject.

The intellectual developments of England during the sixteenth century were moulded by three main streams of influence—that of the Italian Renaissance, which partially passed to us through France; that of the German and Swiss Reformation; and that of the rapid improvements in the art of printing. Social and political changes stimulated the national intellect to high fervours, and the literary spirit predominated. How much women shared in the general advance of culture is too frequently only a matter of inference, just as we may learn that a sheep has passed through a hedge by a fleece of wool caught on the branches. That many women

had learned to read we may infer from the religious history of the time. We hear of women as amid those who flocked to buy the testaments of Tyndale and the great Bibles of Rogers; of women who suffered as heretics during the first half, and as recusants during the second half, of the century, doomed by the discovery of their *books*. And we know, on the other side, that Dr. John Hall, of Maidstone, in his 'Court of Virtue,' reproached the gayer maidens of the country with reading wicked songs and romances, when they should have been reading the Scriptures. When the decisions of the foreign universities against King Henry's marriage "were publyshed, all wyse men in the realme moche abhorred that marriage; but women and such as wer more wylful than wyse or learneyd spake against the Determinacion and sayde that the Universities were corrupt, and enticed so to doo," * an opinion that many wise men have held since. How *were* they educated? Doubtless, all mothers who knew taught their daughters, if only for the sake of acquiring cookery and medical receipts. Doubtless, all who were rich enough had tutors, and there is every reason to believe that any number of unrecorded Dame Schools flourished throughout the length and breadth of the land, where children of both sexes were taught the elements of reading from the Hornbook. (One lady who was admitted to the Guild of Boston in the early part of the century was described as a *schoolmistress*.) I have been fortunate enough to find corroboration of my opinion in the pages of a

* Hall's 'Chronicle,' p. 730.

notable book on the education of boys, by Richard Mulcaster, First Master of the Merchant Taylors' School, 1581. He says: "Seeing that I begin so low as the first elementary, wherein we see that young maidens be also *ordinarily trained*," etc. That seems to imply primary education for many, if not for the mass of the people.

A still thicker veil hides us from the true state of their secondary education. The destruction of the convents involved the destruction of many opportunities of feminine culture. Fuller says of them: "They were the schools where the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work, and sometimes a little Latin was taught them, music, and Church History."

Among the numerous schools founded or refounded in the century the Collegiate schools seem always to have been reserved for boys, but we have no means of knowing whether the schools founded by private laymen for *children* were not originally intended for both sexes in England, as they always were in Scotland, at the Reformation. We know that Christ Church Hospital was so, and it is quite probable that many others have since drifted into the one-sided channel of masculine privilege. Stow includes in his list of "charitable men" the names of many women. The number of grants to schools and colleges is remarkable, and suggests sympathy with education, that might have extended to that of girls. He concludes: "Thus much for the worthiness of citizens, both men and women, in this citie." I have not yet met an instance of a private foundation of a school expressly for girls, or even of one

in which they were *stated* to have been included, until the next century. Then Lucy, daughter of Sir Henry Goodyere, niece of Drayton's Warwickshire "Idea," prevailed on her husband, Sir Francis Nethersole of Kent, to found a school in her native town of Polesworth, with "a liberal maintenance of a schoolmaster and schoolmistress, to teach the *children* of the parish, the boys to read and write English, the girls to read and to work with the needle." Whether the founders were following an old custom, or whether they found that unprotected foundations were apt to lapse, their intention was preserved by cutting in stone over the doorways, associated with their coats of arms, the words "puerorum, puellarum" (Dugdale).

Whatever may be proved of foundations, I have always been convinced of the existence of voluntary secondary schools (*see* 'L.L.L.,' iv, 2), and here again Richard Mulcaster supports my opinion. As master of a boys' school, and professing only to write for them, he might well have passed over girls, but he did not. He devotes a whole chapter to their education. Seeing that some still doubted the wisdom of teaching them *further than the elementary*, he gives, as four good reasons for doing so:—

"First. Because it is the *custom of my country*.

"Second. Because it is a duty which we owe to them, wherein we are charged in conscience not to leave them lame in that which is for them.

"Third. Because of their own towardnesse, which God would never have given them had He meant them to remain idle.

"Fourth. Because of the excellent effects in

that sex when they have had the help of good bringing up."

"Their natural towardness ought to be cultivated because we have it by commandment of the Lord, to train up, not only our own sex, but our females, and He makes an account of natural talents."

In expanding these heads, he adds suggestions that in modern terminology at least would imply that there were special opportunities for girls; for he says: "The custom of my countrie hath made the maiden's training her approved travail," though elsewhere he states that "there is no *public* provision, but such as the professors of their training do make of themselves." He would not have them go to the public grammar schools or the universities, but advises all parents to educate them according to their powers. He regrets that girls *in general* only study until about the age of 13 or 14, "wherein the matter which they must deal withal, cannot be very much in so little time, for the perfitting thereof requireth much travail!" "Some *Timon* will say, What should women do with learning? Such a churlish carper will never pick out the best!" "Is it nothing to us to have our children's mothers well furnished in mind, and well strengthened in body?" Mulcaster would give them the pencil to draw, the pen to write; teach them some logic, rhetoric, philosophy to furnish their general discourses, and the knowledge of some tongues, as well as housewifery. He says that the selection of studies depended upon whether a girl was intended to marry or to earn her bread. As the trades-guilds were then open to them, education

would be of value to those prepared to enter any of these, or to become teachers, or practitioners in some branches of medicine, such as barber-surgeons, midwives, etc. Mulcaster, besides giving theories, states facts: "We see young maidens taught to read and write, and can do both with praise. We heare them sing and playe, and both passing well; we knowe that they learne the best and finest of our learned languages to the admiration of all men. . . . . Whoso shall denie that they may not compare even with our kind in the best degree. . . . . Do we not see some of that sex in our countrie so excellently well trained as to be compared to the best Romaines or Greekish paragonnes"—to the German, the French, or the Italians?

"If no storie did tell it, if no state did allow it, if no example did confirme it, that young maidens deserve trayning, this our own myrrour, the majestie of her sex, doth prove it in her own person, and commendes it to our reason. We have besides her Highness as undershining starres, many singuler ladies and gentlewymen so skilful in all cunning of the most laudable and loveworthy qualities of learning, as they may well be alledged as president to prayse." As they are "educated according to the wealth of their parents, the greater born have better means of prosecuting it best."

I quote so much, as this is the sole special authority I have for their *secondary education.* We know of their higher culture from Spenser, Harrison and others. It is evident that private tutors were the teachers of at least the higher education to women, and after the suppression of the monasteries the

number of these "poor scholars" would be greatly increased for a time. But the profession of governess had already been established.

In Dr. Dee's Diary he notes, September 1st, 1587: "I covenanted with John Basset to teach the children the Latin tongue, and I to give him seven duckats by the quarter." "September 1st, 1596, Mary Goodwyn cam to my service to governe and teach Madinia and Margaret my young daughters."

I have not been able to learn anything of voluntary schools in general, but there is reference to one in the description of the education of one girl of the wealthy upper middle classes of London, daughter of one great merchant, and wife of another. Though her fame shows that her successes were not quite commonplace, it also suggests that she had numerous competitors and rivals. Elizabeth Withypoll * is included by Ballard among his "learned ladies"; and Stow notes her distinction, as may be seen on her tombstone in the south aisle of the Parish Church of St. Michael in Crooked Lane. Many such may have passed into oblivion; this has been handed on to us.

"Every Christian heart seeketh to extoll
The glory of the Lord, our only Redeemer;
Wherefore Dame Fame must needs inroll

* An MS. Brit. Mus. (MS. Reg. 2, A. xviii A) gives a calendar of special events, and under October 29th, 1537, it is stated: "This day dysseasyd Elizabethe Lukar, dowghter of Paul Withypoll." A note to this adds that a Sarum Missal, in possession of Mr. Douce, contained that and other entries, *e. g.* "XII Kl. Feb., 1509. This day was Pol Withypol, married to me Annie Cursonne his wife." The above-mentioned Elizabeth was born in 1510, her brother Edward in 1512 (Brit. Mus. 5524, f. 94).

Paul Withypoll his childe, by Love and nature
Elizabeth, the wife of Emanuel Lucar
In whom was declared the goodness of the Lord,
With many high vertues which truely I will record.

"She wrought all needleworks that women exercise,
With Pen, Frame, or Stoole, all pictures artificial,
Curious Knots, or Trailes which Fancy could devise,
Beasts, birds or Flowers, even as things natural.
Three maner handes could she write them faire all.
To speake of Algorism, or accounts in every fashion
Of women, few like (I think) in all this nation.

"Dame Cunning her gave a gift right excellent,
In goodly practice of her science musical,
In divers tongues to sing and play with Instrument
Both Vial and Lute and also Virginall;
Not only upon one, but excellent in all.
For all other vertues belonging to Nature
God her appointed a very perfect creature.

"Latine and Spanish, and also Italian
She spake, writ and read, with perfect utterance
And for the English, she the *garland* won
In Dame Prudence Schoole, by graces purveyance
Which cloathed her with vertues, from naked Ignorance
Reading the Scriptures, to judge light from darke
Directing her faith to Christ, the only marke.

"The said Elizabeth deceased the 29th day of October, An. Dom. 1537, of yeeres not fully 27. This stone and all hereon contained made at the cost of the said Emanuel, Merchant Taylor."

It is interesting to know that there *was* at least *one* school for upper class girls in England, where English was taught, and where Elizabeth won the

prize, interesting also that she used her English to read the Scriptures at that date. There is almost a hint that her husband taught her accounts, and it is possible she helped him with his business affairs. Doubtless, Elizabeth, however, learned her accomplishments from tutors and masters, and there she becomes a link with the upper ten thousand, educated in the same way to a high standard in learning and accomplishments, such as we see suggested in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Petrucio Ubaldini, a Florentine who came to England in 1551, says: "The rich cause their sons and daughters to learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, for since this storm of heresy has invaded the land they hold it useful to read the Scriptures in the original tongue." Erasmus, in his Epistles, says: "31. The scene of human things is changed: the monks, famed in past times for learning, are become ignorant, and women love books. It is beautiful that this sex should now betake itself to ancient examples."

Udall, the Master of Eton, speaks with admiration of their advance in learning: "The great number of noble women not only given to the study of human sciences and strange tongues, but also so thoroughly expert in Holy Scriptures that they were able to compare with the best writers, as well in enditing and penning of godly and fruitful treatises to the instruction and edifying of readers in the knowledge of God, as also in translating good books out of Latin or Greek into English, for the use and commodity of such as are rude and ignorant of the said tongues. It is now no news in England to see

young damsels in noble houses, and in the Courts of princes, instead of cards and other instruments of idle trifling, to have continually in their hands either psalms, homilies, or other devout meditations, or else Paul's Epistles or some book of Holy Scripture matters, and as familiarly both to read and reason thereof in Greek, Latin, French, or Italian, as in English."

Dr. Wotton, in his 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning,' says that learning was so very modish then, that the fair sex seemed to believe that Greek and Latin added to their charms. Plato and Aristotle untranslated were the frequent ornaments of their closets. One would think by its effects that it was a proper way of educating them, since there are no accounts in history of so many great women in any one age as are to be found between the years fifteen and sixteen hundred.

Amid all the musings over the causes of the great outburst of literature in the sixteenth century I have never seen any one allude to the fact that the cultivation of the *mothers* paved the way for the higher development of the sons. Sir Thomas Elyot, who wrote 'The Defence of Good Women' (1545), also advised his sister, Margery Puttenham, on the bringing up of her children, Margery, Richard, and George, who wrote 'The Art of English Poesie.'

Lyly dedicated his 'Euphues' to the ladies and gentlewomen of England, a work which more than any other one volume refined the old and moulded the later English speech; Shakespeare wrote of, and to, cultivated women; numerous ladies were patronesses of struggling authors, and nearly every

poet of the time has his dedication to, if not his adoration of, some peerless woman. The very delicacy and power of the poems on the passion of love bear witness to the culture of the women as well as that of the men: witness the "Amoretti" of Spenser.

Two causes, besides the inspiration of the reforming spirit of the age, may be considered in regard to the advance of Englishwomen. The first was the association of the sexes in so many spheres. Foreign ambassadors note of the women that they go everywhere with their husbands, even to outdoor sports, such as hunting and hawking. In the semi-religious guilds established for good fellowship and a community of good works through life, and common prayers for each other at death, the initial and nobler forerunner of the modern *Club*, women joined freely in equal numbers and with privileges equal to men, the same standard of morality being demanded from each.

Most of the trade guilds were open to women by inheritance or by apprenticeship, and all were open to the widows of freemen. Women went to all the guild dinners with their male relatives; they went to the secret Bible readings, to the public sermons, and when the time came, to the theatres.

The other cause lay in the fact that the higher education of women was distinctly *fashionable*. I do not think that the reason it became so has ever been sufficiently realised.

Our natural detestation of Spanish religious intolerance and our political rivalry with Spain have blinded our eyes to much that we owed to that country. The widening of our geographical horizon

seemed to stimulate and suggest new poetic ideas. There is no doubt that the English Sebastian Cabot did much for his country, but a greater halo of romance and wonder floated over the sails of Columbus that bore him to the golden islands of the Spanish Main. But women, as a sex, owed something more to Spain than the dreams of El Dorado, for thence came, early in the century, the noble but unfortunate Queen Katharine of Arragon. It was her intelligent culture that first made the higher education of women *fashionable* in the best sense of the word. She was the youngest of the four distinguished daughters of the "Ferdinand and Isabella to whom Columbus gave a new world." Isabella was the most learned woman of her time, and she had taken special care of the education of her daughters. When Katharine came to England as the affianced bride of Prince Arthur, the greatest lady in the land was the King's mother, Margaret, the Countess of Richmond and Derby. She was a woman of wonderful abilities, with a tenacious memory and a piercing wit. She knew French fluently, and had some acquaintance with Latin, but she always regretted that in her youth she had not made herself mistress of that language. She was very pious. About the beginning of the sixteenth century she translated out of French a Latin book called 'The Mirroure of Gold for the Sinful Soul,' and 'The Fourth Book of Dr. John Gerson's Treatise of the Imitation and Following the Life of Christ.' She also commanded other translations, was a patroness of learned men, founded lectureships, schools, colleges, almshouses, and decided and

wrote down the orders for state etiquette and the management of the Royal household.

But the culture of Katharine was more varied and liberal, and during the period of her supremacy she did much to mould the tastes of the Court. Everything that was best in Henry responded to her influence; it was only when he turned from her that his character began to change for the worse. Learned men sought her Court and her favour. Erasmus dedicated to her his book on 'Christian Matrimony,' Ludovico Vives his work on 'Education.'

The first sixteenth century woman student of whose training we have any clear information was her sole surviving daughter, Mary Tudor, born February 18th, 1515–16. The third day after, she was christened, confirmed, and proclaimed Princess. Not only had she a nurse selected in Catharine, wife of Leonard Pole, Esq., but a "Lady Maistress," or governess, in Lady Margaret Bryan, a lady of great good sense and ability. The Countess of Salisbury was made State governess and head of her household.

Dr. Linacre, the learned physician, who had formerly been one of Prince Arthur's tutors, was appointed her physician and her instructor in Latin. He wrote a Latin grammar for the child's use, which seems crabbed enough to modern minds of riper years, and dedicated it to her with a complimentary preface, in which he speaks with praise of her docility and love of learning. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that Linacre died when she was eight years old. Lilly, who brought out later editions of this grammar, added his praises to those of Linacre. To Queen Katharine we may

be said to owe the first treatise on the 'Theory of Education for Women.'

Ludovico Vives, born 1492, in Valentia, who was accounted one of the three most learned men in Europe, was one of her correspondents. Knowing her desire to educate her daughter wisely, he published a treatise on the 'Education of a Christian Woman' (1523), and dedicated it to her as the most learned woman of her age. (This was translated into English, and published in 1541, thus becoming the guide to many sixteenth century mothers.) Queen Katharine asked him to draw up a special further course of study for her daughter, which he did. His works are even yet well worthy of study.

He considers the intellects of women inferior to those of men, but he would not on that account refuse them instruction, which they needed the more to develop their character. He said that a learned woman rarely or never failed in virtue. He did not fix the age at which they should commence to learn, but remarked that they should learn sewing and knitting at the same time as reading. He is not particular whether they begin their serious study in their sixth or seventh year, but of the seriousness of the study there is no doubt—in science, philosophy, and languages. He knows hard work is not agreeable to all women, any more than it is to all men. He does not speak of Art: there was no Art-culture in his day beyond illuminations and embroidery; but, strange to say, he does consider *hygiene*, air, exercise, the amount of sleep necessary, the due *hardness* of the bed. He has a chapter on decoration, and says hard things of the face-painting of the

period. "How can a woman weep for her sins, when her tears would stain her face?" She should not over-dress. He blamed the painters who represented the Virgin Mary with robes of silk and ornaments. She should have no affectation, she should be modest in society, but when she does talk she should be able to talk well. Her parents should choose her husband; affection will come after marriage. But he disapproved of precocious marriages, and thought 17 or 18 years the lowest age possible. There ought to be no rejoicings at a marriage, because the results are very uncertain. He gives advice regarding servants, showing that the domestic troubles of to-day existed even then. A woman should know a little medicine, so as not to call in the doctor and apothecary continually. Even a girl should set aside an hour daily for meditation and prayer. She should read the Gospels and the Fathers; for recreation, moral stories, such as stories from the Bible, from Papyrius, in 'Aulus Gellius,' of Lucretia, in 'Livy,' and of the patient Griselda, but *no romances*.

The 'Index Expurgatorius' that he gives is interesting to the bibliographer: "The laws ought to take heed of such ungratious books, such as be in my countrey of Spain, 'Amadis,' 'Florisande,' 'Tirante,' 'Tristram and Celestina,' 'Le Prison d'Amour.' In France 'Lancelot du Lac,' 'Paris and Vienna,' 'Pontus and Sidonia,' 'Pierre de Provence,' and 'Melusyne.' In Flanders 'Flory and White Flower,' 'Leonella and Canamour,' 'Curias and Floreta,' 'Pyramus and Thisbe.' In England 'Parthenope,' 'Genarides,' 'Hippomadon,' Wylliam and Meliour,

Livius, Arthur, Guye Bevis and many other, and many translated out of Latin, the 'Facetiæ Poggii,' 'Euryalus and Lucretia,' and the 'Hundred Tales of Boccaccio'"; in Italy: "Of maids some be but little mete for lernyng lykewise as some men be unapte, agayne, some be even borne unto it, or at least not unfit for it. Therefore they that be dulle are not to be discouraged, and those that be apt should be harted and encouraged. She that hath learned in books hath furnished and fenced her mind with holy counsels." He gives among examples of women good and learned: Portia, the wife of Brutus; Cleobula, daughter of Cleobulas; and the daughter of Pythagoras, who, after his death, became the ruler of his school.

Ludovico Vives was invited in 1523 to come to lecture at Oxford and to superintend the education of the Princess Mary. This he did.

She went to live at Oxford to be near him, and therefore was the first woman student in that university town. His lessons to the princess were so interesting that the King and Queen often came to Oxford to listen.

He says a girl ought to be taught to pronounce clearly, and every day commit something to memory and read over before retiring to rest. He allows the use of a Latin dictionary, recommends translation from English into Latin, and conversations in Latin with her preceptor. He advises the learning by heart of the 'Distiches' of Cato, the 'Sentences' of Publius Syrus, and the 'Seven Sages of Greece,' lately collected and published by Erasmus. The course of reading drawn up included Cicero, Seneca,

Plutarch; some dialogues of Plato, particularly those of a political turn; Jerome's 'Epistle'; part of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine; the 'Enchiridion,' 'Institutio Principis'; the 'Paraphrases' of Erasmus; and the 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More; a portion of the New Testament to be read morning and evening, and of the Christian poets, Prudentius Sydonius, Paulinus, Arator, Prosper, and Juvencus, as well as Lucan, Seneca, and a part of Horace. Before selections such as these a modern candidate for classical honours might even feel nervous.

Poor little princess! With these grave studies and serious maxims were her natural high spirits toned down to meet her melancholy fate. She proved an "apt" student and prospered in her work, being encouraged and guided by her loving mother, who delighted in revising her Latin exercises and criticising her style. Many learned men watched her progress with interest. Lord Morley, one of the literary nobles of the day, dedicated a book to her at the time of her fallen fortunes, when men were little likely to over-estimate her powers, in which he says: "I do well remember that skant ye were come to twelve yeres of age, but that ye were so rype in the Latin tonge, that rathe dothe happen to the women-sex, that your grace not only coulde perfectly rede, wright, and constrewe Laten, but farthermore translate eny harde thinge of the Latin into ower Englyshe tonge." And he refers with praise to one of her works she had given him.

The translation itself, preserved in a missal, is entitled, "The prayer of Saynt Thomas of Aquine, translatyd oute of Latin ynto Englyshe by ye moste

exselent Prynses Mary daughter to the most hygh and myghtie Prynce and Prynces Kyng Henry the VIII *and Quene Kateryn his wyfe.* In the yere of oure Lorde God 1527, and the xi yere of her age." (See Cott. MS., Vesp. E, xiii, f. 72.)

That her studies were not limited to Latin we see in the quaint verses of William Forrest, priest:

"Shee had to her sorted men well expert,
In Latyne, Frenche, and Spaynische also
Of whome, before they from her did revert,
Shee gathered knowledge, with graces other mo,
The thing atchieved, departed her not fro,
For as shee had promptness the thynge to contryue
So had shee memory passing ententyue."

Anthonie Crispin, Lord of Milherbe, a French gentleman resident in London, wrote in 1536 some verses also about her:

"Souvent vaguant aux divines leçons
Souvent cherchoit des instruments des sons
Ou s'occupoit à faire quelque ouvrage
Ou apprensit quelqu' estrange langage. . . . .

"Puis à savoir raison des mouvement
Et le secret de tout le fermainent
Du monde aussi la situation;
Des élémens l'association.

"Puis sagement avec Mathématique
Mêloit raison, morale, politique. . . . .
Puis apprenoit Latine et Grecque lettre
Par oraison, par histoire, et par mêtre."

The wonder of the records of her learning is increased when we remember the frequent overtures of marriage that were laid before her, which must some-

what have occupied her thoughts, also the extraordinary fluctuations of her fortunes. The demands upon her hours, in the time both of her prosperity and adversity, must have been great. In 1525, when the Emperor broke off his engagement to her to marry Isabel of Portugal, she was sent to hold High Court with viceregal splendour, as the first Princess of Wales at Ludlow Castle. There she stayed for eighteen months. The Countess of Salisbury was still her State governess, and Mr. Featherstone her Latin tutor. She did not keep strictly to the advice of the prudent Vives; for she gave considerable time to dancing and playing on the virginals, and in her privy purse expenses there are many entries of her losses when *playing at cards*. On her return to her father's Court, she is recorded not only to have danced with him, but to have danced in the ballets, and acted in the Court masques of the day, as well as in one of the comedies of Terence. It was a new and hitherto unheard-of proceeding for Royal ladies to appear as stage performers, but the example seems to have been followed. (Mary was always devoted to the Drama, and spent more on it a year than did either her father or her sister.) In her sudden fall from her high estate, she relinquished only her gaieties, but continued her studies, including domestic economy, inculcated by Vives. Mary was restored to Court favour after the death of Anne Boleyn, and was on friendly terms with her later stepmothers, especially Katharine Parr. At the request of the latter she undertook the translation of the Latin paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus into the English language.

She meant to have translated more, but an attack of illness laid her aside. Her rendering of St. John was printed and published in the same volume with the translations of the other paraphrases of Erasmus by the celebrated reformers Kay, Cox, Udall, Old, and Allen, though her name was not affixed to the first edition.

Among her scientific tastes was the study of botany, and she imported many foreign plants and trees, striving to naturalise them. She also had a special interest in clockmaking, like her relative Charles V. This was not, in her time, so commonplace a manufacture as it is to-day. Her value for time, and the exact measurement thereof, carry us back in thought to the days of her predecessor Alfred, with his candle-measured hours.

Prepared as she was for the throne, the misfortunes of her life make us almost believe in the power of evil stars. Her period of depression lasted too long for her health and spirits; the doctrine of the virtue of irresponsible feminine obedience prevented her from ever showing her true nature, except once. Her courage and prudence at the *coup d'état* of Northumberland, her clemency afterwards, show what she might have been had she been allowed to act independently, as did the second Royal student of the century.

Elizabeth was born on September 7th, 1533. Her stars were fortunate, and the moon shone full upon her path. Her physical health was excellent; her period of depression lasted just long enough to steady her flighty spirits and elevate her character. She was fortunate in the kind sympathy of

Katharine Parr, that excellent and learned woman, who showed a genius for fulfilling wisely and tenderly the difficult duties of a stepmother. Elizabeth is said to have been very precocious, learning Latin, French, Italian, and music without difficulty. In a letter of the Princess Mary to her father, Henry VIII, July 21st, 1536, she says: "My sister Elizabeth is well, and such a child toward as I doubt not but your Highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming." She was four years old when her brother Edward was born, and Sir John Cheke, being appointed his tutor, sometimes gave her lessons. She was once reading with him when Leland called, and her tutor desired her to address the antiquary in Latin. She immediately did so, and the old scholar in return addressed to her four Latin verses of genuine admiration. By the age of 12 she had considerably advanced in history and geography, understood the principles of architecture, mathematics, and astronomy, was fond of poetry, and studied politics as a duty. She had a talent for languages, speaking French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish with facility. Her tutor Ascham tells us what she had done in classics before she was 16. She had read almost the whole of 'Cicero' and a great part of 'Livy,' some of the Fathers, especially 'St. Cyprian on the Training of a Maiden.' The select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles were her Greek text-books. During Mary's reign Ascham wrote to John Sturmius: "The Lady Elizabeth and I are studying together, in the original Greek, the crown orations of Demosthenes and Æschines. She reads her

lessons to me, and at one glance so completely comprehends not only the idiom of the language and the sense of the orator, but the exact bearings of the cause and the public acts, manners, and usages of the Athenian people that you would marvel to behold her." In addition to the tongues, she studied rhetoric, philosophy, and divinity, and history remained her favourite study. In Ascham's 'Schoolmaster,' which was not published until after his death, he praised her as being far above the ordinary university students. Scaliger declared that she knew more than any of the great men of her time, which was certainly flattery. But there are many apparently genuine anecdotes of her prompt replies to foreign ambassadors in their own tongue or in Latin.

During her happy years with her brother Edward she shared his studies and read with him the Scriptures. He called her his "sweet sister Temperance," probably in allusion to that name in John Hall's 'Court of Virtue,' in which, instead of the heathen muses, the Christian virtues are grouped around their Queen.

Elizabeth appears early not only as a student but as an *author*. Much of the literature of the period was translation. At the age of 12 she rendered out of English into Latin, French, and Italian the prayers and meditations collected out of prime writers by Queen Katharine Parr. About the same time she translated as a treatise, published in 1548, the "Godly Meditation of the Christian Soule, compiled in French by Lady Margaret, Queen of Navarre, aptlie translated into English by the

ryght vertuous Lady Elizabeth, daughter to our Soveraigne Lord King Henrie the VIII." Appended to this was her metrical rendering of the fourteenth Psalm; and thus, curiously enough, Queen Elizabeth appears as the versifier of the first metrical Psalm printed *with date*. This little volume was reprinted in 1595, again in Bentley's 'Monument of Matrons,' and a facsimile edition was brought out by Dr. Percy Ames in 1897. Other verses are ascribed to her, and translations from Boethius and Plutarch.

Elizabeth studied politics far more deeply than her sister; she remained unmarried; her frivolity and flirtation often veiled astute statecraft; she kept Lord Burleigh as her adviser, and fortune gave her health and a long life. She guided her country, through the difficult tides of the Reformation, into the harbour of prosperity and peace, and her people glorified her name. She inherited the great men born in her sister's short reign, and other great men hastened to be born just after her accession. All other reigns put together do not contribute so much to the great Literature of the world.

These two remarkable sisters had two remarkable cousins, who may be called their political victims, destined to be so through the action of Henry VIII concerning the succession, which "made confusion worse confounded." But it is only as *students* that I now discuss them.

Lady Jane Grey (1537–1553–4) was eldest daughter of the new Duke of Suffolk, and Frances, eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, daughter of Henry VII. She

had a fine genius, and she was carefully educated under the care of Mr. Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London. Ballard says of her: "She understood perfectly both kinds of philosophy, and could express herself very properly in the Latin and Greek tongues. Sir Thomas Chaloner, her contemporary, says she was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, and Italian. She played instrumental music well with a curious hand, and was excellent at her needle." Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's tutor, tells a story of her. When he called on her to take leave before he went abroad, he found that the Duke and Duchess and all their household were hunting in the park. "I found her in the chamber reading 'Phaedon Platonis,' in Greek. I asked her why she preferred this to the sport in the park, and she answered: 'One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me, is, that He sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster.'" She described how sharply they checked and corrected her, so that she wearied for the time to come that she must go to Mr. Aylmer, "who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, and with such fair allurements to learning, that I think the time all nothing while I am with him, and when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholemisliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, that all other pleasures be but trifles and very troubles unto me." Foxe says of her: "If her fortune had been but as good as her bringing up, joyned with fineness of wit, she might

have been comparable . . . . not only to any other women that deserveth high praise for their singular learning, but also to the university men, which have taken many degrees of the schools." The young king was devoted to her, and his personal affection prepared him to fall in with Northumberland's designs to induce him to leave the crown to her. Her own judgment declared in favour of the accession of Mary, and she did not wish a crown for herself. It was through obedience to her parents only that she submitted to be proclaimed, and went to the Tower as Queen, to remain as prisoner. Mary was inclined to deal gently with her; she let her father go off scot-free. But when he associated himself anew with Wyatt's rising, he sealed not only his own fate, but that of his daughter.

The Lady Jane was one of the few who, having grasped and accepted the principles of Protestantism, remained firm at the hour of trial. Mary, anxious to convert her, sent her former tutor, then her chaplain, Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster, to discuss religious questions with her. Her firm and clear replies showed her acuteness and trained habits of thought, as well as the purity of her faith. She is the most wonderful illustration of that strange distinction between the cultured girls of that period and of our own—their early maturity in thought and action. Compare the tender, dignified, and tragic picture of the ten days' queen, of little more than 16 years of age, with the average upper-class High School girl of to-day of the same age, and no more need be said of sixteenth century education and its results.

Dr. Fuller says of her: "She had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle-age, the gravity of old age, and all at sixteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parents' offences."

Youngest, fairest, and most unfortunate of the four remarkable cousins, Mary Stuart, born 1542, a queen at a week old, is more remembered from the charm of her personality than for her scholarship. More has been thought and written about her than about all the other queens of the century put together. Opinions are divided about her character, and I dare not touch the question now. But of her native genius and aptitude for study there is no doubt. The little Princess, with her four Maries, had even in the charming and sequestered island of Inchmahome, before she was six years old, commenced her studies in Latin,* French, Spanish, and Italian. Henry VIII wished to marry her to his son Edward VI, and sent an army with fire and sword to fetch her. The Scots "had no objection to the marriage, but misliking the manner of such rough wooing," sent her off to France, accompanied by her governess, Lady Fleming, and her four Maries, "Marie Beaton, Marie Seaton, Marie Carmichael, and *me*."

There her studies were directed by Margaret, the sister of Henry II of France, one of the most accomplished and learned ladies of her time. The little Princess delighted in work, in religion, and was

* Buchanan had been at one time her tutor and dedicated to her his Latin Psalms, though he turned against her afterwards.

most amenable to discipline. She learned Greek and Italian with facility, but was not taught English or Scotch, that French might be paramount in her heart. Her Latin exercises in 1554 have been printed by the Warton Club. Her skill in elocution delighted the French Court when in 1554 she gave a Latin oration. The subject she chose was intensely suggestive—"The Praise of Learned Ladies." In this she stated her opinion that women were able to excel in anything if they only had an opportunity given them. She was fond of poetry, in which Ronsard taught her to essay her powers, had a taste for music, played well on several instruments, was a fine dancer, a graceful rider, and delighted in needlework. Accomplishments so varied are rarely found in one person. She married the Dauphin in 1558; his father died in 1559, and she became Queen, but her husband died in 1560. Fortune dealt hardly with her; her lot was cast in times too difficult for her and in circumstances discordant with her education.

Katharine Parr (1509–1548) was the elder daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal, and Dame Maud, his wife, "who, following the example of Sir Thomas More and other great men, bestowed on her a learned education, as the most valuable addition he could make to her other charms." She had been married twice before she became Queen, July 12th, 1543, and was fortunate enough to survive her husband. She wrote several religious books and translations, and procured several learned persons to translate Erasmus's 'Paraphrase of the New Testament,' one of whom was her stepdaughter,

the Princess Mary. She was deeply interested in the religious questions of the day, and very nearly suffered with Anne Askew. The Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor Wriothesley had conspired against her so artfully, persuading the King that she set up her judgment against his, that he had signed the warrant for her arrest. Warned by a friend, she so skilfully explained matters to the King, that his love and trust returned, and he reproached Wriothesley. The King left her Regent of the country when he went abroad, and she fulfilled her duties well; and her skill in nursing alleviated his sufferings till his death.

Anne Askew (1520–1546) was the daughter of Sir William Askew, of Kelsay in Lincolnshire, who educated her liberally, but married her against her will to Mr. Kyme. She demeaned herself as a Christian wife; but when, through reading the Scriptures, she saw the force of the Protestant doctrines, her husband drove her from his home and informed against her. She was seized, dragged before the Inquisitor, Christopher Dare, examined, brought before the King's Council, tried at Guildhall, and condemned as a heretic, though she defended herself skilfully. They put her to the rack to find the names of other ladies of her opinion. She bore it, and was silent, and was burned on July 16th, 1546. And this was the fate the last wife of Henry VIII escaped.

Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England, preferred knowledge to all other riches. Erasmus wrote to a friend in Italy: "What is it, you say, which captivates me so much in England? It

is because I have found a pleasant and salubrious air: I have met with humanity, politeness, and learning; learning not trite and superficial, but deep and accurate—true old Greek and Latin learning. When Colet discourses, I seem to hear Plato himself: In Grocyn I admire a universal compass of learning: Linacre's acuteness, depth, and accuracy are not to be exceeded; nor did Nature ever form anything more elegant, exquisite, and accomplished than Sir Thomas More."

In a well-known letter to a friend about the choice of a wife Sir Thomas says: "May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk and train them up in wisdom." Such wives did he prepare his own daughters to be; Margaret Roper, Elizabeth Dancy, and Cecilia Heron. Erasmus described their home at Chelsea as a "little academe combined with a university of Christian religion." The favourite was the eldest, Margaret (1608–44), who was most like her father. He procured some of the best linguists of the age to teach her the learned languages, as Dr. Clement and Mr. William Gonell, and other great masters to instruct her in the liberal arts and sciences, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, music, mathematics, astronomy, and arithmetic. Her letters and orations delighted the most learned of her contemporaries, as the great Cardinal Pole, John Voysey, Bishop of Exeter, and Erasmus, who called her "the ornament of Britain." The tutor of the

Duke of Richmond wrote to Sir Thomas More to express his regret that he had not been present when his daughter "disputed of philosophy before the King." The love and tenderness of her father was equal to his wisdom, and the story of their lives is ideally beautiful. When she married Mr. William Roper, of Eltham, Kent, he kept up communion in correspondence. In one letter he says: "Farewell, dearest daughter, and commend me kindly to your husband, my loving sonne, who maketh me rejoice that he studieth the same things as you do, and whereas I am wont to counsel you to give place to your husband, now on the other side I give you licence to maister him in the knowledge of the spheres. Commend me to all your schoolfellows and to your maister especially." She wrote and translated many works, especially Eusebius's 'Ecclesiastical History' out of Greek into Latin, which her daughter, Mary Roper, another learned student, translated afterwards out of Latin into English.

Leland the antiquary writes of Sir Thomas More's daughters verses translated thus:

"The purest Latin authors were their joy
They loved in Rome's politest style to write
And with the choicest eloquence indite.
Nor were they conversant alone in these
They turned o'er Homer and Demosthenes,
From Aristotle's Store of Learning too
The mystic Art of reasoning well they drew.
Then blush ye men, if you neglect to trace
Those heights of learning which the Females grace."

Associated with them in their life and studies was

Margaret Giggs (1508–70), a niece of Sir Thomas More. She is included in both of Holbein's portrait-groups of the More family, and was also distinguished for her aptitude in learning. Algebra was her special study, and Sir Thomas More sent an algorism stone of hers from the Tower. She married their family tutor, Dr. John Clement, and Leland wrote her epithalamium. Her husband made her little inferior to himself in Latin and Greek, and she assisted him in his translations. She and her husband went abroad on Elizabeth's accession. Her only daughter, Winifred, married William Rastell, nephew of Sir Thomas More.

Sir Anthony Cooke, one of the learned tutors of Edward VI, also gave his daughters an education so liberal that they became the wonder of their age. He considered that women should be educated on the same lines as men, and that they were quite as fit. Mildred (1526–89), was well skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues, particularly Greek. She delighted in reading the works of Basil the Great, Cyril Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, and other similar writers. She translated part of St. Chrysostom into English. When she presented the Cambridge University Library with a great Bible in Hebrew and other languages, she sent it with a Greek letter. In 1546 she married Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, and became the mother of Anne Countess of Oxford, and Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. Her marriage was happy, and after her death her husband wrote "Meditations" upon her goodness, her private charity and helps to learning.

Anne, born 1528, second daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was also liberally educated, and distinguished among the *litterati* of the time. She was said to be "a choice lady, eminent for piety, virtue, and learning, and exquisitely skilled in the Greek, Latin, and Italian tongues," and was associated with her father by being made governess to King Edward VI. She translated out of Italian into English twenty-five sermons written by Bernardino Ochino, 1550. She also rendered out of Latin into English Bishop Jewel's 'Apology for the Church of England,' for which she had great praise from the author and the Archbishop. "Besides the honour done to her sex, and to the degree of ladies, she had done pleasure to the author of the Latin book, by delivering him by her clear translation from the perils of ambiguous and doubtful constructions." She married Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and had two sons, Anthony and Francis, whose great powers she cultivated from their earliest years.

Elizabeth, born 1529, third daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was also learned in languages and sciences. She translated out of French a tract on transubstantiation, afterwards printed, and was consulted by all the learned men of her age. She married, first, Sir Thomas Hoby, Ambassador in France; and second, Lord John Russel, son and heir to the Earl of Bedford, and carefully educated her children.

Katherine, born 1530, fourth daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was also famous for learning in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and for her skill in poetry.

A specimen of her talent is preserved in Sir John Harington's notes to his 'Ariosto,' and by Dr. Thomas Fuller in his 'Worthies of England' (328). Probably a certain timidity of his own powers in this accomplishment induced one of her admirers to employ George Buchanan to write verses for him. These appear among George Buchanan's epigrams and three short poems, "To the learned daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, in the name of Henry Killigrew, Englishman." This gentleman she afterwards married.

The three daughters of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset, Protector of England, under Edward VI, Lady Anne, Lady Margaret, and Lady Jane, were also widely famed for their learning and culture. They wrote 400 Latin verses on the death of Margaret of Valois, the Queen of Navarre, and it was said of them by Ronsard that if Orpheus had heard them sing, he would have become their scholar.

Lady Jane, the eldest daughter of the famous poet the Earl of Surrey, who married the unfortunate Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, was a distinguished scholar. Foxe, the Martyrologist, was her tutor, and he said of her that "she might well stand in competition with the most learned men of the time, for the praise of elegancy both in Greek and Latin."

Henry, Lord Maltravers, only son of the Earl of Arundel, one of the few representatives left of the ancient nobility, excelled in all manner of good learning and languages, and gave a learned education to his son and his two daughters, Mary,

Duchess of Norfolk, and Jane, Lady Lumley. Mary translated selections from Greek into Latin, and Jane, 'Isocrates,' the 'Iphigenia' of Euripides and others referred to in Ascham's 'Schoolmaster.' Their exercise-books of translations are still preserved in the Royal MSS. The former died at the age of sixteen, after she had given birth to Philip, afterwards Earl of Arundel.

Mary, daughter [illegible] nas Arundel, who was first married to R[illegible] iff, secondly to Henry Howard, Earl of A[illegible] s also a distinguished scholar. She tran[illegible] English into Latin 'The Wise Sayi[illegible] ninent Deeds of the Emperor Alexand[illegible] She also translated from Greek into [illegible] t 'Sentences of the Seven Wise Grec[illegible] phers,' and 'Similies collected from the [illegible] ato, Aristotle, Seneca, and other Philosophers.' These she dedicated to her father.

Lady Elizabeth Fane, wife of Sir Ralph Fane (who was sent to the Tower with the Duke of Somerset and suffered with him in 1551), was thoroughly educated, after the fashion of her time, though not so brilliant as many of her contemporaries. She translated and versified 21 Psalms and 102 Proverbs in English, printed by Robert Crowland, 1550.

Elizabeth Jane Weston, born about 1558, was gifted with fine talent, which was highly cultivated. She left England young, and settled in Prague. She wrote several Latin books in prose and verse, highly esteemed by the learned men of the time. She is ranked on the Continent with Sir Thomas More and the best Latin poets of the century, was highly

praised by Scaliger, and complimented by Nicholas May in a Latin epigram. She married Mr. John Leon, a gentleman of the Emperor's Court.

Catherine Tishem was a great linguist, and could read Galen in the original, which few physicians of her time could do. She married Gualterus Gruter of Antwerp, and was the chief instructor of her son John Gruter the famous philologist.

Elizabeth Legge, born 1580, was noted for her faculty of acquiring languages, having studied thoroughly the Latin, French, Spanish, and *Irish* tongues, besides cultivating her poetical powers. Unfortunately, she could not make use of her acquirements, as she lost her sight in consequence of severe study. She never married, lived chiefly in Ireland, and died at the age of 105.

Ballard also mentions Esther Inglis as a scholar, though she is chiefly noted for her beautiful handwriting, which is preserved in the British Museum.

Many ladies of the century were known as writers, as Elizabeth Grimeston, and more as patrons of literature. But by far the greatest woman author of the later century was Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and wife of the Earl of Pembroke. She was carefully educated in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and shared her distinguished brother's literary tastes. She was married in 1577, and her eldest son, William, was born in 1580. About that time Sir Philip Sidney was in disfavour at Court, and stayed with her at Wilton House, where was a good library. They retired together in the summer to a small house at Ivychurch, where they continued their literary pursuits. Two years afterwards Sir

Philip dedicated to her his romance, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia,' first printed by Ponsonby. She did not like it as it stood, so corrected and expanded it much, and republished it. She also translated a 'Discourse upon Life and Death' from the French of Plessis du Mornay, her brother's friend, published 1590; and rendered very freely into English blank verse Robert Garnier's French tragedy of Marcus Antonius, adding choral lyrics of her own. Some of the passages are finer than anything her brother produced. She edited and published her brother's poems after his death, and completed the metrical translation of the Psalms which he had begun, and worked up to the forty-third, but she did not publish these. They lie in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 12047–8. She lost her father in May, her mother in August, and her brother in October, 1586. She expressed her sorrow for his loss in a poem published by Spenser with his 'Astrophel' (1595), and awkwardly named by him "The Dolefull Lay of Clorinda."

Spenser says of her in "Colin Clout's Come Home Again":

> "Urania sister unto Astrophel
> In whose brave mind as in a golden coffer
> All heavenly gifts and riches locked are
> More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Ophir,
> And in her sex more wonderful and rare."

In a dedicatory sonnet to "The Faery Queene" he says that:

> "Your brother's goodly image lives
> In the divine resemblance of your face."

and elsewhere he repeats:

> "The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day,
> And most resembling in shape and spirit
> Her brother dear."

He dedicated to her also his 'Ruines of Time,' in which he praises her brother.

Abraham Fraunce extols her, and produces 'The Countess of Pembroke's Ivychurch, 1591,' and 'The Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel.'

The poet Daniel became tutor to her sons, and to her he dedicated his 'Delia,' a collection of sonnets (1592), and his tragedy of "Cleopatra" as companion to her "Mark Antony."

Thomas Nash says of her, in prefatory lines to the 1591 edition of Sidney's 'Astrophel': "The artes do adore her as a second Minerva, and our poets extol her as patroness of their inventions."

Osborne says of her: "She was that sister of Sir Philip Sidney's to whom he addressed his 'Arcadia,' and of whom he had no advantage but what he received from the partial benevolence of Fortune in making him a man."

Meres compares her to Octavia, Augustus' sister and Virgil's patroness; and describes her as being not only liberal to poets but a most delicate poet, worthy of the complimentary lines which Antipolus Sidonius addressed to Sappho.

Thomas Churchyard writes:

> "Pembroke a Pearl that orient is of kind
> A Sidney right shall not in silence sit,
> A gem more worth than all the gold of Ind

For she enjoys the wise Minerva's wit
And sets to school our poets everywhere
That do pretende the laurel crown to wear
The muses nine and eke the graces three
In Pembroke's books and verses you may see."

She died in 1621, and her family raised no monument to her, but Ben Jonson wrote the famous epitaph:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all Verse
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and wise and good as she
Time shall throw a dart at thee!" *

Arabella Stewart, born 1577, the daughter of Charles Stewart Lennox, the youngest brother of Lord Darnley, was a very highly cultured woman, and was appointed by her cousin, James I, to be governess to his daughter the Princess Elizabeth, who loved her dearly. She wrote histories and had a great facility for poetical composition.

Two other names I would like to mention of ladies born in the sixteenth century, who carried into the next its culture with a difference, as the new spirit of science and mathematics, history, and political economy absorbed some of the time hitherto devoted to classics.

Elizabeth Stewart was born 1596, at Falkland Palace. When her father came to England she was sent to the charge of Lord Harrington at Coombe

* These lines are sometimes supposed to be written by Browne, on the strength of an inferior second verse by him.

Abbey, Warwickshire. That nobleman followed the plan of Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, surrounded her by cultured companions, explained to her the meaning of everything, and taught her the foundations of the Christian religion. Mr. Beauchamp was her writing master, and the famous Dr. Bull, the composer, her teacher in music. Lord Harrington himself taught her much in history, literature, and geography. She was very fond of animals and of natural history, and she had a little corner of the park, with a lake in it, to preserve her treasures. She built a little cottage for a widow and her children to attend to her animals, and designed it herself. Near it was her fairy farm, with the smallest kind of cattle that could be bought. She studied the changes of insects through the microscope, then newly invented. When ten years old a portrait was painted of her, inexplicable without knowing all this. She has a monkey and a dog at her feet, a love-bird in her hand, a macaw on one shoulder and a parrot on the other. She was familiar also with the use of the telescope, and studied mathematics and astronomy. Her home at Coombe Abbey suggested to Dr. Johnson "The Happy Valley of Rasselas." She was devoted to her brother Henry, and inconsolable at his death, in 1612. In the following year she married the Count Palatine, and great festivities took place in London. The poets Donne and Daniel call her "the pearl of Britain," and Sir Henry Wotton wrote verses in her praise :

> "Tell me, if she were not designed
> Th' Eclipse and glory of her kind."

Her chief fault was extravagance, which increased her pecuniary troubles with her unfortunate husband. But they were happy together and had many children, one of whom was that Elizabeth who became the pupil and friend of the philosophic Descartes.*

Anne Clifford, born 1589, daughter and heir of the Earl of Cumberland, had been forbidden by her father to learn Latin, much to her chagrin. She made up for it by studying all that she could find to read in English, and by that time through translations she found a good deal. Her diary still remains at the British Museum. She gives a beautiful description of her mother's character, and of her moral virtues, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. She was not a linguist, but a reader, a thinker, and a *chemist*, and possessed "many excellent knowledges, human and divine."

Her tutor was Samuel Daniel, "that religious and honest poet who composed the civil wars of England in verse," and he led her to the study of history, old archives, armorial bearings, and the laws regarding inheritance, whereby she was able to sustain the noble fight against her King and her husband concerning the right of heiresses to transmit property undiverted to their heirs. What she had received from her father she wished to leave to her daughters. In this *she* succeeded, though the laws drifted after her date to the exclusions and

* In the Preface to his works he said he had met some who understood the mathematical side of his philosophy, and others who understood the metaphysical side; but he had met but *one* who understood both sides, and that was she whose intellect he therefore reckoned *the incomparable*.

disabilities from which modern women have so much suffered.

She was capable in land estate management and architecture, in which Cromwell gave her practical lessons by demolishing her castles for her fidelity to the King. Each time he destroyed them she rebuilt them stronger, until, fired with admiration at her courage, he bade his officers desist from further molestation.

Her funeral sermon, preached by Bishop Rainbow, was an eloquent oration, in which he said that the life of this great good woman was fitter for a history than a sermon. He alluded to her studies and her conversation with admiration. "She could speak well on anything, from predestination to slea-silk."

Thus, I think the women of the sixteenth century proved to their successors that they were fit, in the words of the little Marie Stuart, to study anything, if so be they were granted opportunity.

The lives of these illustrative individuals, who became illustrious because they *excelled* many others, suggest the probability of a much more general culture, and that of a higher standard, than has been hitherto realised. It is to be hoped that more research may yield more information, and account for the tidal backdraw in the position of women between these times and our own. Men grow great, and poets become inspired in proportion to the influence of the other sex, and it is only reasonable to add to the causes of the special glory of the sixteenth century, the greatness of its women.

LEGENDS OF 'ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI,' BY BROTHER THOMAS OF CELANO, ETC.

BY THE REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read June 22nd, 1904.]

SCATTERED over Europe there are nine MS. versions of the first work of Thomas of Celano, known as the 'Legenda Gregorii,' or 'Life of St. Francis,' written at the instigation of Pope Gregory IX. This has been hitherto called the 'First Life.' There is at Assisi a MS. which I shall allude to as the 'Legenda Antiqua,' or life edited from early sources. This has hitherto been called the 'Second Life of St. Francis.' Besides these there is another MS. somewhere in Europe which I have labelled 'Tractatus Secundus,' or 'Second Life of St. Francis,' by Thomas of Celano. Both the second and third of these works cannot be called the 'Second Life.' The Assisi MS. is in reality not the 'Second Life,' but an appendix to the 'First Life,' or a second part of it.

The 'Tractatus Secundus,' otherwise called the 'Marseilles MS.,' is the real 'Second Life' alluded to by contemporary writers, and was written ten years later than the Assisi MS.

This is the theme that I set myself to discuss to-day.

Sufficient books were written during the last century on the subject of 'St. Francis of Assisi' to fill a good-sized library; but when we examine the literature of a still earlier period, we find that there were few subjects more productive of literary effort in the Middle Ages than that of the life and works of the Saint of Umbria. No one will ever be able to measure the amount of literary work to which the founder of the Brothers Minor has given rise. There have been hundreds of books whose titles only are now known to us; of many others we have a still slighter knowledge, and we are aware that vast quantities of books on the subject have perished altogether. Notwithstanding all this, there remains so voluminous a mass of books dealing with Franciscan matters that few living men have been able to become, in any sense of the word, conversant with the whole. Possibly there are still many and greater truths to be elicited by future generations; but so far as Franciscan researches have gone at present, all the literature on the subject that has at all times been so unceasingly pouring from the printing presses of Europe appears to be little more than an elaboration or enlargement of one great and dominating work. I feel sure, that, with certain minor reservations, I shall find few really well-versed students of this subject who will not agree with my statement that until the time of Professor Paul Sabatier, nearly all the works of the last 600 years dealing with St. Francis were based on the version of the Saint's

life promulgated by St. Bonaventura about the year 1264. Up to the time when Professor Sabatier undid the grave clothes that hid from sight the greatest of mediæval preachers and teachers, every idea and every piece of real information with regard to the all-important matter of the work, life, and teaching of St. Francis of Assisi was based upon, and almost entirely derived from, the 'Legenda Sancti Francisci' of the Seraphic Father, St. Bonaventura.

In an uncritical day when the 'Index Expurgatorius' could dominate the bookstalls of Europe, such a source sufficed; but in the noonday light of an almost dazzling twentieth century research, the work of St. Bonaventura has fallen into disrepute. It is now interesting only as indicating traits of character in the man himself, and illustrating what he wished to hide, rather than valuable for the facts he narrates.

A new departure in Franciscan literature dawned when Professor Sabatier and some other Franciscan workers went behind this author to the very sources from which he had, with so much subtlety, culled the materials for his 'Legenda.' New facts, new ideals, and new deductions, were rapidly borne in upon the world of Franciscan students, and ever since that time it has been the pre-Bonaventuran writings that have most influenced the literature of St. Francis.

It will be well to devote some time to the study of this subject; and in this relation I propose to mention some of the principal works of that period which are of especial interest to Franciscans.

Never was there more truth in the well-worn

saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," than in the case of Franciscan records.

Almost the first thing that the Franciscan student comes to learn is the fact that to the internal dissensions of the order most of the records which we so prize to-day are to be attributed.

Doubtless many of those whom I have the honour of addressing to-night are well aware of the sad struggles which rent asunder the religious family which the "poor little man of Assisi" had brought up and cherished, but lest perchance some have passed over the painful side of this great life and have only cared to read the elevating and noble characteristics or teaching that fascinated not only the inhabitants of the valley of Spoletto, but Italy on both sides of the Appenines and then spread out to influence and mould the lives of men and women all over Christendom, lest this beautiful side of the Franciscan story should be all that has taken hold of the minds of any here, I feel bound to take upon myself the ungrateful task of displaying, in all its disfiguring and debasing aspects, the hatred and bitter enmity that practically killed the real work of the Franciscan brotherhood after the death of its founder.

Would that I could pass over this sad chapter; but without it all the Franciscan writings would lose their real meaning. This party strife is the real key to those writings which have now become one of the most valuable literary discoveries of our day.

We must go back to the year 1220. It is a sad picture that meets our eyes. The rule of absolute poverty, which the Saint of Umbria has so prized

and which has hitherto so dominated his life, is in danger; he has fought desperately to keep his family of saintly men from falling back into the life of confidence in earthly power or means; but the forces of the world are too much for him.

Cardinal Ugolino, Visitor of the order, has again and again tried to move him from his resolve that no "brother minor" shall possess anything; but although he has never flinched from his faithfulness to his first love and though his devotion to poverty has only increased as the years have flown, yet he feels that the struggle is becoming too much for him. The influence of the Roman Curia is increasing, there are malign whispers that the saintly founder of the order is standing in the way of progress and is endangering the usefulness of the brothers by risking the anger of the Papal authority. Weak in body and often tried and grieved in spirit by the difficulties or the opposition that he has to encounter, St. Francis feels that he can keep up the struggle no longer. If it were enemies whom he had to meet it would be different; but he cannot quarrel with those he loves so deeply. There is another side too to the question. St. Clara, his own Saint, for all that she is he has made her—has given way to the importunities of the Cardinal of Ostia by relaxing her rule. Those who know anything of St. Francis must know this, that, there was very little in his life in which the beloved head of the Clarisses did not share. Her advice, her counsel, her sympathy and devotion, were to this true-souled man more than we shall ever know. She had been to him the type and symbol of that

sacred poverty which she had willingly chosen at his instigation. She was to St. Francis the incarnation of that holy poverty to which he had bound himself for ever.

Now that this noble-hearted, and as no one knew better than he did, wise and clear-headed woman had accepted the persuasions and advice of Cardinal Ugolino and had, after many an effort at resistance, led the way, what should he do? That was his great life problem. Perhaps she may be right after all, and if so, ought he to stand in the way of God's will? Till that moment he had never hesitated to be guided by her, to follow her lead in most things, just as in the earlier days she had blindly followed him. Yet strong as was this personal influence, his instinct, his experience, his innate sense of vocation fought against the slightest deviation from the vow of his entire life. This was the war that was raging within him, a warfare only too prophetic of that which was ultimately to be carried on by his sons. It was ever in his mind, he was perplexed and anxious and it began to tell on his spirits, and just before the Chapter General of 1220, when rumours of insubordination, of argument and opposition, were in the air, there came upon him a sense of deep depression, that for all practical purposes closed his career as the real ruler and leader of the Franciscan order. Under the influence of a somewhat morbid sentiment he decides to cease the struggle and to retire into a life of simple waiting upon God, striving by example to bring about what he felt he had failed to do by authority. His abdication is to my mind one of the most pathetic incidents in history. Hear the great

leader of 250,000 men and women in his farewell words, given us by Thomas of Celano and others. Turning to the brethren he says: "From henceforth I am dead to you; but here is brother Pietro di Catana whom you and I will all obey." Then he prays: "Lord, I return to Thee this family which Thou hast confided to me. Now, as Thou knowest, most sweet Jesus, I have neither strength nor ability to keep on caring for them; I confide them, therefore, to the ministers. May they be responsible before Thee at the Day of Judgment, if any brother by their negligence, or bad example, or by a too severe discipline, should ever wander away."

From that day St. Francis had very little share in the real management of the Order, but his personal influence could not be ignored. He lived, and as long as he lived his life remained one of beautiful and holy poverty. Those who were most anxious to obtain the universal acceptance of the more moderate interpretation of his rule felt that no step was possible so long as he lived, but none the less did that party, numbering among them the Judas Iscariot of the Franciscan disciples, lay their plans for ultimate success. How bitterly St. Francis felt the progress those plans had made, may be realised by a quotation from the 'Legenda Antiqua.'

In reply to a brother who points out to him the declension of the order from the primitive rule, he says: "God forgive you, brother. Why do you lay at my door things with which I have nothing to do? So long as I had the direction of the order and the brothers persevered in their vocation, in spite of weakness I was able to do what was needful, but

when I saw that without caring for my example or my teaching, they walked in the way you have described I confided them to the Lord and to the ministers. It is true that when I relinquished the direction, alleging my incapacity as the motive, if they had walked in the way of my wishes, I should not have desired that before my death they should have had any other minister than myself. Though ill, though bed-ridden even, I should have found strength to perform the duties of my charge. But this charge is wholly spiritual. I will not become an executioner to strike and punish as political governors must."

When, however, we read the so-called "Will" of this wonderful man, it is no longer a matter of surprise to us that he felt there was little left to live for, and that the call to a higher life was the only guerdon worth possessing.

The restraint that was so burdensome to a large proportion of the brothers was removed by the death of St. Francis on October 3rd, 1226. Brother Elias, who since March 10th, 1221, had been the head of the Order, though outwardly adhering to his master, had in reality placed himself and his powers entirely at the disposal of Cardinal Ugolino, who represented the Roman influence in the Franciscan brotherhood. Now that there was no other leader to fear he made no secret of his intentions. His great scheme for immortalising his own name by building the magnificent Basilica of St. Francis under his influence soon became the one dominating interest and work of the Franciscan Order, at least of all those who were not the Zeloti or the partisans

of the original rule of poverty. These Zeloti, however, were not to be entirely ignored. What they lacked in number was made up for in zeal and devotion; nor was their prestige of slight moment, since they were for the most part those who had been the closest companions of St. Francis. Brother Leo became their leader, and the holiest and greatest characters in the Order ranged themselves under his banner.

The day of intrigue was over and open warfare was declared. The work of building this enormous structure had been begun, and an imposing marble box for the offerings of the faithful had been set up. This to the Zeloti was indeed the "abomination of desolation." It was, they maintained, the very antithesis of the ideals of St. Francis, and though fully aware of all that it would entail to himself, the intrepid Leo, assisted by a few friends, shattered the offending object, and was in consequence attacked and severely beaten by the emissaries of Elias and driven out of the town of Assisi.

Elias, however, had to learn what power a determined opposition can wield. Within a short time of the events narrated he found himself deposed from the exalted position which he held. Whether or not the publication of that important work, the 'Speculum Perfectionis,' by Brother Leo, tended to promote this result, or whether indeed the 'Speculum Perfectionis' was really published at that time, is very difficult to say. To venture to hold a different opinion from that of so remarkable and so deeply read a Franciscan scholar as Professor Paul Sabatier seems almost audacious, yet in spite

of the many able arguments he adduces for the early date of the 'Speculum Perfectionis' it is difficult to understand how so many versions of this work can have been permitted to survive, and at the same time all tradition on the subject can have been obliterated, at a time too, when the Zeloti were so united and so determined to cling to all that was primitive in the Order.

Fortunately, however, we are not called upon here to enter upon the thorny path of speculation as to the date of this mysterious work, for we have at hand another work which will equally serve the purpose that is needful to my subject,—the 'Sacrum Commercium.'

On the fall of Elias, a new Minister General was appointed, one Giovanni Parenti, evidently a man of wonderful piety, and certainly not lacking in literary ability, if we may accept the view that six weeks after his appointment to the post of General, he published this tractate, which must have had no slight bearing on the controversy that was raging in the Franciscan world.

The 'Sacrum Commercium,' which we all welcome as a literary gem, had doubtless an ulterior motive. Devotional and exquisitely dramatic, it none the less struck boldly at the work which Elias was carrying on with such determination. The allusion to Elias and his work in Chapter XII is clear: "Et licet non possit civitatis supra montem positae abscondi desolatio, tamen imposuerunt ei nomen discretionem vel providentiam, cum talis discretio potius dicenda esset confusio et providentia bonorum omnium pernitiosa oblivio." "And although

the desolation of a city set upon a hill cannot be hid, yet they gave her the name of Discretion or of Prudence, though such discretion is rather to be called confusion, and such prudence a deadly forgetfulness of all good things."

The whole work teems with allusions that cannot have failed to convey a clear meaning to all who read; and if this was the work of so exalted a personage as the official head of the whole community, it must have had considerable notoriety. Before passing on, I cannot refrain from showing how incisive were the strictures it contained, on the persons of Elias and his immediate circle—Chapter XI of the 'Sacrum Commercium' deals exclusively with this criticism.

"Surrexerunt denique in nobis qui non erant ex nobis, quidam filii Belial loquentes vana, operantes iniqua, dicentes se pauperes esse cum non essent et me . . . . Spreverunt ac maculaverunt me, sequentes viam Balaam ex Bosor qui mercedum iniquitatis amavit, homines corrupti mente, . . . homines assumentes sanctae religionis habitum novem hominem non induerunt sed veterem paliaverunt. Detrahebant senioribus suis et eorum qui sanctae conversationis institutores fuerunt vitam et mores in occulto mordebant, vocantes eos indiscretos, immisericordes, crudeles, et me quam assumpserant dicebant otiosa insipidam, turpem incultam, exsanguem et mortuam, aemula mea summo studio ingerente, quae ovis assumens habitum dolositate vulpis occultabat lupinam rabiem." The following is Canon Rawnsley's translation, "There arose after among us certain sons of Belial speaking vain things,

working unjust ones, saying that they were poor when they were not, and me . . . they spurned and cast dirt upon me, following the way of Balaam the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of iniquity—men corrupt of mind and turned aside from truth, thinking gain is godliness, men taking upon them the garment of holy religion who have not put on the new man; but are clothed upon with the old.

"They spoke lightly of those who had gone before, and subtly slandered the manner of life of them who were the instructors of the holy walk, calling them indiscreet, pitiless, cruel; and me . . . . they called idle, tasteless, foul, rude, coldblooded, and dead. For my jealous foe brought this about with all her might, who, taking on her sheep's clothing, under a fox's cunning, hid the ravening of a wolf."

The concluding words can but mean Elias himself. Amidst all the bitter hostility caused by this Franciscan civil war, the Papal intervention seemed to be of the greatest possible importance, and in consequence Cardinal Ugolino of Ostia, recently elected Pope, made the excuse of visiting Perugia in order to deal personally with these matters, since the occasion of the canonization of the founder of their order seemed to be an opportune one for re-uniting the discordant parties. Accordingly on July 16th of the following year 1228 Gregory IX entered Assisi to take part in the great service of the Canonization of St. Francis.

An account of that event has been given us in the fullest manner, and the official historian was none other than Thomas of Celano. To him Gregory

committed the task of recording not only the Canonization and the list of miracles deemed necessary for this great event, but also entrusted our author with the duty of reproducing from the materials at his disposal a life of St. Francis.

It may be fancy, but it seems to me that the wise prelate who was at once eager for the advancement of the order, whose real head he was, and who was at the same time in real sympathy with, if not the actual originator of, the plans which Elias was executing, would make every effort to heal the breach that threatened to wreck the whole Franciscan structure. I venture to think that on the occasion of the visit to Assisi, he was instrumental in bringing about a *modus vivendi* between the opposing camps and probably obtained from the Zeloti the withdrawal of the obnoxious tract just quoted, whilst he on his part undertook to have an unbiased life of the great leader prepared and issued such as would satisfy all parties.

To Thomas of Celano the work would be given and possibly with directions to avoid any statements that might be objected to by the party of the stricter observance. Thus in 1229 there appeared, under the title of the 'Legenda Gregorii,' the work which for nearly a century has been known as the 'First Life' of St. Francis of Assisi, by Thomas of Celano.

That this work was intended to bring out on the one hand the holy poverty of the little brother of Assisi, and at the same time to emphasise the actual fact that St. Francis had designated Elias his successor, cannot I think be doubted. Realising as we

must, that Thomas of Celano was certainly not in personal sympathy with the party of Brother Leo, it is difficult on any other supposition to account for the tone of Chapters A xv, xvi of his first work, which do not attempt in any way to modify the original rule of the order.

To my mind the 'Legenda Gregorii' was the masterstroke of the astute Pontiff, and it is evident that this work received a very extensive recognition and that it was looked upon as worthy of credence, and I doubt not as a moderate and unpolemic relation of events. This seems evident from the fact that it alone, of all the early Franciscan documents, has permeated Europe and has been preserved as a literary treasure in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and England.

Whatever may be the facts yet to transpire on so complex a subject it is obvious that from the date of its publication the bitterness which had arisen amongst the followers of St. Francis was at least modified and possibly laid to rest for a period of ten years or more.

Some readers may go even one step further and suggest that the re-election of Elias as "Minister General" was the direct result of the widespread publication of the 'Legenda Gregorii;' which, whilst bearing the "imprimatur" of so exalted a person as the Pope himself, frankly avowed the high position given to Elias by the dying Saint.

Whichever view we may take, it is clear that three years later, in spite of the intense bitterness that had been previously felt and shown towards him, Elias was elected as head of the order, and

for the next seven years remained at the helm. This indicates that there must at least have been a certain reaction in his favour for which nothing else will account; moreover, after the year 1229 we find less of that bitter partisanship which blackens the pages of history during the years immediately preceding the "Canonization."

From the time of the election of Elias, however, the clouds began to appear once more. His enormous efforts to complete the great work of the Basilica brought him into conflict with the members of the Franciscan order.

At first, doubtless taught by the experience of other days, he proceeded with caution; but soon the old spirit became manifest—he organised collections in every province. When his demands on behalf of the Basilica were resisted, as being out of keeping with the spirit of St. Francis, he used his authority to remove the offending rulers of the order, and as time proceeded he found it necessary more and more to practise severities which could not fail to alienate from him the hearts of those over whom he ruled. At last the storm broke. In 1239 Pope Gregory IX, acting on the evident wish of the order, deposed Elias and declared Alberto di Pisa elected in his place.

All this time there had been no further demand for literature on the subject of the Saint's life. No doubt the 'Legenda Gregorii' had proved sufficiently complete to satisfy all parties, and it requires no stretch of imagination to become convinced that wherever Franciscans went, there a copy of this precious work would be carried by them. Supposing

then that the 'Speculum' had not been issued, and that the 'Sacrum Commercium' had either been withdrawn by Giovanni di Parenti or secretly suppressed during the rule of Elias, Thomas of Celano's work would be the only authentic Franciscan document of these earlier years. Yet the 'Legenda Gregorii' was a document which was a menace to the foes of Elias who were now in the ascendant. Alberto di Pisa, the new Minister General, was too preoccupied with the difficult task in front of him to deal with matters of a literary kind. He was a diplomatist, and all his energies had to be directed towards checkmating his wily opponent Elias in other ways. The latter had at last found his match, for Alberto di Pisa was not the type of man that he had been accustomed to deal with. He was opposed by one who would not scruple to gain his own ends either by device or by treachery.

As an example of the adroitness of the new Minister General it may be mentioned that on his death an extremely important letter addressed by Elias to Gregory IX and intercepted by Alberto di Pisa was found sewn up in his tunic. Like Elias he had learned the value of strategy, and his alertness proved the destruction of his foe.

The proud Elias was not, however, the man to mildly submit to oppression, and he in no measured terms resented the action of the Pope, who, as he thought, had betrayed him. Gregory turned upon him with all his fury and hurled at him vituperation that one would hardly have expected possible from such a man; yet Elias was no less headstrong; he went so far as to reply by accusing the aged Pontiff

of having misused the money collected for the Crusades, and of other misdeeds.

From that time Elias was an outcast; many even of his supporters declared that he had deceived them, and soon his name became a scandal among the members of the order. In the midst of these events a new "Minister" was elected; this time an Englishman—Aymon of Faversham. Doubtless this election was due to the desire to have at the head of affairs a man of simpler piety. The new "Minister General" was, we can well believe, hardly prepared for the subtleties of semi-Eastern methods and ideals. He found the work of the order quite sufficient for his powers without launching forth into new fields. Yet it must again and again have become evident to those in authority that the prominence given to Elias in the authorised Franciscan life of the founder placed the leaders of the present in a delicate and ambiguous position. No doubt means would have been set on foot to remedy the evil had not an event taken place which altogether prohibited any action on the part of the order.

Thomas of Celano's 'Legend' had been authorised by the successor of St. Peter, and only another successor could abrogate this.

Little more than a year after the election of Aymon Gregory IX died, and Celestine IV became Pope. How much this meant to the Franciscan brotherhood can scarcely be imagined. The dead Pontiff had been the mainstay of the brethren from the earliest days of its inception. He had not only been this, but his name had added prestige and dignity to the movement in every province. All

Europe knew that the Franciscan brotherhood was under the especial protection of Gregory. They had now lost this mighty arm. So long as he had lived the reverence for the past must be evidenced; now the future was all unknown. He, too, had been the friend of St. Clara, and had always smoothed over difficulties between the two orders when they had occurred. Now that this great Franciscan had passed away they began to look to their foundations.

The powers that were had need to be alert. The dead Pope, whom all praised, had been the friend of Elias. The official life of St. Francis, which had doubtless attained its influence partly in consequence of his support, might become a danger. Now that Elias had become of public scandal, this book, which asserted the pre-eminence of Elias, might be used to injure the order now that its great champion was dead. On the other hand, the undue reverence which would now be accorded to such a document bearing the authority of so great a man, would hinder the publication of any other work supplementing the recorded facts by such as might subsequently become known.

Again, now that the party of the Zeloti were in the ascendant it was felt that the time had arrived when the order itself might indicate the direction in which it would walk, without the necessity of always inquiring first what course was desired by the Court at Rome.

The "Zeloti" had by this time effectually come to realise that though Elias might be deposed and disgraced, they the adherents of the first rule, were not in favour with the Papal "entourage." Now, if

ever, the opportunity to use the advantage which they had obtained, seemed to have arrived.

Now they might get rid of all reference to Elias in the accepted manual, and they hoped that the literary material they had in the meantime been collecting as proof of the opinions of St. Francis about the rule of poverty, might soon become incorporated into the text-book of Franciscan communities.

Undoubtedly, had Celestine IV lived, it would not have been long before an official application would be made to him to allow the revision of the offending document, but alas! only seventeen days after his election Celestine IV died. Nothing could now be done, and the ruling spirits among the Franciscan brotherhood could only possess their souls in patience and wait until a new Pope should be announced, blending with their accustomed prayers one that the new Pontiff might be a ruler favourable to the order.

It was, however, a case of hope deferred. The Curia could not agree; disputes and quarrels were the order of the day, and the Court of Rome became the scene of many a disgraceful episode. For fully a year and eight months this sad state of affairs was maintained, until the 24th of June, 1243, when Innocent IV was installed in the Pontifical throne.

As a compliment to the new Pope, the succeeding Chapter General was convened at Genoa, from which place he had gone to assume the reins of government. The "Chapter General" of Genoa was one full of new vigour. It was an occasion when anything was possible, since a new era had

begun. Whether for good or for evil, a step forward would have to be taken. The first act was to appoint Crescentius de Jesi "Minister General." He stood for the party of moderation—liberty to diverge slightly within reasonable limits. Still, like his predecessors, it was necessary that he should in every way dissociate himself from Elias. In consequence of the foregoing circumstances, on the ground that new matter had arisen and that new facts had been discovered, he easily contrived to obtain the passage of a measure by the entire order, commanding all the brethren who had any knowledge of facts connected with the life of St. Francis not already published, or of miracles not previously mentioned, to forward these to the General in order that some steps might be taken to circulate this information to the body of the brethren.

No doubt many a brother had some contribution to send, and in consequence of this, without interfering with the former work, Crescentius de Jesi directed a tract to be drawn up entitled 'Venerabilium gesta Patrum.' It was in dialogue form and probably intended to stimulate still further inquiry and investigation. Unfortunately this tract has been lost.

The party of the Zeloti had always been the more active body, and in consequence they were not long in setting to work. Now the opportunity of giving publicity, not only to their own impressions, but to the documents which they had been carefully collecting in evidence of the righteousness of their cause, was most tempting. Under the leadership of Leo, Angelo, Rufino, Fillippo, Illuminato, Masseo,

John and Bernard de Quintaville, each added what they could to the common fund of information. It will need no words of mine to convince my hearers that the material that these brethren selected to compose their work was of one kind and only of one kind. They wrote with an object, and that object was the destruction of their opponents' case. Every fact that could be adduced to show the attitude of opposition which the Saint of Umbria had evinced to the principles of the moderate party was inserted, until the work became little more than a diatribe couched in narrative. On August 11th, 1246, the work was completed under the name of the 'Legend of the Three Companions.' It is sometimes called the 'Legend of Brother Leo'; but whether this title would not be more correctly applied to the 'Speculum Perfectionis' is a matter on which I do not at present feel competent to express a definite opinion.

The brothers who drew up this work appear to have done more than send it to Crescentius, they seem to have given it some sort of publicity on their own account. One of two things must have taken place. Either request was made by the authors for a license to be granted for the publication of this version of the Saint's life, and permission obtained on condition of the work being produced in its censured form, as we have it now; or, what is much more likely, the writers made several copies and sent them to their friends in each province as a specimen of the material they had contributed to the common fund. If we accept this view we can readily understand how Crescentius would immediately take steps

to have all these books examined, and such portions as seemed undesirable destroyed. I have no doubt that it would be this course that would render him unpopular to the brothers and which led to his downfall in 1247. It is interesting to note that all that remains to us of the 'Legend of the Three Companions' is the history of the youth of St. Francis and the first days of the order, and then with an obvious hiatus the narrative springs to the death and canonization of the Saint. The intervening material is nowhere to be found.

We must not, however, suppose that this legend had no circulation; in fact, the contrary may have been the case, for after the Council of Paris, when the earlier books were sought for and destroyed, it would be just those belonging to the Zeloti which would be least likely to escape detection, whilst the vows of obedience would press more strongly upon them than even on their more moderate brethren. Under such circumstances it would be safe to suppose that the 'Tres Socii' version did indeed have a very real influence within the order. If I mistake not it was exactly the influence of so dangerous a document that troubled Crescentius and which led him to appoint Thomas of Celano, and some think others in association with him, to revise the material which had been forwarded to him as General and to produce from those sources a new and complete life.

That Brother Thomas lost no time in resuming his work is evident from the fact that although he probably did not commence his labours until after the publication of the 'Legend of the Three Companions,' yet the result of his labours which has

come down to us as the 'Legenda Antiqua' must have been issued before July, 1247, since it was forwarded to Crescentius de Jesi as Minister General, whereas at the Council of Lyons held on that date John of Parma was elected to the Generalship.

In the book which I have recently seen through the press entitled 'Legenda Sancti Francisci auctore Thoma de Celano,' I have dilated at considerable length on the fact that in the Assisi Codex, which has too long been supposed to be the 'Tractatus Secundus' or 'Vita Secunda' of Celano, we have in reality the well-known work of our author entitled 'Legenda Antiqua,' a title which no doubt had a direct reference to the sources which, as editor of the manuscripts sent to Crescentius, had been placed at his disposal.

So far, I feel that I have been on ground over which most orthodox and conservative students of Franciscan lore will be ready to follow me; but at this point I am bound to take a step forward, a step which will doubtless make many hesitate. To such I can only say, do not attempt to follow, if you have other convictions; but I cannot but fear that, not to go forward must logically mean difficulties of a far greater kind in the immediate future when the facts which I have already alluded to in my critical introduction to the text of Celano's works are more fully understood.

Professor Paul Sabatier in Part VII of this critical study of the sources speaks of the second part of the second life by Thomas of Celano. He suggests that this second part was written between 1247 and 1257 and that it consists of parts 2 and 3 of the

'Legenda Antiqua' or Assisi MS. M. Sabatier wrote his life of St. Francis before 1899, or this portion would have been somewhat different. I am indebted to none other for having first put me on the path that has led me to this conclusion. I venture to think that had M. Sabatier been writing that passage to-day he would never have spoken of a second part of a second life, he would either have alluded to a third life, or he would have done as I have done, denominated the last work of Brother Thomas as the 'Tractatus Secundus.'

His effort to place his readers in possession of true facts was, however, wonderfully correct, may I say prophetic; he had realised what few of his contemporaries realised, viz., that over and above the 'Legenda Gregorii' and the 'Legenda Antiqua,' of which we have been speaking, there was a third work by this author, a work well-known to the thirteenth century writers and intimately associated with the name of the "Minister General" John of Parma. The missing document he naturally assumed to be the second part of the MS. of Assisi since no record could be obtained of any other. After the publication of Professor Paul Sabatier's life of St. Francis a discovery was made which has considerably altered the opinions of students on this subject, as well as those of Professor Sabatier to whom I am indebted for the first light on this subject in a letter which he wrote to me more than two years ago.

At this point I must ask my hearers to let me tell my story of the texts to the end and then return to the critical examination of whether or no my conclusions are correct.

It has been suggested by several writers that Thomas of Celano is hardly a writer of any importance from the fact that he was ready at all times to take the popular view in order to curry favour. To my mind the facts point in a totally different direction.

It is, I think, beyond doubt that Thomas of Celano did not belong to or even sympathise with the party of the stricter observance, yet I have already pointed out that it was in the most awful moment of party strife that he was commissioned by Gregory IX to write the 'Legenda Gregorii,' and that such would not have been the case had the former not been aware that the work of Brother Thomas would be acceptable to both parties. Combining this fact with the obviously impartial character of his first work, we should at once see the reason why the order was satisfied to accept for so long a period and to spread in every direction this work of Brother Thomas of Celano. They trusted him as a sincere and true man.

Again, when in 1246 Crescentius de Jesi was in need of some one to whom he could commit the task of editing the numerous works forwarded to him, it was to Thomas of Celano he turned, as being the one man whose writings would be likely to find acceptance with the brothers of each observance, and as though to confirm this, on the election of John of Parma, well known to have belonged to the party of the Zeloti, and the author of the tract, 'Venerabilium gesta Patrum,' he, like his opponent predecessor, turned at once to Brother Thomas as the most fit and acceptable person to complete the work of

which the 'Legenda Gregorii' and the 'Legenda Antiqua' were but a part.

I have already anticipated what my hearers will have been prepared for. Owing to the comparative liberty and indeed prominence given to the Zeloti by the election of John of Parma, two results had followed: in the first place those who had hitherto hesitated to relate accounts of legends and stories connected with the Saint, were now emboldened to go to the simpler men who were in power, and tell their story or deliver it in writing. Thus a vast number of partly true and often wholly spurious legends grew up with alarming rapidity.

This was a state of affairs which would be quite out of accord with the real sympathies of the party to which Leo and his companions belonged. To them the mere miracle worker was far inferior to the truly human, yet grandly self-effacing St. Francis. In consequence, it became a matter of the most profound importance to dissociate those legends which were of some credibility from those that were only mythical. No one could do this so well as Brother Thomas, and in consequence we find the new Minister General, John of Parma, beseeching him to undertake the work. Brother Thomas immediately set to work and compiled the work on the miracles which appears in my text as the second half of the 'Tractatus Secundus.' The first half of this text is a revised and re-edited version of the 'Legenda Antiqua,' so altered, however, by the author as to produce an utterly different impression upon the reader from that which the former suggests.

With this work ended, as we shall see, all efforts to amplify or improve upon the history of the founder of the Franciscan order.

The days of the brethren of the stricter observance were numbered. In the year 1257, Cardinal Bonaventura was elected "Minister General." Already the attempts of both parties to dominate the order by means of their authentic records had produced innumerable evils, and it was the difficulties of a most serious kind which beset the Franciscan movement that accounts for the readiness with which the members of the "Chapter General" of Narbonne commissioned Bonaventura to write the life of St. Francis. From the accession of Bonaventura, Thomas of Celano disappears from the scene. Whilst it is quite reasonable to suppose that Bonaventura saw in him a literary rival, and that he could not tolerate a possible critic, I am disposed also to believe that in reality, Thomas of Celano was gradually drawn more and more to the party of the older observance. With years there grew upon him the memories of St. Francis, and with those memories there came to him a sense of grief at the wide departure of the order from the primitive simplicity which he had known in earlier days. His intimate association with John of Parma must have made it appear to the other brethren that he had leanings towards the party of Leo, whilst the thirty-six chapters which he devotes to the subject of poverty in his two later works cannot have failed to indicate the tendency of his personal bias. These facts probably laid the seeds of that disfavour which

injured him upon the advent to power of Bonaventura.

Few men were more vigorous in character than this new "Minister General." A tremendously hard worker, a man of indomitable ambition, of shrewd foresight and remarkable ability, he took in at once the dangers of the situation, and met them by suppressing all questions that might lead to any kind of controversy.

All matters in dispute he deemed inadmissible, and in consequence the work which he presented to the "Chapter General" of Pisa, and which was in fact, nothing but the writings of Celano condensed and curtailed with certain additions from the 'Speculum Perfectionis' and the 'Tres Socii,' readily met with acceptance, and was in consequence approved by the whole order.

Would that we could stop at this point, but the climax came in the following year, an event which I call "the tragedy of Franciscan history." Bonaventura found that his version of the life of St. Francis, whilst outside the range of party strife, was considered too feeble a production to become what he wanted it to be, viz. the text book of the order. A man of his disposition could brook no opposition, and in consequence he contrived to obtain a majority of the votes at the Council of Paris held in 1264, directing the circulation of the following edict—an edict which, with one fell blow, destroyed some of the choicest literature of mediæval days. The edict runs as follows—

"Item praecepit Generale Capitulum per obedientiam, quod omnes legendae de B. Francisco omnim

factae deleantur et ubi inveniri poterant extra ordinem, ipsas fratres studeant amovere, cum illa legenda, quae facta est per Generalem, sit compilata prout ipse habuit ab ore illorum qui cum B. Francisco quassi semper fuerunt et cuncta certitudinaliter sciverint et probata ibi sint posita diligenter."

"Item: The Chapter General directs that as an act of obedience, all former legends of the Blessed Francis be destroyed, and wherever the brothers can find them outside the order they must endeavour to do away with them, since this legend drawn up by the General is compiled from accounts of those who nearly always accompanied the Blessed Francis. All that they would know without doubt and all that has been proved to be true has been carefully inserted."

This terrible order was all the more terrible, because to the Franciscans an absolute blind obedience to command was a primary tenet, and thus it came about that so much valuable work (executed at the cost of much time and effort, and being in some cases the only real record of much that concerned the life of the Saint of Umbria) was lost to the world, and to all intents and purposes annihilated.

Had it not been for the fact that here and there, in out-of-the-way places, or through the jealousy of some other monastic body, a stray version escaped destruction we should never have known the real St. Francis of Assisi. How thorough was the work of destruction and how implacably St. Bonaventura sought to annihilate all competition will never be fully known.

For a generation after the time of St. Bonaventura no other writer dared to attempt to deal with the subject of this Saint's life, and from the year 1264 until the commencement of the nineteenth century there was no other source of information for writers on this subject except the work just alluded to. We must not suppose, however, for a moment that during all these years there were no books published dealing with Franciscan matters; on the contrary, almost every incident of Franciscan work and every circumstance that could possibly be the subject of literary effort, was assiduously elaborated in the multitudinous books to which I have already alluded; but as helps to the real life of the son of Bernadone they are all practically useless; all other matters they deal with fully; but to the all-important matter of that precious life, character, or words they add little or nothing in addition to that which is found in the work of Bonaventura.

One other record, however, came into existence much later on, which merits a word, but which was after all the creation of an earlier period. I allude to the well-known 'Fioretti,' and I think we may attribute some measure of value to this work.

To destroy the concise records of the man and his life in the conventual houses was comparatively easy; but not even the Roman See could destroy the memories burnt into the hearts of the people by the devotion and humility of their great teacher. Here and there one of the real stories or incidents in which St. Francis had figured was handed down from father to son, until the stories had assumed in

many cases at least strange and prodigious dimensions.

The legends were collected and published about 100 years after the death of their hero, but they nevertheless give us many a light on the life of St. Francis which we should never have had but for the indestructible truth which they convey in picture form. In this relation let me quote the words of Professor Sabatier in his introduction to the 'Fioretti.' They are, like himself, very charming:

"Francois d'Assisi qui s'est fait aimer et admirer par son pays d'abord, puis par le monde entier, ce n'est pas le saint dont Bonaventure et Celano nous ont esquissé la vague silhouette, c'est l'Italien très original dont toute la vie fut poésie et douleur, chant d'amour et de compassion revélé par les Fioretti et par frère Leon."

Before passing on to the later stages of Franciscan study it may be well to observe that at all times there have been, here and there, such scraps of information published as have given clues to that greater truth which lay behind them. In this relation we have such works as the 'Speculum Vitæ,' 'The Conformities,' and the books of Bernard Bessa, Jourdanus, Eccleston, Salembeni, Careno, 'The Chronicles of the XXIV Generals,' and others of minor importance; but all these affect very little the whole matter of the life, whilst those later works which have been lost, so far as they are in any way recorded, seem to have had no new matter to contribute.

It was reserved for the nineteenth century to unwrap from his thick covering of tradition and

stereotyped ideas, the real St. Francis, but, unfortunately, the progress made has been anything but rapid.

Early in the previous century the Père Rinaldi discovered, where we know not, the text of Celano's first life, and also some text or texts of what we may now recognise as the 'Legenda Antiqua.' Both of these he published in 1806.

In the year 1880, a further stimulus was given to this subject by the re-publication by the Abbé Amoni of a version of the works previously published by Rinaldi, and which had for all practical purposes become so rare as to be nearly unobtainable. What manuscripts he used for his revision it is impossible to say, for after having carefully gone through every known MS. and compared the text, I find the variations in each case are of so extensive a character as to offer no basis upon which to found a theory. This applies equally to the versions both of the 'Legenda Gregorii' and the 'Legenda Antiqua.'

We know, however, that Rinaldi had taken his text from that belonging to the Monastery of Falerone, in the March of Ancona. This Codex was stolen by robbers, so we are told, from the brother in whose charge it had been placed; that MS., as far as I can judge, has not yet been recovered.

I feel sure, too, that Rinaldi did not in making his recension of the 'Legenda Antiqua' confine himself to the Assisi version, though doubtless he copied from it.

The real humanity which is everywhere evident in

those writings had already set men to work to study, and great thinkers like M. Renan and others began to occupy themselves with the study of the genius of the person of whom these records spoke.

A pupil of M. Renan, from a passing remark of the latter's, was led to dive deeper into this fascinating subject, and before the century closed all Europe was stimulated by the appearance of an epoch-making book by Professor Paul Sabatier, which gave back to the world the most delightful photograph of the Friar of Assisi, who had, in his day, stirred all Europe to religious enthusiasm.

M. Sabatier in his writings was at once fearless and considerate; but none the less he touched upon dangerous ground, and in consequence students of mediæval literature soon became ranged into two hostile armies—one which looked to the accomplished Frenchman for inspiration, the others representing the influence of the Roman Curia. In their zeal to obtain and circulate material for their warfare each party has contributed to the common good, and we owe much to each.

When the last century closed students were already awake to the fact that it was in the pre-Bonaventuran works that the most important records were to be found, and active search was made for MSS. of the earlier period. Those few scholars who had devoted themselves to this somewhat difficult line of research soon found that they were in possession of the following material:—

The works published by Amoni and Rinaldi, that is to say (1) an extremely poor version of

the 'Legenda Gregorii,' and (2) a slightly better one of the 'Legenda Antiqua'; also the following MSS.:—

Of the 'Legenda Gregorii:' At Barcelona, in the Archivo de la Corona de Aragon, a late Benedictine MS.; at Evreux, in the Bibliotheque Municipal; at the British Museum, a MS. just mentioned by two writers, but practically unknown to most authors; at Montpellier, in the Bibliotheque de l'école de Medicine; at Oxford, in the Corpus Christi College Library, a very little known MS.; at Paris, in the Bibliotheque National.

Of the 'Legenda Antiqua:' that at Assisi, in the collection belonging to the Sacro Convento.

Such then, were the only known works by Thomas of Celano, in 1899, and though to many the more picturesque writings of Brother Leo and the 'Tres Socii,' or indeed, the 'Fioretti' appeal more highly, a scientific age will, I am convinced, be glad to fall back for its impressions on the more definite and accurate history and clearer definition of the brother to whom the whole order again and again committed the work of constructing the biography of St. Francis.

I shall, therefore, make little further allusion to the progress made with the study of the MSS. belonging to other writers, but shall confine myself to those with whom the name of Thomas of Celano is associated.

In dealing with the present subject I trust I may be excused for the large reference I must of necessity make to my own researches, but in so doing I desire to claim nothing for myself, for

though I have had the good fortune to come across certain documents of some value, I should never have known of them, or rather, should never have been led to look for them, but for information and assistance so readily accorded to me both by Professor Paul Sabatier and Frère Edouard d'Alençon, Archivist General of the Capuchin Order.

With regard to the works of Thomas of Celano subsequent to the year 1229, there has always been considerable mystery. Anyone studying the 'Chronicles of the XXIV Generals,' and several other writings well known to us to-day, cannot doubt that there was at one time a work of our author in existence which contained not only the miracles recorded for the Canonization, such as we have in the 'Legenda Gregorii,' but a fuller and more complete compendium of them written at a much later date. It seemed as though the terrible edict of the "Chapter General" of Paris had been able to utterly destroy this later work, when suddenly, Father Louis Antoine de Porrentruy managed to secure for his library at Marseilles a MS. which he purchased at the sale of the books of Prince B. Boncompagni, and which ultimately proved to be the missing work. It was in January, 1898, when this discovery was made; but it was not until the middle of the year 1899 that readers were put in possession of the fact by the Bollandist fathers, who were able to give to the world the valuable information that this work existed.

The Bollandists, however, made the mistake of thinking that the first part of the newly discovered

MS. was in reality only a version of the Assisi Codex to which the later edition of the 'Miracles' had been added, but I submit that such a view is impossible, and though I do not propose to recapitulate the long and somewhat involved argument at the commencement of my edition of 'Celano's Lives of St. Francis' just published, I shall hope to introduce such evidence of a new nature as will make it impossible any further to consider these two works as being one and the same.

Some years ago, when fascinated by the story of the Saint of Umbria, I set myself to study the motives which had actuated and underlain the action of this great man, I found that the great obstacle to further progress was the difficulty of getting a correct text of the life of St. Francis.

With the greatest difficulty I secured copies of the published works by Amoni, and I had access to the Bollandist text in the Acta Sanctorum. All were strangely inaccurate and unreliable, whilst nowhere was the missing list of miracles to be found. For a variety of reasons which I need not now detail, I became convinced that the first step towards a re-construction of the true conception of the real St. Francis was to secure a correct version of the works of Celano. For this reason I travelled over Europe in search of these works and was fortunate enough in the first instance to be able to collate and to photograph the following Codices—Barcelona, Evreux, Paris, Montpellier, Oxford, and the version at the British Museum, all these being versions of the 'Legenda Gregorii.' At Assisi I was able to collate and photograph the Codex which had

been hitherto known as the 'Vita Secunda,' and which I have now re-named by its original title of the 'Legenda Antiqua.' Whilst at Assisi, Professor Sabatier brought to my notice the fact of the discovery of a further MS. to which I have already alluded, as belonging to Marseilles. I was determined to obtain all the information I could on the subject, and as soon as my work at Assisi was completed, I made a pilgrimage to Marseilles and went directly to the Capuchin Monastery, where I expected to find the precious work.

To my dismay I found the brothers in a state of semi-siege; they were just about to be turned out of their home. Some of them, into whose hands this may perchance fall, will possibly remember the persistent Englishman who would press to obtain information about the wonderful MS. which he asserted was in the museum of the order. After endless waiting and trouble I found that Père Louis Antoine de Porrentruy had left Marseilles for some unknown spot, and that another brother had been placed in charge of the museum. Could not I see his successor? Alas, no! He, too, was no longer in Marseilles. Besides this it became a matter of the greatest doubt whether the MS. was any longer in the town or not; one brother told me that all the valuables from the museum had been removed, another that the MS. was somewhere in the town, but in safe keeping, owing to the attack of the French Government on the religious orders.

Still I was not satisfied; where could I find the present guardian of the work in question? From the Superior I ascertained that he had gone to

Lyons, and I immediately set off thither only to discover that my quarry had vanished. On arriving at the address given me, I could at first get no information whatever, as at the latter place the gentleman in question was known by another name, but after finally convincing the curé of the church to which I had gone that my motives in seeing him were both friendly and sincere, I was at last accorded his address in a far-off country abode, to which he had gone for an indefinite period. I had not the time to follow him any further, so wrote and telegraphed to him; but alas! no answer. Again I wrote, with the same result; and only after my third attempt did I hear from him to the effect that he knew nothing of the document in question. My hopes were shattered; the monastery was broken up! The brothers were scattered, and the one man in whose charge it must have been either would not or could not tell me anything about it! I cannot go into all the details of the matter, but suffice it to say that thanks to the assistance of Professor Sabatier and Frère Edouard d'Alençon I have been able not only to reproduce the Marseilles or Boncompagni document for the first time, so far as our knowledge of these matters goes, but am also able to offer for inspection photographs of the text itself, which will help my hearers to understand what an extremely beautiful and important version it is.

Having secured the text, the next difficulty was to identify it and to name it. Let me remind you that until the present time all writers had been pleased to accept as final the fact that the 'Legenda Gregorii' was in reality the 'Vita Prima' of early

writers, and that the Assisi text was the 'Vita Secunda' or 'Tractatus Secundus' of the author of the 'XXIV Generals.'

I have already shown how Professor Sabatier, following the lead of the more deeply versed students of Franciscan sources, recognised the necessity of accepting the view that there had been a third work containing the miracles. Now that the Marseilles MS. work was in the possession of the world, men asked, What is this text? So far no answer has been given.

The Bollandists, so far as I understand them, seem to have taken it for granted that the first part of this work was only another version of the Assisi codex, and that the 'Miracula' which occupies half the entire MS. constitutes a third and separate work. This would, of course, leave the position of things unchanged. Professor Sabatier, I am led to believe, accepted the fact that this MS. might be classified as a third life.

It is to the measure of importance to be attached to this third work and its relationship to the already known texts that Franciscan students will have, in the future, to devote much thought and study. The second half of my critical introduction to the 'Legenda Sancti Francisci Auctore Thoma de Celano' is devoted to this most important question.

Those who are interested in ascertaining the grounds upon which I have based my decisions and conclusions will find them in detail in that volume, but I cannot stay here to enter upon the difficult argument; suffice it to say that I have had the support of learned students of Franciscan lore in

venturing to re-name the works of Celano which have so tremendous a bearing on the history of St. Francis. The results of my labour, however, are soon told. They are as follows: That the work published by Rinaldi, and afterwards by Amoni and the Bollandist Fathers, under the title of the 'Vita Prima Sancti Francisci' is in reality the 'Legenda Gregorii,' or, if it be preferred, the 'Vita Prima, Pars Prima.' Secondly, that the work published by Rinaldi and Amoni under the title of 'Vita Secunda seu Appendix ad Vitam Primam Sancti Francisci' is in reality the 'Legenda Antiqua' already alluded to, or may be indeed called the 'Pars Secunda' or 'Appendix ad Vitam Primam Sancti Francisci.' That a 'Vita Secunda' had been published was too well known for there to be any question on such a subject, and therefore I have ventured to call the Marseilles or Boncompagni document the 'Tractatus Secundus.' I should have preferred to have called it the 'Vita Secunda,' but out of deference to at least one Franciscan scholar of eminence, and to avoid the confusion that it would of necessity produce, I have used the term equally applicable, used by the author of the 'XXIV Generals,' viz. 'Tractatus Secundus.'

Only last year, thanks to some correspondence with Frère Edouard d'Alençon, I was set to work to search for new MSS. of the 'Legenda Gregorii,' which, from its universal acceptance for about thirty-four years previous to the "Chapter General" of Paris, had been copied all over Europe. As a result of my search I was fortunate enough to discover versions of this great work in the libraries of Heidelberg, Wurzburg, and in the Monastery of

Ossegg. All my attempts, however, to find MSS. were not equally satisfactory, for on one occasion, when I had travelled from the north to the south of Austria in the belief that I was on the track of a new version, I discovered to my dismay that the MS. I had journeyed so far to see was in reality only an early copy of Bonaventura's text badly catalogued, and I had to return empty. On my way home, having to wait for a time in a certain Austrian town for a train, I came across a work which considerably interested me. It was a very early version of the life of St. Francis, and I was surprised to find that the text reproduced to my mind the impression of Celano's style; I read on and became convinced that whatever else I had, here was a work almost entirely culled from the writings of Brother Thomas of Celano.

As to the date to be attributed to this important MS. I find much diversity of opinion. The authorities of the Imperial Library are quite certain that it is a thirteenth century work. I was informed that there could be no doubt about this, and I have a further letter from the librarian stating that it is as I have said. I have consulted Dr. Warner, of the British Museum, whose opinion on these subjects is second to none in this country, and he places it quite early in the fourteenth century, at the end of the first decade, whilst a learned Fellow of this Society, who has been kind enough to give me his opinion, places it as late as the middle of the fourteenth century.

There seems so much to be said for each view that I find it difficult to form an opinion, and there-

fore am disposed to fall back upon that of Dr. Warner, especially as it coincides more closely with my conjectures as to the history of the document in question, viz., that it is a very early fourteenth century copy of an earlier work which must have been produced soon after the year 1264.

The MS. then, of which two pages are reproduced, is a copy of a work which was either compiled or ultimately incorporated by Jacobus de Voragine into his great work on the 'Life of the Saints.' I find it, however, difficult to believe that he could have been the original author, both from the style itself and from the fact that at the time of the wholesale destruction of the texts from which the writer so freely quotes, Jacobus de Voragine could not have been much more than thirty-three years of age, whilst as a Dominican friar he would neither have the means to possess nor the opportunity of studying the works in question. On the other hand, it is more than probable that in editing his 'Magnum opus' he made use of existing versions, probably employed some well-versed Franciscan scholar to complete a short version of the life of the founder of that Order—very possibly it may have been Bernard de Bessa to whom he applied—hence for the present I prefer to to call it 'Legenda Anonyma Sancti Francisci.' The following is the text, but by comparing the text with the reproductions of the document itself it will be seen that the numbers of the paragraphs are mine and exist only for the purposes of comparison. The 'Legenda Anonyma' differs from the version of the 'Legenda Aurea' in about 150 different places, but the differences are not material.

se certū domū cathus demonū cū strepitu discurrētes. Qd' ꝑcussor
foras exiens ꝛ eis ꝑ signū in ꝓmēs dixit. Ecce te oīpotētis dei
co nobis demones ut ꝗdꝗ uobis ꝓmissū ē in meo corpe
facial libenter oīa sustinebo qr ē maiorē inimicū ñ habui cū
vendicabo me de adūsario meo dū ꝓsto uice mea cerebrum
ulcōnē. Locuti q̃ d'mones euanescēt. Ecce quida sonor uri di
in certasi fēs in ꝑte celi sedes uidi uria diuitiū ꝛ mirabilū
gia ꝓfulgētē. Qd' ē mirare cū nā tū ꝓclarā sedes seruarē. Sede
ism unū deruentib; ꝓnuptib; fluit ꝛ sic hūilū fracisco pat' ecce
ues abedne. Virū di introgau dicēs. Qd te decipiaris pat' ꝛ u
le. Video in mari pcōr. Statim ꝗ corde frīs dixē sic. Ecce nos sep
uera fuit in sio quā uidisti qm ad sedē ꝓsuptia pdcāt. hūilita
tem habuit hūilitū. In uisiē di seruus di sup se seraphy cōfixū
aspexi. Qd' cōfixionis sue signa sic ei euidēt' in ꝑsist ut cūcte
uidēt ꝛ ꝓpe. Cōsigūt' mani ꝛ pedes ꝛ lat' eis caracte se diligēti
studio abomīm oēlis ipa stigmata abscōdebat. Qd' da tū h in u
ta uidūt si morte ꝓtinu ꝓspexerē. Qd' aū h stigmata poā ua
cerlutinē multis mutatū ꝓtigūt h int' sere sufficiat. Cū apul'
uir qdē noīe rogeri aū ymaginē sū fracisci stans cepī cogitare
dicēs. Ut ne h ūm ur tali clarissi miraculo. Anpia fuit ubi
sio sui similata suor sim inuenīo. Qd' dū mēte reuolueret sonto
audī sonū q̃ spiciū ꝑsuēs de balista sensitq; se in sinistra manu
graūt' uulnerat. Ꝛ ē cyrothēca de manu extraxit ꝛ grauē
uulnū q̃ sangue in palma ꝓspexit. Ecce fīta uis ꝑcedebat at
dens uir tot' exardēte ꝛ dolore de fide uidēs. Quip pētit ꝛ se
bi fracisci stigmata credē uerat' testatē. P' duos dies dū
sim di ꝓsua stigmata eroasti fuit ꝓtinuo sibat. In tegno
ch castelle ē quida fracisco deuot' ad ꝓpletor ꝛ gre abiissidus
ab morte; alter ibi patris exercitū in pcinū ꝛ letalit' uulnē

ex clamauit mouat qui mortui mundi facit ipse credit mox ille ar-
repit ad motuo et sorto mouens mente sua sum amplio mendaci-
bus auditus edit in iudia torqbat et fama sci ertunque mole-
bat si illi poicoin sci glad nequit nec ipe occidi. Passe e ani
ce annui do. dc. lxxx. tpi o stantiny. De nomine s. Francisci

Franciscus pi des e sanctus si pinod mutato noie francisci
uocat e. Cui mutatois multipli ra fuisse indet p roe mu
racli o notati. Aug. n. gallica muraciosa ado recepisse cognosci-
vn in legenda sua q si est cardine si spe repleti ardentia tuba
foris ertucias gallice loqbat. Sed ad roe officii diuulgandi. Di
di in legenda q diuina puidit. Si ii uocabulo indidit ut ex sin
gulari et i suo noie opinio nisceret ei nati eia in notescet or
bi. Ro roi effectus o sequendi ut. s. ph haret intelligi q ipo pse
et p filios. s. multos seruos pci et dya debebat fracos face. Ro
roe magnanimitatis in corde ra fuit afitate s dei q eis in est
natural fertitas et magnitudo animoy. Ro into roe ituo stratus
i semone q et sermo instar securis iuicia incidebat. Sexto roe
honestatis i oiudatoe. Ant ei franciscus o signi q de instar seruii q
rome ani o siules ferebat q erat i cioie et i honore de s. francisco

Franciscus seruus et dei altissimi i cruitate assisi ortus et
negociato effus se iii ad. 70. etatis sue anni tep suui
uane iuuedy o sup stit. Que dns i firmitatis flagello corri
puit. ac i uiri altim sorto transformaui ita q ia spi ipheti
posse cepi. Ita f q da uice ni pleti apustolis capi fuisi diu
cci macipat dolentibi alus h sei exultat. Redarguit se. li
a captiuis. Ynd. Io me exultare nouitis quadi fes prot
sein adorabat. Ro ii da uice ro ma ca de uotois pticipiens
uestimita sua deposuit et pauper cda uestimita in diuers
ani eccin sci petri int pauperes sed et ei uelud unus exilis

PAGE OF THE LEGENDA ANONYMA.

N.B.—The portions of text in the third column printed in italics indicate the words which correspond in both versions.

L.G. = Legenda Gregorii.

L.A. = Legenda Antiqua.

T.S. = Tractatus Secundus.

Spec. = Speculum perfectionis.

III Soc. = Legend of the Three Companions.

B = Bonaventura.

Thick type in the second column indicates the passage from which the quotation is made.

Type within brackets in the second column indicates general similarity in the matter related.

Legenda Anonyma Sancti Francisci.

Codex.		Origines.
De nomine sancti Francisci.		
Franciscus prius dictus est Johannes, set postmodum mutato nomine Franciscus vocatus est. Cuius mutationis multiplex causa fuisse videtur. Primo ratione miraculi convocati; linguam enim gallicam miraculosam a deo recepisse cognoscitur, unde in legenda sua, quod semper est, cum ardore sancti spiritus repleretur, ardentia verba foris eructans gallice loquebatur.	**L.A. I A. 7. T.S. A. 8.**	Semper enim cum *ipse ardore sancti spiritus repleretur, ardentia verba foris eructans gallice loquebatur.*
Secundo ratione officii divulgandi, unde dicitur in legenda, quod divina providentia sibi hoc vocabulo indidit, ut ex singulari et insueto nomine opinio ministerii eius toti cicius innotesceret orbi.	**L.A. I A. 1. T.S. A. 1.**	*Cui divina providentia hoc vocabulum indidit, ut ex singulari et insueto nomine opinio ministerii eius toti innotesceret orbi, a matre.*
Tertio rationi effectus consequendi, ut scilicet per hoc daretur intelligi, quod ipse per se et per filios suos multos servos peccati et dyaboli debebat francos facere. Quarto ratione magnanimitatis in corde; nam Franci a feritate sunt dicti, quod eis inest naturalis feritas et magnanimitas animorum. Quinto ratione virtuositatis in sermone, quia eius sermo instar securis vicia incidebat. Sexto ratione honestatis		

in conversatione. Aiunt enim Francisca dei signa quedam instar securium, que Rome ante consules ferebantur, que erant in timorem et in honorem.

De sancto Francisco.

1. Franciscus, servus et amicus altissimi, in civitate Assisii ortus et negociator effectus, fere usque ad 20 etatis sue annum tempus suum vane vivendo consumpsit. Quem dominus infirmitatis flagello corripuit ac in virum alterum subito transformavit, ita quod iam spiritu prophetico pollere cepit.

L.A. I A. 1. T.S. A. 1.

1. *Franciscus servus, et amicus Altissimi.*

2. Nam cum quadam vice cum pluribus a Perusinis captus fuisset, diro carcere mancipatus, dolentibus aliis, hic solus exultat. Redargutus super hoc a concaptivis respondit: Ideo me exultare noveritis, quia adhuc sanctus per totum seculum adorabor.

L.A. I A. T.S. A. 1. (III Soc. 4.)

2. Cum inter perusinos cives et assisinates, tempore quodam, fieret non modica strages ex belli conflictu, captus Franciscus cum pluribus et vinculatus cum ceteris squalores carceris patitur. Absorbentur tristitia concaptivi, miserabiliter captivitatis sue plorantes eventum; exultat Franciscus in Domino, vincula Domino, vincula ridet et spernit. Dolentes arguunt iocundantem in vinculis insanum reputant ac dementem. Respondet Franciscus prophetice: In quo *exultare me creditis?* Meditatio alia subest *adhuc sanctus adorabor per seculum totum.*

3. Quadam vice Romam causa devotionis proficiscens, vestimenta sua deposuit et pauperis cuiusdam vestimenta induens ante ecclesiam sancti Petri inter pauperes sedit et cum eis, velud unus ex illis,[1] avide manducavit et sepius simile fecisset, nisi notorum verecundia inpedivisset.

L.A. I A. 3. T.S. A. 2. (B. I. 6, III Soc. 10.)

3. Cum, tempore *quodam, romam* peregrinantuus adiret, paupertatis amore *vestimenta* delicata *deposuit et cuiusdam pauperis vestimentis* obtectus, in paradiso, *ante ecclesiam sancti petri,* qui locus ferax est pauperum, *inter pauperes* letanter *resedit velud unum ex ipsis* se reputans, *avide* cum eis *manducat.*

[1] Fol. 82.

Multotiens *fecisset* consimile, *nisi notorum fuisset verecundia impeditus.*

uus hostis eum a
oposito conatur aver-
minam quandam sue
nonstruose gybbosam,
inmitit et nisi resipis-
s, similem se facturum
Set a domino confor-
vit: Francisce, amara
us sume et te ipsum
, si me cupis agnos-

L.A. I A. 4.
T.S. A. 3.
(III Soc. 11, 12.)

4. *Immittit cordi eius feminam quamdam monstruose gibbosam sue* incolam *civitatis,* que horrendum cunctis prestabat aspectum. Huic illum, *si non resipiscat a ceptis,* comminatur *similem se facturum, sed comfortatus a domino* salutis et gratie responsum sibi fieri gaudet: *Francisce,* inquid illi deus, in spiritum pro carnaliter et vane dilectis in spiritualia commutato et *amara pro dulcibus sumens contempne te ipsum, me si velis agnoscere;* nam et ordine verso sapient tibi que dico.

dam igitur leprosum
buit et huius homines
aturaliter abhorreret,
en memor oraculi ac-
oscula eius ruit et
statim ille disparuit.
r ad leprosorum habit-
erat et eorum manus
ulans pecuniam donat.

L.A. I A. 4.
T.S. A. 3.
(B. I 5.)

5. . . . . *leprosum die quamdam obvium habuit,* cum iuxta assisium equitaret, ... qui licet sibi tedium non parvum ingereret et horrorem, ne tamen velud mandati transgressor date fidei frangeret sacramentum, ad deobsculandum eum, equo lapsus, accurrit. . . . . Et statim equum ascendens et huc et illuc se convertens, cum campus pateret undique liber, nullis obiectis obstaculis, leprosum illum minime vidit. . . . . *Ad leprosorum habitacula* tendit et leproso unicuique *data pecunia, manum illorum obsculatur.* . . . .

siam sancti Damiani
causa ingreditur et
risti eum miraculose
: Francisce, vade, in-
a domum meam, que,
ota destruitur. Ab ea
anima eius liquefacta
cifixi compassio eius
biliter est infixa.

L.A. I A. 5.
T.S. A. 5.
(B. II 1, III Soc. 13, 14.)

6. *Ecclesiam sancti damiani,* que fere diruta erat et ab omnibus derelicta, quam, cum spiritu ducente, *causa orationis* intraret, ... *ymago Christi* . . . . *colloquitur;* . . . . *Francisce, inquid, vade, repara domum mea, que, ut cernis, tota destruitur.* . . . . *Ab ea igitur hora liquefacta est anima eius.* . . . .

ex clamauit mouat qui mortui mundi facit ipse credit. mox ille at
repti ad motum et sonitum montes monte sua sentit amplius mendaci.
hus auditis edit in iudicia torquebat. et fama sui extinguere molie
bat si illi poterit in sui gladio nequit nec ipse occidi. passus est ani
ti anni domini. dc. lxxx. tpi. o stantinij. De nomine. S. francisci

FRanciscus pi dei est iohes si primo mutato nomine francisci
uocatus est. Cui mutatio his multipli ita fuisse uidet propter mu
racli o notati. Aug. n. gallica muratio sibi adeo recepisse cognoscit
vii in legenda sua q sp est cordis sui spiritu repletus audentia tuba
fortis erudias gallice loquebat. Sed ad rei officij diuulgandi. pri
di in legenda q diuina puidit. S. ij uocabulo indidit ut ex sin
gulari et i suo nomine opinio mysterij et ratio eius in notescet or
bi. Et rei effectus o sequendi ut. s. pli haberet intelligi q ipo pse
et p filios. s. multos seruos pcii et dya debebat fideles facere. Qro
rei magnanimitatis in corde ita fuit altitate s dei q eis in est
natural fertitas et magnitudo animoy. Quinto rei uituositatis
i semone qi ei sermo instar securis uicia incidebat. Sexto rei
honestatis i oiudatione. Ant ei fuit aliq d signi qda instar seruiui q
rome ani o siules ferebat q erat i ciore et i honore. De. S. francisco

FRanciscus seruus et aiie altissimi i cunitate assistit aut et
negotiato effus fe uiri ad. 70. etatis sue anni cep suum
uane uiuendi o supstu. Quie dns i firmitatis flagello corri
puit. ac i uiri altim sono tristiciae ita q ia spi. ipheticu
posse cepit. Ita f qda uice ni pleni apulsus capit fuisse diu
oci macerat dolentibus alius h sel exultat. Redarguit se. hi
a captiuis. Ynde. so me exultare nouitis qadh ses prot
sein adorauit. Et qda uice ro ma ita de uotis pticipans
uestimenta sua deposuit et pauper cda uestimenta indueris
ani ecclim sci petri inter pauperes sed et ei uelud unus ex illis

j j j

confessurum. Obticuerunt fratres, timentes scandalum fieri sancti. *Non post multos* religionem libens egreditur, convertitur ad seculum, *revertitur ad vomitum*, qui tandem facinora duplicans, penitentia simul et vita privatus est.

16. Fatigatus ex itinere servus dei, dum asinum equitaret, socius eius scilicet frater Leonardus de Assisio similiter fatigatus intra se cogitare cepit ac dicere: Non de pari ludebant parentes huius et mei. Continuo vir dei de asino descendens dixit fratri: Non convenit me equitare et te pedes venire, quia nobilior me fuisti. Stupefactus frater ad pedes patris procidit et veniam postulavit.

L.A. II A. 3.
T.S. A. 22.
(B. XI 8.)

16. Eo tempore cum reverteretur sanctus de ultramare, sotium habens fratrem *Leonardum de Assisio*, contigit eum *itinere fatigatum* et lapsum, parumper *asinum* equitare. Subsequens autem socius et ipse non modicum fessus, *cepit dicere intra se* humanum aliquid passus: *Non ludebant de pari parentes huius et mei*. En autem ipse equitat ego pedestre asinum eius duco. Hoc illo cogitante, *protinus de asino descendit sanctus et ait:* Non, frater, *non convenit*, inquid, ut ego equitem, tu venias pedes, *quia nobilior* et potentior in seculo *me fuisti*. Obstupuit illico *frater* et rubore suffusus deprehensum se cognovit a sancto. *Procidit ad pedes eius* et lacrymis irrigatus, nudum cogitatum exposuit *veniamque poposcit*.

17. Transeunti sibi aliquando mulier quedam nobilis concito gradu occurrit. Cuius lassitudinem et interclusos anhelitus miseratus quidnam requireret, inquisivit. Et illa: Ora pro me, pater, quia salubre propositum, quod concepi, viro meo inpediente non exequor, sed in servicio Christi mihi plurimum adversatur. Cui ille: Vade filia, scito, de eo consolationem recipies et ex parte dei omnipotentis et mea sibi denuncies, quod nunc est tempus salutis, postmodum equitatis. Qua denunciante vir

L.A. II A. 7.
T.S. A. 27.
(B. XI 6.)

17. Illis diebus cum ad cellam de cortona vir dei transiret, *quedam nobilis mulier* . . . . pervenit ad sanctum; *cuius lassitudinem et interclusos anhelitus miseratus*, pater sanctissimus dixit ad eam: Quid tibi, domina, placeat? *At illa:* Pater ut mihi benedicas. Et sanctus: Nupta es, an innupta? Respondit dicens: Pater, habeo virum valde crudelem, quem adversarium patior *in servitio* iesu *christi*; et iste *mihi* dolor precipuus, quod bonam voluntatem, quam mihi dominus inspiravit, *marito pre-*

subito mutatur et continentiam pollicetur.

pedite, non exequor: unde queso, sancte, *ora pro* ipso, ut divina misericordia humiliet cor illius.

Miratur pater virilem in femina, senilem animum in puella; et pietate permotus ait: *Vade filia* benedicta et *scias de viro tuo consolationem* tibi de proxime affuturam. Et adiecit: Dices ei *ex parte dei et mea, quod nunc est tempus salutis, postmodum equitatis.* Benedictione accepta, revertitur mulier, invenit virum, denuntiat verbum. Cecidit subito super eum spiritus sanctus et novum factum de veteri, cum omni mansuetudine respondere sic facit: domina, serviamus domino et salvemus animas nostras in domo nostra.

18. Cuidam rustico in quadam solitudine siti deficienti fontem aque ibidem suis orationibus inpetravit.

L.A. II A. 16. (B. VII 12.)

19. Cuidam fratri admodum familiari secretum sancto hoc instigante spiritu retulit dicens: Hodie est aliquis servus dei super terram, propter quem, quoad vixerit,[1] non permitet dominus famem supra homines desevire. Sic procul dubio fuisse narratur. Set, illo sublato, tota in contrarium condicio permutatur. Nam post eius felicem transitum predicto fratri apparuit dicens: Ecce iam venit fames, quam, dum ego viverem, venire super terram dominus non permisit.

L.A. II A. 21. T.S. A. 32.

19. . . . . die quodam *fratri cuidam,* quem attentius diligebat, retulit verbum istud, quod tunc de sibi familiari reportaverat secretario: *Hodie, inquid, est aliquis servus dei super terram, propter quem, dum vixerit non permictat dominus famem super homines desevire. . . . . Sed illo sublato,* verso penitus ordine immutata sunt omnia. . . . . Nam nocte quadam, cum frater ille dormiret, clara eum voce vocavit dicens. *Frater iam venit fames quam, donec viverem ego, venire super terram dominus non promisit.* . . . .

20. In festo pasce, cum fratres in heremo greci mensam accuracius solito albis et vitreis preparas-

L.A. III C. I. T.S. A. 45. (Spec. 20.)

20. Factum est, quodam die *pasche, ut fratres in heremo grecii mensam, accuratius solito albis et*

Fol. 83.

sent, et vir dei hoc conspexit, protinus gressum retrahens capellum cuiusdam pauperis, qui tunc aderat, capiti suo inponit et baculum manu gestans foras egreditur et ad hostium prestolatur. Manducantibus igitur fratribus clamat ad hostium, ut amore dei peregrino pauperi et infirmo elemosinam largiantur. Vocatus pauper ingreditur et in terra solus recumbens discum ponit in cinere. Quod videntes fratres stupore nimio sunt repleti. Quibus ille mensam vidi paratam et ornatam et pauperum ostiatim euntium non esse cognovi.

vitreis prepararent. Descendens autem pater de cella, venit ad mensam, conspicit alto sitam varieque ornatam; sed ridenti mense nequaquam arridet. Furtim et pedetentim *retrahit gressum, capellum cuiusdam pauperis, qui tunc aderat, capiti suo imponit, et baculum manu gestans egreditur foras.* Expectat foris *ad hostium,* donec incipiant fratres; siquidem soliti erant non expectare ipsum, quando non veniret ad signum. Illis incipientibus manducare, *clamat* verus pauper *ad hostium: Amore* domini *dei* facite, inquit, *helcemosynam* isti *peregrino pauperi et infirmo.* Respondent fratres: Intra huc, homo, illius amore, quem invocasti.

Repente igitur ingreditur et sese comedentibus offert. Sed quantum stuporem credis peregrinum civibus intulisse? Datur petenti scutella; *et solo, solus recumbens, discum ponit in cinere:* Modo sedeo, ait, ut frater Minor; et ad fratres: Magis nos exempla paupertatis filii dei quam ceteros religiosos cogere debet. ***Mensam vidi paratam et ornatam et pauperum hostiatim euntium non esse cognovi.*** . . . .

21. Paupertatem in se et in aliis adeo diligebat, ut paupertatem dominam suam semper vocaret. Set quando pauperiorem se ipso videret, protinus invidebat et se ab illo vinci timebat. Nam cum die quadam pauperculum quendam obvium habuisset, ait socio suo: Magnam verecundiam intulit nobis huius inopia et nostram paupertatem plurimum reprehendit. Nam pro meis divitiis, pro mea domina pauper-

L.A. III K. T.S. A. 65. (Spec. 17.)

21. At vero cum omnem a se relegasset invidiam, sola carere non potuit invidia paupertatis; si quidem *pauperiorem se ipso videret, protinus* invidebat et emula paupertate concertans, *invici se timebat in illo.*

Accidit die quadam, cum predicando vir dei discurreret, *pauperculum quemdam obvium* habere in via, cuius cum nuditatem prospiceret, compunctus, ad sotium vertitur dicens: *Magnam vere-*

tatem elegi, et ecce aplius relucet in isto.

cundiam intulit nobis huius inopia et nostram paupertatem plurimum reprehendit. Cui respondit sotius: Qua ratione, frater? Et sanctus lamentabili voce respondit: *Pro meis divitiis, pro mea domina, paupertatem elegi; et ecce relucet* magis *in isto.* . . . .

22. Dum quidam pauper coram eo transiret et vir dei intima fuisset conpassione conmotus, dixit ei socius: Etsi hic pauper sit, sed forsitan in tota provincia non est eo dicior in voluntate. Cui vir dei dixit: Cito tunicam exue et pauperi tribue et ad eius pedes prostratus culpabilem te clama. Cui ille protinus obedivit.

L.A. III K. 1. T.S. A. 66.

22. *Quidem pauper*culus et infirmus venit ad locum; . . . . cumque patienti compatiens iam in affectum cordis illius transisset, *dixit sotius* sancti ad eum: Frater, verum est ipsum pauperem esse, *sed forsitan in tota provintia non est ditior voluntate.* Increpat eum illico sanctus et culpam dicenti *dixit:* Festina *cito* et *exue* te *tunicam* tuam *et ad pauperis pedes proiectus, culpabilem te* pro*clama,* nec solum veniam poscas, immo, eius orationem efflagita. Paruit et ivit, satisfecit et rediit.

23. Quadam vice tres mulieres, facie et habitu per omnia similes, obvias habuit, que eum taliter salutaverunt: Bene veniat domina paupertas, et continuo disparuerunt et ultra vise non sunt.

B. VII 6. (L.A. III K. 9, T.S. A. 78.)

24. Cum ad civitatem Aretii devenisset et ibi bellum intestinum conmotum fuisset, vidit vir dei de burgo super terram illam demones exultantes, vocansque socium suum nomine Silvestrum dixit ei: Vade ad portam civitatis et demonibus, ut de civitate exeant, ex parte dei omnipotentis precipe. Qui festinans ante portam valenter exclamavit: Ex parte dei et iussu patris nostri Francisci[1] discedite demones universi! Sicque omnes cives post modicum ad concordia rediierunt.

L.A. III M. 6. T.S. A. 89. (B. VI 9.)

24. Accidit sicquedem *ad civitatem, Aretii* ipsam *devenire* quandoque, cum ecce, tota civitas intestino bello quassata, propinquum sui minabatur excidium. Hospitatus itaque *vir dei in burgo,* extra civitatem *videt supra terram illam, demones exultantes* et cives ad civium exitia succendentes; *vocans* autem fratrem, *Silvestrum nomine,* virum domini, digne simplicitatis, *precepit ei* et dicens: *Vade* ante *portam civitatis; et ex parte omnipotentis dei, demonibus precipe,* ut quam *cito exeant civitatem. Festinat* pia

[1] Fol. 83.

simplicitas ad obedientiam prosequendam ; et preoccupans in laudem faciem domini, *clamat ante portam valenter: Ex parte dei et iussu patris nostri Francisci procul hinc discedite demones universi.* Redit ad pacem paulo post civitas et civilitatis. . . . .

25. Predictus autem Silvester, dum adhuc sacerdos secularis esset, vidit in sompnis crucem auream de ore Francisci procedentem, cuius sumitas celos tangebat, cuius brachia protensa in latum utrumque mundi partem amplexando cingebat. Conpunctus sacerdos protinus mundum deserit et viri dei perfectus imitator efficitur.

L.A. III M. 7. T.S. A. 90.

25. Silvester itaque sacerdos fuerat *secularis* . . . . *Videt namque in sompnis crucem auream de ore procedentem Francisci, cuius summitas celos tangebat, cuius bracchia, protensa in latum, utramque mundi partem amplexando cingebant.*

Compunctus sacerdos in visu dampnosam excutit moram, *reliquid mundum, viri dei perfectus imitator efficitur.*

26. Existente viro dei in oracione dyabolus eum ter proprio nomine vocavit. Cui cum sanctus respondisset, adiecit: Nullus est adeo in hoc mundo peccator, cui, si conversus fuerit, non indulgeat dominus. Set quicunque semetipsum penitentia dura necaverit, misericordiam in perpetuum non inveniet. Continuo servus dei per revelacionem cognovit hostis fallaciam, quomodo nisus fuerit eum ad teporem reducere. Cernens autem hostis antiquus, quod sic non prevaluit, gravem carnis temptacionem eidem inmisit. Quod vir dei sentiens veste deposita cordula durissima se verberat dicens: Eya frater asine, sic te manere decet, sic subire flagellum. Set cum temptacio nequaquam discederet, foras exiens in magnam nivem se nudum dimersit. Accipiensque nivem in modum pile glebas conpingit. Quas sibi preponens

L.A. III O. 1. T.S. A. 97. (B. V 4.)

26. Malignus ille qui semper profectibus mordet filiorum dei . . . . cum nocte quadam ad orationem vacaret in cellulam, vocavit *eum ter* dicens: Francisce, Francisce, Francisce. Qui respondit dicens: Quid vis? Et ille: *Nullus est in mundo peccator, cui, si conversus fuerit, non indulgeat dominus; sed quicumque semetipsum penitentia dura necaverit, in perpetuum misericordiam non inveniet. Statim sanctus per revelationem, cognovit hostis fallsum, quomodo nisus fuerit eum ad tepida revocare.* Quid ergo? Non destitit inimicus aliud inferre certamen. *Cernens* enim, *quod* laqueum *sic* occultare non potuit, alium laqueum preparat, carnis videlicet incentivum; frustra tamen, quoniam qui spiritus deprehendit versutiam, carne sophisticari non potuit. *Immittit* ergo *in illum* dyabolus *gravissimam temptationem* luxurie: at

cepit alloqui corpus: Ecce, inquit, hec maior uxor tua est. Iste quatuor filii et due filie reliquis servus sunt et ancilla. Festina ergo omnes providere, quia frigore moriuntur. Si autem earum multiplex te sollicitudo molestat, uni domino sollicitus servi. Illico dyabolus confusus abscessit et vir dei glorificans in cellam rediit.

beatus pater statim ut percipit, *veste deposita, cordula durissime verberat dicens: Eia, frater asine, sic te manere decet, sic subire flagellum:* tunica religionis est, furari non licet: si quo vis pergere, perge.

Videns autem propter disciplinas temptationem non discedere, cum tamen iam livoribus membra cuncta punxisset, aperta cellula, *foras exiit* in hortum et *in magnam nivem demergit se nudum. Recipit autem nivem* plenis conficit manibus et ex ea *in modum pile septem glebas compingit, quas sibi preponens, cepit alloqui corpus: Ecce, inquid, hec maior uxor tua est:* porro *iste quatuor duo sunt filij et due filie tue: relique due servus sunt et ancilla,* quos ad serviendum habere oportet; et *festina,* inquid, *omnes* induere, *quoniam frigore moriuntur. Si autem eorum multiplex sollicitudo molestat, uni domino sollicitus servi. Illico dyabolus confusus abscessit, sanctusque in cella* revertitur, *glorificans* dominum.

27. Cum apud dominum Leonem cardinalem sancte crucis ab eo rogatus aliquamdiu moraretur, nocte quadam demones ad ipsum venientes eum gravissime verberaverunt; vocansque socium et rem sibi apperiens ait: Demones sunt gastaldi dei nostri, quos destinat ipse ad puniendos excessus. Ego vero offensam non recolo, quam per misericordiam dei satisfactione non laverim. Set forte ideo gastaldos suos in me permisit irruere, quia maneo in curiis magnorum, quod forsitan fratribus meis pauperculis bonam suspicionem non generat,

L.A. III P. T.S. A. 99.

27. Rogatus quandoque a *domino Leone cardinali sancte crucis,* ut secum in urbe paululum *moraretur, ... nocte* cum post orationem deo fusam vellet quiescere, *veniunt demones* et hostiles agones immovent sancto dei, quem diutissime ac *durissime verberantes,* ad ultimum quasi seminecem relinqunt. Illis discedentibus, separato tandem anhelitu, *vocat* sanctus *socium* suum . . . . venienti *ait: . . . . Demones sunt castaldi domini nostri, quos destinat ipse ad puniendos excessus;* signum autem ampliorus est gratie, nichil in

quia forte me existimant deliciis habundare; et surgens summo mane inde recessit.

servo suo impune relinquere, dum vivit in mundo. *Ego vero offensam non recolo, quam per misericordiam dei satisfactione non laverim; . . . . Sed* potest esse, quod *ideo castaldos suos in me permisit irrumpere, quia* non bonam speciem aliis, prefert *mansio mea in curia magnatorum. Fratres mei,* qui in locis *pauperculis* commorantur, audientes me cum cardinalibus esse, *suspicabuntur forsitan habundare delitiis; . . . .* Veniunt ergo mane et recitatis omnibus, valefaciunt cardinalem.

28. Existente eo aliquando in oracione audivit[1] super tectum domus catervas demonum cum strepitu discurrentes. Qui concitus foras exiens et crucis sibi signum inprimens dixit. Ex parte omnipotentis dei dico vobis, demones, ut quicquid vobis permissum est, in meo corpore faciatis libenter omnia sustinebo, quia, cum maiorem inimicum non habeam corpore, vendicabo me de adversario meo, dum in ipso vice mea exercebitis ultionem. Confusi igitur demones evanescunt.

L.A. III P. 2. T.S. A. 102.

28. Cum ergo solus persisteret *orationes* longas sentiebat *super tectum* vero *domus catervas demonum cum strepitu discurrentes.*

Surrexit itaque protinus et *egressus foras crucis* signaculum fronti imprimis *dixit Ex parte omnipotentis dei dico vobis demones, ut quidquid vobis permissum est in meo corpore faciatis; libens substineo, quia cum maiorem inimicum non habeam corpore, vindicabitis me de adversario meo, dum in ipso vice mei exercebitis ultionem.* Itaque qui propter spiritum deterrendum convenerant, spiritum promptiorem in carne infirma cernentes, pudore *confusi protinus evanescunt.*

29. Frater quidam socius viri dei in extasi factus inter ceteras celi sedes vidit unam dignissima et mirabili gloria prefulgentem. Qui cum miraretur, cuinam tam preclara sedes servaretur, sedes isti unius de ruentibus principibus fuit et nunc humili Francisco paratur. Et exuens ab oracione virum dei interrogavit dicens: Quid de te opinaris, pater.

L.A. III P. 2. T.S. A. 101. (B. VI 6.)

29. Socius . . . . et *factus in extasi videt inter multos in celo sedes unam ceteris digniorem,* ornatam pretiosis lapidibus, omnique *gloria prefulgentem. Miratus* intra se nobilem thronum et cuius sit tacitus, pensat; audit inter hec vocem dicentem sibi: *Sedes ista unius de ruentibus fuit et nunc humili franciscus* servatur. . . . . Francischum dicens:

[1] Fol. 84.

Videor mihi maximus
Statimque in corde
.xit spiritus: Cognosce,
, fuit visio, quam vidisti,
ad sedem per superbiam
humilitas levabit
um.

Quid de te, pater, tua tibi ministrat opinio? Qui respondit: *Videor mihi maximus peccator,* quoniam aliquem sceleratum tanta fuisset deus misericordia prosecutus, decuplo me spiritualior esset. Ad hec *statim in corde fratris spiritus dixit: Cognosce, quod vera fuerit visio, quam vidisti, quoniam ad sedem superbia perditam humilitas levabit humillimum.*

visione dei servus dei
Seraphym crucifixum
ui crucifixionis sue signa
ridenter impressit, ut
; videretur et ipse; con-
· manus et pedes et latus
.ractere; sed diligenti
b omnium oculis ipsa
abscondebat. Quidam
:c in vita viderunt, set
plurimi conspexerunt.
tem hec stigmata per
:ra exstiterint, multis
:ontigerunt. Hec inter-
ficiat.

(L.G. B. 3 B. XIII 3.)

pulia vir quidem nomine
ante ymmaginem sancti
stans cepit cogitare
:ssetne hoc verum, ut
isset miraculo, an pia
usio sive simulata suo-
um inventio? Quod
ıte revolveret, subito
aum quasi spiculum
de balista sensitque se
manu graviter vulner-
hil lesionis appareret
. Set cum cyrotheca
:xtraxit et grave vulnus
te in palma conspexit.
tanta vis procedebat
t totus ex ardore et
:ere videretur. Cumque
et se beati Francisci
redere veraciter testa-

T.S. Mir. 2. (B. Mir. I 6.)

31. Apud Potentiam, regni *Apulie* civitatem, erat clericus *quidam, Rogerius nomine, vir* honorabilis et maioris ecclesie canonicus. Hic cum longa foret infirmitate quassatus, die quadam ecclesiam pro sanitate oraturus intravit, in qua erat *ymago beati Francisci* depicta, gloriosa stigmata representans. Et accedens *coram ymagine, ... cepit dicere apud se: Esset hoc verum, ut tali claruisset* iste sanctus *miraculo, an* suorum *pia fuit illusio? Simulata,* inquid, fuit inventio et fortassis *a fratribus inventa deceptio. . . . . Subito in palma manus sinistre* percutitur, quia sinister erat, *sonum audiens, quasi cum spiculum prosilit de balista.*

retur, post duos dies, dum sanctum dei per sua stigmata exorasset, fuit continuo liberatus.

Moxque tam vulnere santius quam sonitu stupefactus, *cirotecam de manu trahit*, quia cirotecatus erat. Cumque nulla fuisset prius *in palma* percussio, *conspexit* in medio manus plagam quasi *sagitte ictum, ex qua tanta ris procedebat ardoris, ut totus sibi videretur in ardore deficere.* Mirabile dictu, nullum in ciroteca vestigium apparebat, ut latenti plage cordis latentis pena vulneris responderet.

Clamat exinde *per duos dies*, et rugit dolore sevissimo stimulatus, et increduli cordis velamen explicat universis. *Credere se veraciter* in sancto *Francisco stigmata* sacra fuisse fatetur, et iurat contestans omnis dubitationis abscessisse fantasmata. *Orat* suppliciter *sanctum dei per sacra* sibi *stigmata* subveniri et multas preces multo impinguat sacrifitio lacrimarum. Mirum certe. Infidelitate proiecta, sanationem mentis sanatio sequitur corporalis. . . . .

32. In regno quoque Castelle cum quidam Francisco devotus ad conpletorium pergeret, ab insidiis ob mortem alterius ibi paratis ex orrore inpetitum et letaliter vulner(1)atus semivivus relinquitur. Deinde gladium in gutture crudelis lictor infixit et extrahere non valens recessit. Fit undique cursus et clamor et ab omnibuus mortuus plangitur. Cum autem nocte media campana fratrum ad matutinam pulsaretur, uxor clamere cepit: Mi domine, surge et vade ad matutinam, quia campana te vocat. Statim ille manum elevans videbatur alicui innuere, ut gladium extraheret.

T.S. Mir. 2. 32. . . . . *In regno Castelle* . . . . Accidit sero quodam. . . . virum quendam . . . . transire per viam in qua pro morte alteri inferenda alterius insidie latitabant. *Cum*que hic *ad* orandum, sicut solitus erat, post horam *completorii* ad ecclesiam fratrum festinus accederet, quoniam beato Francisco tota erat devotione substratus, insurrexerunt filii tenebrarum in filium lucis, quem fore credebant emulum illum suum dudum ad internectionem quesitum. Quem ex omni parte *letaliter* gladiantes *semineco in* reliquerunt. Sed ultimo *crudelis*simus hostis *in* illius *gutture*

[1] Fol. 84.

ʼidentibus omnibus gla-
si validissime iactatus
ıgilis eminus prosilivit.
e ille perfecte sanatus se
ʼens: Beatus Franciscus
ɜniens suaque stigmata
ıeribus apponens eorum
cuncta vulnera delinivit
ɔu mirifice solidavit. Qui
ɜt discedere, sibi innue-
ʒladium extraheret, quia
er non valerem. Quem
ʼprehendens valde proi-
mque stigmatibus sanc-
ɔibus guttur demulcens
anavit.

gladium profunde infixit, nec valens illum *retrahere,* in vulnere dereliquit.

Accurritur undique et usque ad celum clamoribus datis, innocentis mortem tota deplorat vicinia. . . . . Et ecce *campana fratrum pulsavit ad matutinum.* Audiens *uxor illius* campanam, gemebunda currit ad lectum: *Mi domine,* inquid, *surge* velociter, *vade an matutinum, quoniam* tua *campana te vocat. Statim* qui mori credebatur, ingeminato pectoris murmure, stridula utcumque verba balbutiens nitebatur emictere. Et *manum elevans* contra infixum gucturi gladium, *innuere alicui ut illum extraheret videbatur.* Mirabile certe. *Gladius* a loco *subito* avolans, *videntibus omnibus,* usque ad hostium domus *quasi manu iactatus* viri robustissimi *prosilivit. Erexit se* homo et perfecta sanitate incolumis, quasi a sompno surgeret, mirabilia Domini enarravit.

. . . . Ad hoc ille . . . . *sanctus Franciscus,* cui semper devotus fui, modo a loco recessit et me integre ab omni plaga curavit. *Stigmata* illa *sua* sacratissima *meis plagis* singulis *superposuit, illorum suavitate cuncta vulnera delinivit;* illorum *contactu,* ut cernitis, confracta omnia *mirifice solidavit.* Dum enim murmurantis pectoris audiebatis impulsus, tunc ceteris plagis cum omni suavitate sanitis videbatur pater sanctissimus dimisso in gutture gladio velle discedere. *Cui* manu debili innuebam, *quia non valebam loqui,* ut gladium extraheret, mortis imminentis singulare periculum. *Quem statim apprehendens,* ut

omnes vidistis, *valida manu proiecit. Sicque* ut prius *stigmatibus sanctis vulneratum guctur demulcens* et liniens, ita *perfecte sanavit,* . . . .

33. In urbe Rome clara illa luminaria orbis, scilicet beatus Dominicus et beatus Franciscus, coram domino Hostiensi, qui postea fuit summus pontifex, aderant, dixitque eis episcopus: Cur non facimus de vestris fratribus episcopos et prelatos, qui documento et exemplo ceteris prevalent. Fit inter sanctos de respondendo longa contentio. Vicit tandem humilitas Franciscum, ne se preponeret, vicit et Dominicus, ut primus respondendo humiliter obediret. Dixit ergo beatus Dominicus: Domine, gradu bono si cognoscunt sublimati sunt fratres mei nec pro meo posse permittam, ut aliud assequantur dignitatis. Post hoc respondens sanctus Franciscus dixit: Domine, minores convocati sunt fratres mei, ut maiores esse non presumant.

L.A. III T. 7. T.S. A. 124. (Spec. 43.)

33. *In urbe cum domino Ostiensis, qui postea summus pontifex fuit, clara illa luminaria orbis adherant, sanctus Dominicus et sanctus Francischus;* . . . . dixit tandem episcopus illis: . . . . *Cur, inquid, non facimus de* vestris *fratribus episcopos et prelatos, qui documento et exemplo ceteris prevalent? Fit inter sanctos de respondendo contentio,* . . . . *Vicit tamen humilitas Francischum, ne se preponeret, vicit et dominicus, ut ipsius respondendo humiliter obediret.*

Respondens *ergo beatus dominicus dixit* episcopo: *Domine, gradu beato, si cognoscunt, sublimati sunt fratres mei, nec pro meo posse permictam, ut aliud* ***assequantur*** **specimen** ***dignitatis.*** **Hoc igitur sic breviter perorante, inclinans se beatus** ***Francischus*** **coram episcopo dixit:** ***Domine, minores ideo vocati sunt fratres mei, ut maiores fieri non presumant.***

34. Columbina simplicitate plenus omnes creaturas ad creatoris hortatur amorem, predicat avibus, auditur ab eis, tanguntur ab ipso, nec nisi licenciate recedunt. Yrundines, dum eo predicante garrirent, ipso imperante protinus conticescunt.

35. Apud Portiunculam iuxta eius cellam cicada in fico residens frequenter canebat. Quam vir dei manum extendens vocavit dicens: Soror mea cicada, veni ad me. Que statim obediens super

L.A. III Y. 6. T.S. Mir. 4.

35. *Iuxta cellulam sancti Dei apud Portiunculam, super ficum cicada residens, consueta frequenter suavitate canebat.* **Ad quam quandoque beatus pater manum extendens, ad se benigne**

eius manum ascendit. Cui ille: Canta soror cicada et dominum tuum lauda. Que protinus canens nonnisi licentiata recessit.

vocavit dicens: Soror mea cicada, veni ad me. Que, velud rationis compos, *statim* super manum eius ascendit. Et ait ad eam: *Canta, soror cicada, et Dominum Creatorem tuo iubilo lauda.* Que sine mora obediens canere cepit; et tamdiu canere non cessavit, donec vir Dei, eius cantibus suam laudem interserens, ut ad solitum revolaret locum ei mandavit. . . . Et statim ab eo *licentiata recessit,* nec ultra ibidem apparuit. . . . .

36. Parcit lucer(1)nis, lampadibus et candelis nolens sua manu deturpare fulgorem, super petras reverenter ambulat eius intuitu, qui dicitur petra, legit de via vermiculos ne transeuntium pedibus conculcentur et apibus ne inedia pereant glacie hyemali, mel et optima vina iubet apponi, fraterno nomine animalia cuncta vocabat.

L.A. III Y. T.S. A. 139.

36. . . . . *Parcit lucernis, lampadibus et candelis, nolens sua manu deturbare fulgorem* qui nutus esset lucis eterne; *super petras ambulat reverenter eius intuitu, qui dicitur petra; . . . . legit de via vermiculos, ne pedibus conculcentur et apibus, ne inedia pareant in glacie yemali, mel et optima vina iubet apponi; fraterno nomine vocat animalia cuncta,* . . . .

37. Miro et ineffabili gaudio replebatur ob creatoris amorem, solem, lunam et stellas intuebatur et eas ad creatoris invitabat amorem. Coronam sibi magnam fieri prohibebat dicens: Volo quod fratres mei simplices partem habebeant in capite meo.

38. Vir quidam odmodum secularis, cum servum dei Franciscum apud sanctum Severinum predicantem invenisset, vidit deo sibi revelante sanctum Franciscum duobus transversis ensibus valde fulgentibus in modum crucis signatum, quorum unus a capite ad pedes, alius a manu in manu per pectus transversaliter tendebatur. Quem cum nunquam vidisset tali indicio recognoscens, conpunctus

L.A. III A. 87. T.S. A. 86. (B. IV 9.)

38. Erat in marchia Anconitana *secularis* quidam, sui oblitus et dei nescius, qui se totum prostituerat vanitati. . . . .

Facta autem manu dei super illum, videt, corporeis oculis, *sanctum Francischum duobus transversis ensibus, valde fulgentibus, in modum crucis signatum, quorum unus a capite ad pedes, alius a manu in manum per pectus transversaliter tendebatur.*

[1] Fol. 85.

ordinem introivit et vitam feliciter consumavit.

39. Cum infirmitatem oculorum ex fletu continuo incurrisset, suadentibus, quod abstineret a lacrimis, sic respondit: Non est ob amorem luminis, quod habemus comune cum muscis, eterne visitatio repellenda. Cum a fratribus urgeretur, ut pateretur infirmitati visus remedium adhiberi et cyrurgicus instrumentum ferreum igne candens manu teneret, vir dei ait: Mi frater ignis, esto mihi in hac hora propicius et curialis; precor dominum, qui te creavit, ut tuum mihi calorem temperet. Et hoc dicens signum crucis contra illud editit profundatoque illo in tenera carne ab aure usque ad supercilium nullum, ut retulit, dolorem sensit.

L.A. III Y. 1. T.S. Mir. 3. (Bon. V 8, 9, Spec. 115.)

39. Tempore infirmitatis oculorum coacto ut mederi sibi pateretur, vocatur ad locum cyrugicus. Veniens igitur ferreum instrumentum ad cocturas faciendas defert, ... beatus pater corpus iam horrore concessum confortans sic alloquitur ignem: *Frater mi ignis* pre ceteris rebus emulandi decoris virtuosum, pulchrum et utilem te creavit Altissimus. *Esto mihi in hac hora propitius, esto curialis,* quia olim te dilexi in domino. *Precor* magnum *dominum, qui te creavit, ut tuum modo calorem temperet,* quo suaviter urente, valeam substinere.

Oratione finita, crucis signo ignem consignat et deinceps intrepidus perstat. . . . . *profundatur* crepitans ferrum *in tenera carne* et *ab aure usque ad supercilium* **tractim coctura protrahitur. . . . . dixit pater: Pusillanimes et modici cordis, quare fugistis? In veritate dico vobis, nec ignis ardorem sensi, nec ullum carnis dolorem. . . . .**

40. Apud heremum sancti Urbani servo dei egritudine validissima laborante, cum ipse vere defectum senciens vini poculum postulasset, neque adesset, allatam sibi aquam signo crucis edito benedixit, mox in optimum vinum conversa (est?); quod deserti loci paupertas non potuit, viri sancti puritas inpetravit.

T.S. Mir. 3. (Bon. V 10.)

40. Tempore quo *apud heremum Sancti Urbani egritudine gravissima laborabat, cum* vinum ore languido postularet, nihil de vino quod sibi daretur respondetur adesse. Iubet sibi aquam afferri, et allatam crucis signaculo benedixit. *Mox in* alterum usum transiens elementum, saporem proprium exuit, induit peregrinum, vinum efficitur optimum quod fuerat aqua pura; et quod paupertas non potuit, sanctitas propinavit.

41. Malebat (de?) se vituperium audire quam laudem et ideo cum populi merita sua sanctitatis extollerent, precipiebat alicui fratri, ut verba ipsum vilificantia suis auribus inculcando[1] profertur. Cumque frater ille, licet invitus, rusticum eum et mercenarium, inperitum et inutilem diceret, exhilaratus dicebat: Benedicat tibi dominus, quia tu verissima loqueris et talia me decet audire.

L.G. A. 20. (B. VI 1.)

41. *Cumque frater ille licet invitus eum rusticum, mercenarium, et inutilem diceret,* subridens, et applaudens plurimum respondebat: *Benedicat tibi dominus, quia verissima loqueris, talia* enim *decet audire* filium petri de bernardone; sic loquens: . . . .

42. Non tam servus dei preesse voluit quam subesse, nec tam precipere quam parere; idcirco generali cedens officio gardianum petiit, cuius voluntati per omnia subiaceret, fratri quoque, cum quo ire solitus erat, semper promittebat obedientiam et servabat.

L.A. III U. T.S. A. 12. (B.VI 4, Spec. 39.)

42. Non solum *generali officio* resignavit, sed, propter maius obedientie, bonum *guardianum* singulare *expetiit*, quem specialiter coleret in prelatum; . . . . cui pridem *obedientiam* sanctam promiserat: . . . . usque ad mortem subditus ubique permansit.

43. Cum frater quidam contra legem obedientie aliquid fecisset, et penetentie signa haberet, vir tamen dei ad illius terrorem eius capucium in ignem proici iussit. Cumque per moram capucium fuisset in medio ignis, precepit ipsum extrahi et fratri restitui. Extrahitur autem capucium de medio flammarum nullum habens adustionis vestigium.

L.A. III U. 3. T.S. A. 129. (B. VI 11.)

43. Ablatum quadam vice caputium fratri, qui sine obedientia solus venerat, *in* magno *igne proiici iubet.* Nullo autem excutiente caputium, verebantur enim patris vultum parumper commotum, iubet illud sanctus detrahi flammis nichil lesionis adeptum . . . .

44. Quodam tempore per paludes Veneciarum ambulans invenit maximam avium multitudinem cantancium in palude dixitque ad socium: Sorores aves laudant creatorem suum. Eamus et in earum medio horas canonicas decantemus. Quibus intrantibus aves mote non sunt; set quia ob nimium garritum se audire ad invicem non poterant, ait: Sorores aves, a cantu cessate, donec laudes debitas deo persolvamus. Quibus

B. VIII 9.

[1] Fol. 85.

statim cessantibus, tacentibus finitis laudibus licentiam cantandi dedit et statim cantum suum more solito resumpserunt.

45. Invitatus devote a quodam milite dixit ei: Frater, meis monitis acquiesce et peccata tua confitere, quia cito alibi manducabis. Qui statim acquiescens domum suam disposuit et penitentiam salutarem accepit. Cum ergo ad mensam intrassent hospes, subito exspiravit.

46. Cum quandam avium multitudinem reperisset et eas velud rationis participes salutasset, dixit: Fratres mei volucres, multum debetis laudare creatorem vestrum, qui plumis vos induit, pennas ad volandum tribuit, aeris puritatem concessit et sine vestra sollicitudine vos gubernat. Aves autem ceperunt versus eum extendere colla, protendere aulus, aperire rostra et in illum attente respicere. Ipse quidem per medium earum transiens tunica contigebat easdem nec tamen aliqua de loco est mota, donec licentia data omnes insimul avolaverunt.

T.S. Mir. 4.

46. Prope Bevanium .... in quo diversigeneris avium maxima Multitudo convenerat .... *et eas velud rationis participes* more solito salutavit. .... dicens: *Fratres mei volucres, multum debitis laudare Creatorem vestrum* et ipsum diligere semper, *qui plumis vos induit et pennas tribuit ad volandum.* Nam inter creaturas omnes liberas vos fecit et *aeris* vobis contulit *puritatem.* Non seminatis nec metitis, *et sine vestra sollicitudine vos gubernat.* Ad hec *avicule* suo modo plurimum gestientes *ceperunt extendere colla, protendere alas, aperire ora et in illum attente respicere.* Non sunt mote de loco, donec signo crucis facto ipsis licentiam et benedictionem dedit. ....

47. Cumque apud castrum Almarium predicaret, propter garritus yrundinum ibidem nidificantium au(1)diri non poterat. Quibus ille: Sorores mee yrundines, iam tempus est, ut loquar et ego, quia vos satis dixistis. Tenete silentium, donec verbum domini conpleatur. Cui continuo obedientes protinus conticuerunt.

T.S. Mir. 4.
B. XII 4.

47. Ad quoddam *castrum* nomine *Alvianum* semel predicturus accessit. Congregato populo et indicto silentio, *propter yrundines nidificantes* in eodem loco multumque perstrepentes penitus *audiri non poterat.*

Audientibus omnibus, locutus est eis dicens: *Sorores mes yrundines, iam tempus est ut loquar et ego, quia vos* usque modo *satis dixistis.* Audite verbum Dei,

[1] Fol. 86.

tenentes silentium, donec sermo Domini compleatur. At ille, tanquam rationis capaces, subito tacuerunt. . . . .

seunte aliquando viro
ɔuliam, in via bursam
eperit denariis tumes-
Quam socius videns
'oluit, ut pauperibus
Sed ille nullatenus
icens: Non licet, fili,
uferre. Set cum ille
r instaret, Franciscus
ɔrans iubet, ut bursam
ɔ iam colubrum pro
ntinebat. Quod videns
re cepit, set obedientie
ere mandatum bursam
apit et inde magnus
tinus exilivit. Et ait
ecunia servis dei nihil
quam dyabolus et
tuosus.

L.A. III E. 3.
T.S. A. 53.
(B. VII 5.)

48. *Transeunte aliquando viro dei cum sotio per apuliam* juxta barum, *invenit in via bursam magnam denariis tumescentem*, que funda negotiatorum vocabulo nuncupatur. Monetur a sotio sanctus et instanter inducitur, ut bursa tollatur e terra et pecunia pauperibus erogetur; attollitur pietas in egenis et in erogatione ipsius misericordia commendatur. Recusat sanctus id penitus se facturum et commentum affirmat fore dyaboli: *Non licet*, inquid, *fili, alienum auferre*, ... sed nondum quiescit frater, ...

. . . . Recedens inde quantum iactus est lapidis, orationi sacre incumbit: rediens ab oratione *iubet* fratrem levare *bursam, que*, ipso exorante, *pro pecunia colubrum continebat*. . . . . *bursam manibus capit et ecce, serpens* non modicus de bursa exiliens, dyabolicam deceptionem fratri monstravit; et ait sanctus ad eum: *Pecunia, servis dei*, o frater, *nichil aliud est, quam dyabolus et coluber venenosus.*

'rater quidam graviter
r, cogitare cepit, quod,
riptum de manu patris
ia protinus temptatio
Set cum rem sibi
auderet aperire, qua-
'ocavit eum vir dei
ta mihi cartam et atra-
uia laudes quasdam
e volo. Quas cum
ait: Accipe cartulam
que ad diem mortis
ias diligenter, sta-

L.A. II A. 18.
T.S. A. 37.
(B. XI 9.)

49. . . . . unus de sotiis, magno desiderio, cupiebat habere de verbis domini remarcabile *scriptum manu* ipsius breviter annotatum. Gravem enim, qua vexabatur, tenptationem, non carnis sed spiritus, credebat ex hoc evadere, vel certe levius ferre. Tali desiderio languens, pavebat rem aperire patri sanctissimo; sed cui homo dixit, spiritus revelavit.

Quadam enim die vocat eum

timque omnis temptatio ab eo recessit.

beatus Francischus, *dicens: Porta mihi cartam et atramentum, quoniam* verba *domini* et *laudes* eius *scribere volo,* que meditatus sum in corde meo. Allatis protinus que petierat, scribat, manu propria, laudes dei et verba que voluit et ultimo benedictionem fratris, dicens: *Accipe* tibi *cartulam istam et usque ad diem mortis tue custodias diligenter.* Fugatur *statim omnis* illa *tenptatio;* . . . .

50. Idem quoque frater, dum sanctus infirmus iaceret, cogitare cepit: Ecce morti appropinquat pater et quam plurimum consolarer si post mortem possem habere tunicam patris mei. Post modicum sanctus vocat eum dicens: Tibi trado tunicam istam et post mortem meam ipsam habeas pleno iure.

L.A. II A. 19. T.S. A. 38.

50. . . . . Nam tempore, quo *infirmus iacebat* in palatio apud Assisium, *dictus frater cogitavit* apud se dicens: *En morti appropinquat pater et quamplurimum consolaretur anima mea, si post mortem haberem tunicam patris mei.* Quasi cordis desiderium oris petitio fuerit, *post parum statim vocat eum beatus Francischus* dicens: *Tibi trado tunicam istam;* accipe eam, ut tua de cetero sit, quam licet ipsam feram, dum victito, tibi tamen cedat in morte. . . . .

51. Cum apud Alexandriam Lombardie cum quodam honesto viro hospitatus fuisset, ab eo rogatur, ut propter evangelium observanciam de omni apposito manducaret. Qui cum eius devocionem assensiret, ille accurrens caponem septennem preparat manducandum. Manducantibus illis, infidelis quidam amore dei heleemosynam petiit. Mox vir dei audiens, benedictum membrum caponis sibi transmittit. Reservat infidelis datum et in crastinum, cum sanctus predicaret, ostendit dicens: Ecce quales carnes comedit iste Franciscus, quem ut sanctum honoratis. Nam mihi hoc in sero tribuit. Set cum

L.A. III G. 6. T.S. A. 63.

51. . . . . *Cum* enim apud *Alexandriam Lombardie,* verbum dei predicaturus, accederet; et a *quodam viro,* timente deum fameque laudabilis, devote fuisset *susceptus hospitio, rogatur ab eo ut propter sancti evangelii observantiam, de omni apposito manducaret,* annuit benigne hospitis devotione devictus. *Accurrit ille festinus* et *caponem septennem* studiose homini dei *preparat manducandum.*

Sedente ad mensam pauperum patriarcha et familia iocundante, extemplo adest ad hostium filius belial, omni gratia pauper, rerum opportunarum simulans paupertatem. Proponit, sagaciter, *amo-*

membrum caponis piscis ab omnibus videretur, velud insanus ab omni populo increpatur. Quod cum ille didicisset, erubuit et veniam postulavit. Redieruntque carnes ad sui speciem, postquam redivit prevaricator ad mentem.

rem dei heleemosynam expetendo et voce lacrymabili, propter deum, sibi postulat subveniri. Recognoscit sanctus nomen super omnia benedictum et dulcius sibi melle; gratissime *membrum* suscipit avis apposite ac pani superpositum petenti *transmisit*. Quid plura? *Reservat infelix datum* ut sancto inferat obprobrium.

In crastinum populo congregato, sanctus more suo predicat verbum dei. Irruit subito scele ratus ille et membrum caponis ostendere nititur omni plebi: *Ecce*, garrit: *qualis* est *Franciscus iste*, qui predicat, *quem honoratis ut sanctum*; videte *carnes, quas mihi sero*, dum comederet, *dedit*. Increpant illum pessimum universi et velud demone plenum omnes obiurgant; piscis revera omnibus apparebat, ... *Erubuit* tandem infelix *et* facinus deprehensum, penitentia diluit, coram omnibus *veniam postulavit* a sancto, exponens quam habuit nephariam voluntatem. *Redeunt carnes ad suam speciem, postquam rediit prevaricator ad mentem.*

52. Dum quadam vice[1] ad mensam sederet et de paupertate beate virginis et filii eius collatio fieret, protinus vir dei a mensa surgens singultus ingeminat dolorosos et perfusus lacrimis super nudam humum reliquum panem manducat.

L.A. III DD. 3. T.S. A. 160.

52. Sedenti namque ad prandium die *quadam* paupertatem beate virginis commemorat quidam frater *et* christi *filij eius* inopiam replicat: *protinus surgit a mensa, singultus ingeminat dolorosos et perfusis lacrymis supra nudam humum reliquum panem manducat.*

53. Sacerdotalibus manibus, quibus conficiendi dominici corporis sacramentum est collata potestas, magnam volebat reverentiam exhiberi. Unde et sepe dicebat: Si sancto cuiquam de celo

L.A. III DD. 4. T.S. A. 161.

53. *Sacerdotalibus manibus, quibus* de christo *conficiendo* tam divina *collata* auctoritas *est, magnam volebat reverentiam exhiberi*; frequenter *dicebat: Si sancto cuicumque de celo venienti et pauperculo alicui sacerdoti* simul *me con-*

[1] Fol. 86.

venienti et pauperculo alicui sacerdoti me contingeret obviare, ad sacerdotis manus osculandas cicius me conferrem et sancto dicerem: Expecta, sancte Laurenti, quia manus huius verbum vite contrectant et ultra humanum aliquid possident. Miraculis in vita sua multis effulsit. Nam panes ei ad benedicendum oblati multis infirmis attulere salutem. Aquam in vinum convertit et inde eger quidam gustans protinus sanitatem recepit et multa alia miracula fecit.

tingeret obviare, prevenire homine presbyterum et *ad manus eius deoschulandas citius me conferrem, dicerem* enim: O, *expecta sancte Laurenti, quia manus huius verbum vite contrectant et ultra humanum aliquid* possident.

54. Cum vero ad dies iam appropinquaret extremos, longo infirmitate confectus super nudam humum nudum poni se fecitque omnes fratres ibidem assistentes ad se vocari et manus singulis inponens omnes in presentibus benedixit et instar cene dominice singulis panis buccellam divisit.

L.A. III HH. T.S. A. 171. (B. XIV 4 and 5, Spec. 88.)

54. *Cum* enim ad *dies iam propinquaret extremos*, ... *confectus* namque *infirmitate* illa tam gravi, que omni languore conclusit, *super nudam humum se fecit nudum deponi*, ut hora illa extrema, in qua poterat adhuc hosti irasci, nudus luctaret cum nudo. . . . . a principio, in finem dilexit eos. Fecit enim *fratres omnes assistentes ibidem ad se vocari* et . . . . fratribus, extendit frater eos dexteram suam; et incipiens a vicario suo, capitibus singulorum imposuit. . . . . *benedixit*que in illis.

55. Invitabat, uti moris sui erat, omnes creaturas ad laudem dei. Nam et mortem ipsam cunctis terribilem et exosam hortabatur ad laudem eique letus occurrens ad suum invitabat hospicium dicens: Bene veniat soror mea mors! Ad extremam igitur horam veniens dormuit in domino.

L.A. III HH. T.S. A. 172.

55. . . . . *Invitabat* etiam *omnes creaturas ad laudem dei*; et per verba, que olim composuerat, ipse eas ad divinum hortabatur amorem; ***nam et mortem ipsam cunctis terribilem et exosam hortabatur ad laudem, eique letus occurrens ad suum invitabat hospitium: Bene veniat, inquid, soror mea mors.*** . . . . Et cunctis in eum christi completis mysteriis, feliciter volavit ad deum.

56. Cuius animam quidam frater vidit in modum stelle similis lune in quantitate soli in splendore.

L.G. B. 8.
T.S. A. 172.
(B. XIV 6.)

56. Unus *frater* ex discipulis eius fame non modicum celebris *vidit animam* ipsius sanctissimi patris quasi stellam, *lune* immensittatem habentem et solis claritatem pretendentem . . . .

57. Minister fratrum in terra laboris nomine Augustinus in hora autem ultima positus, cum iam diu amisisset loquela, subito clamans dixit: Expecta me, pater, expecta, ecce iam venio tecum. Querentibus fratribus, quid diceret, ait: Non videtis patrem nostrum Franciscum, qui vadit ad celum. Et statim in pace obdormiens patrem secutus est.

L.A. III HH. 1.
(B. XIV 6.)

57. *Minister fratrum in terra laboris* tunc erat *frater Augustinus*, qui *in hora ultima positus, cum diu iam*pridem *amisisset loquelam*, audientibus qui astabant, de *subito clamavit et dixit: Expecta me, pater, expecta. Ecce jam venio tecum. Querentibus fratribus et* admirantibus multum cui sic loqueretur, audacter respondit: *Nonne videtis*, inquid, *patrem nostrum Francischum, qui vadet ad celum? Et statim* illius anima carne soluta *patrem est secuta* sanctissimum.

58. Cum quedam domina, que beato Francisco devota exstiterat, viam universe carnis fuisset ingressa et clerici et presbiteri feretro exequias celebrantes astarent, subito mulier se erigit super lectum et unum de astantibus sacerdotibus vocat dicens: Volo, pater, confiteri. Ego enim mortua fueram et diro eram carceri mancipata, quoniam peccatum, quod tibi pandam, nondum confessa fueram, set orante pro me Francisco[1] ad corpus mihi redire indultum est, ubi illo revelato peccato veniam merear. Statimque, ut illud tibi manifestavero, in pace cernentibus vobis quiescam. Confessa igitur et absolucione recepta, mox in domino obdormivit.

T.S. Mir. 7.
(B. Mir. II 1.)

58. . . . . mulier quedam . . . . sancto Francisco peculiari devotione inheserat, ... *viam universe carnis* intravit. . . . . Conveniunt clerici nocte ad exequias et vigilias cum psalteriis decantandis; circumstat utriusque sexus orantium multitudo. Et ecce *subito* cunctis cernentibus *erigit se mulier super lectum, et unum de astantibus sacerdotem* et patrinum suum *vocat, dicens: Volo confiteri, pater,* audi peccatum meum. *Ego enim mortua sum et duro eram carcere mancipanda, quoniam peccatum,* quod tibi pandam, *nondum* ipsa *confessa fueram. Set orante,* inquid, *pro me* sancto *Francisco,* cui devotissima semper fui, *redire ad corpus* nunc *indultum est mihi, ut illo revelato peccato veniam merear.* Et ecce vobis videntibus, postquam illud tibi detexero, ad promissam requiem properabo

[1] Fol. 87.

Trementer ergo sacerdoti timenti *confessa, absolutionis recepta*, quiete se in lecto collegit et *in Domino* feliciter *obdormivit*. . . . .

59. Cum fratres de Nucera plaustrum quoddam a quodam viro mutuo peterent, ille indignatus respondit: Ego potius duos ex vobis cum sancto Francisco excoriarem, quam plaustrum meum vobis accomodarem. Set in se reversus, semetipsum redarguit et blasphemie penituit, ira dei formidans. Moxque filius eius infirmatur et ad extrema deducitur. Qui filium suum defunctum videns in terra volutabatur et flens et sanctum Franciscum invocans dicebat: Ego sum, qui peccavi, me flagellare debuisti. Redde, sancte, iam devote precanti, quem abstulisti impie blasphemanti! Mox filius eius surrexit et planctum prohibens ait: Cum mortuus essem, sanctus Franciscus per quandam viam longam et obscuram me ducens in quodam tandem loco me in viridario pulcherrimo collocavit ac deinde dixit mihi: Revertere ad patrem tuum, nolo te amplius tenere.

T.S. Mir. 7. (B. Mir. II 3.)

59. *Cum fratres de Nuceria peterent quoddam plaustrum* a *quodam viro* Petro nomine, quo aliquantulum indigebant, stulte *respondit* eis dicens: *Ego potius excoriarem duos ex vobis cum sancto Francisco, quam accommodarem vobis plaustrum. Penituit* statim hominem verbum tante *blasfemie* protulisse; et percutiens os suum, misericordiam precabatur. Timebat enim ne ultio sequeretur, ... *Infirmatus est* statim *filius eius* nomine Gapharus, et pauco spatio lapso, spiritum exalavit. . . . . *Volutabatur per humum, et sanctum Franciscum* invocare penitus non cessabat; et *dicebat: Ego sum qui peccavi; me flagellare debuisti. Redde sancte iam* penitenti, *quem abstulisti impie blasfemanti*. . . . . Ad hec verba *surrexit puer; et planctum prohibens*, causam retulit sue mortis: *Cum mortuus essem*, inquid, venit *beatus Franciscus* et *duxit me per viam obscuram et longam* valde. Deinde posuit me *in quodam viridario* tam ameno, tam delectabili, quod totus mundus ei comparari non posset. Reduxit me postea per eandem viam, *et dixit mihi: 'Revertere ad patrem tuum* et matrem tuam. *Nolo* enim *te* hic *amplius* detinere.' . . . .

60. Pauper quidam cuidam domino debebat quandam pecunie quantitatem rogat, ut sancti Francisci amore sibi terminum prolongaret. Cui ille superbo respondens: Tali, inquit, te loco

T.S. Mir. 11. (B. Mir. V 2.)

60. In Massa Sancti Petri *cuidam* militi *debebat pecunie quantitatem pauperculus quidam*. . . . . Misereri sibi orat supplicitter, et dilationem querens *amore sancti Francisci*, ... Nam cer-

recludam, ubi nec Franciscus, nec aliquis poterit te iuvare. Moxque illum vinculatum in carcere obscuro inclusit. Paulo post sanctus Franciscus affuit et fracto carcere ruptisque vinculis hominem incolumem reduxit ad propria.

vicose respondens: *Tali te, ait, loco recludam* et tali retrudam carcere, *ubi nec Franciscus nec alius poterit te iuvare.* Temptavit quod dixit. *Carcerem* adinvenit *obscurum,* in quo hominem *vinculatum coniecit. Paulo post affuit sanctus Franciscus et fracto carcere ruptisque compedibus,* illesum *hominem reduxit ad propria.* . . . .

61. Quidam miles operibus et miraculis sancti Francisci detrahens, cum quadam vice luderet ad taxillos; vesania et incredulitate plenus circumstantibus ait: Si Franciscus est sanctus, ix veniant in taxillis. Mox in eis senarius triplicatus apparuit; et usque ad ix vices quolibet suo iactu ter senos accepit. Set insanium addens insanie ait: Si verum est, quod Franciscus sit sanctus, cadat hodie gladio corpus meum! Si vero sanctus non est, evadam incolumis. Ludo finito, ut eius oratio fieret in pecatum, cum nepoti suo inferret iniuriam, ille gladium arripiens in viscera patrui transfixit, protinus interfecit.

62. Vir quidam crure sic perdito, uti nullatenus[1] se movere posset, sanctum Franciscum talibus vocibus inclamabat: Adiuva me, sancte Francisce, memor devocionis et servitii tui, quod tibi inpendi. Nam in asino meo te portavi; sanctos pedes tuos, manus osculatus fui, et ecce morior doloris huius durissimo cruciatu. Moxque ille sibi apparens cum parvulo baculo, qui tau in se figuram habebat, locum doloris tetigit et fracto apostemate sanitatem protinus recepit et semper

[1] Fol. 87.

T.S. Mir. 7. (B. Mir. X 6.)

62. . . . . *vir quidam* crus perdiderat *sic* ex toto, *ut nullo modo* progredi vel *movere se posset.* Positus itaque in angustia vehementi et auxilio desperatus humano, cepit nocte quadam, ac si presentem cerneret beatum *Franciscum,* talem coram eo assumere materiam querelandi: *Adiuva me, sancte Francisce,* recolens meum *servitium et devotionem tibi impensam. Nam in asino meo te portavi, sanctos pedes tuos et sanctas manus osculatus fui.* Semper tibi devotus, semper be-

signum tau super locum remansit. Hoc signo sanctus Franciscus suas literas consueverat consignare.

nevolus extiti; *et ecce mortis doloris huius durissimo cruciatu*. . . . . Vocatus ab eo venisse se dixit, ferens remedia sanitatis. Tetigit locum doloris *cum baculo parvulo, qui figuram thau in se habebat; et fracto* mox *apostemate*, post consecutam *sanitatem* usque hodie *signum thau super locum remansit. Hoc signo sanctus Franciscus suas consignabat litteras*, ...

63. Cum in castro Pomareto in montanis Apullie quadam patri et matri unica fuisset defuncta et mater sancto Francisco devota nimia tristicia fuisset absorpta, apparuit ei sanctus dicens: Noli flere, quia lucerne tue lumen quod deploras extinctum, mea est tibi intercessione reddendum. Mater igitur sumpta fiducia corpus extinctum, non permisit efferri, set sancti Francisci nomen invocans et mortuam filiam apprehendens eam incolumem allevavit.

T.S. Mir. 7.

63. *In castro Pomarico, in montanis Apulie* posito, *patri et matri unica erat* filia, ... Iacet mater infelix ineffabilibus complete doloribus et *absorta supprema tristitia*, de hiis que fiunt nichil advertit. Interim *sanctus Franciscus*, uno tantum sotio comitatus, *visitat* desolatum et placitis affatur colloquiis: *Noli flere*, inquid, *nam lucerne tue* penitus iam *extincte lumen* ecce restituam. Surgit extimplo mulier; et que sibi dixerat sanctus Franciscus omnibus manifestans, *non permisit extinctum corpus* alibi deportari. Et conversa mater ad filiam, *invocans sancti nomen, eam vivam et incolumem allevavit*.

64. In urbe Roma, cum puer parvulus de fenestra palacii cecidisset et penitus expirasset, beatus Franciscus invocatur et vite protinus restituitur.

65. In civitate Suessa, cum quedam domus corruens quendam invenem extraxisset et cadaver iam in lecto posuisset ad sepeliendum, mater beatum Franciscum tota devotione, qua poterat, invocabat. Ecce circa mediam noctem puer oscitavit et sanus surrexit et in laudis verba prorupit.

T.S. Mir. 7.
(B. Mir. II 6.)

65. *Incivitate Suessa* . . . . *quandam* domum diruit et subverlit, etc. . . . . Sicque ponentes *cadaver* in lecto, cum nox esset, ad sepeliendum eum diem crastinum expectabant. *Circa* vero *mediam noctem* cepit iuvenis oscitare et, calescentibus membris, antequam illucesceret dies, totus revixit *et in laudis verba prorupit*. . . . .

66. Frater Jacobus Reatinus, cum in navicula parva fluvium quendam cum fratribus transisset et sociis iam super ripam positis postremo se ad exitum prepararet, revoluta nave ipse in profundum fluminis est dimersus. Fratribus igitur pro liberatione submersi beatum Franciscum invocantibus, ipso etiam corde, ut poterat, beati Francisci auxilium inplorante ecce dictus frater per profundum sicut per aridam ambulabat et demersam naviculam capiens cum ea pervenit ad litus. Vestimenta autem eius madida non sunt nec aque gutta proximavit ad tunicam.

T.S. Mir. 10. (B. Mir. IV 3).

66. *Frater Iacobus Reatinus, cum navicula* residens vellet *fluvium* transvadare, *sotiis primo positis super ripam, postremo se ad exitum preparabat.* Sed modica illa navis, rate per infortunium *revoluta,* rectore natante, frater *submersus est in profundum.* Invocabant fratres extra positi affectuosis vocibus beatum Franciscum et, ut filio succurreret, lacrimosis precibus compellebant. Submersus etiam frater, de ventre gurgitis nimis immensi, cum ore non posset, corde clamabat, ut poterat. Et *ecce,* auxiliante sibi patris presentia, *per profundum sicut per aridam ambulabat; et demersam naviculam capiens, cum ea pervenit ad litus.* Mirabile dictu. *Vestimenta eius madidata non sunt, nec aque gucta proximavit ad tunicam.*

The question at once arises, what is the literary value of this document? To me, it seems to prove almost beyond a doubt, that the view, already propounded, in my critical introduction to the Franciscan texts of Thomas of Celano and recapitulated at the commencement of this paper, is absolutely correct. To my mind we have here evidence of the most important kind. Let us examine it in detail.

The original of this work is without doubt a production of the thirteenth century, and was doubtless written either just before, or soon after the terrible Council of Paris, or possibly a little later, at the request of Jacobus de Voragine, by someone well versed in Franciscan affairs.

There can be little or no doubt that the work is taken almost entirely either from Thomas of Celano's

own works or Bonaventura's version of them. I do not think, however, that the author of this MS. made much use of the writings of Bonaventura, for when we remember that Bonaventura's work was practically gathered from the 'Legenda' of Thomas of Celano, and that he did not hesitate to quote from the latter, in most cases verbatim, we are not surprised to find a great similarity between the work of Bonaventura and the 'Legenda Anonyma;' nor does it take the careful reader long to discover that the similarity is always greatest when the quotation in this MS. is clearly taken from the works of Celano.

In other words, to all intents and purposes, though the Bonaventuran text may have influenced the writer of the 'Legenda Anonyma,' yet the real basis being that of Celano, the work of Bonaventura need hardly be considered in this relationship.

The dissimilarities of this work both from the 'Speculum Perfectionis' and the 'Tres Socii' are too great for it to be possible for us to suppose that there was ever any real connection between their writers and the author of the 'Legenda Anonyma.'

Thus we are left with only the works of Celano to compare with the new MS. It seems to me necessary as a further precaution to eliminate the 'Miracles.' Let us suggest for a moment that the 'Miracles' constituted a separate work and that the 'Legenda Antiqua' and the first half of the 'Tractatus Secundus' are the same. Now, if they *are* the same, then we shall of course expect to find not only that the first half of the MS. in question, which for the most part does not contain extracts from the 'Miracles,' absolutely agrees with these

two books, but also that the 'Legenda Anonyma,' being an extract from the works of Celano, will after eliminating the 'Miracles' either be drawn from the 'Legenda Gregorii,' or will contain passages that appear both in the 'Legenda Antiqua' and also in the first part of the 'Tractatus Secundus.'

If on the other hand this does not prove to be the case, and there are passages in the 'Legenda Anonyma' which are *not* found in the 'Legenda Antiqua' and yet *are* found in the 'Tractatus Secundus,' or that there *are* extracts from the 'Legenda Antiqua' which are *not* found in the 'Tractatus Secundus,' then we shall be forced to the conclusion that the writer of the 'Legenda Anonyma' was in possession of both documents. This is just what does occur.

The further we examine the work in question the more evident does it become that the compiler was acquainted not only with all the works of Celano (I mean the three texts, the 'Legenda Gregorii,' the 'Legenda Antiqua,' and the 'Tractatus Secundus,' together with the 'Miracula'), but also with Bonaventura's version of them. If it be asked, Who could that author be? There are few names that it would be more reasonable to suggest than that of Bernard de Bessa, through whose hands must have passed the Celano MSS. and who probably took no small share in assisting his employer, St. Bonaventura, to compile his work. I have, however, asked myself, Could this be the missing work of Giovanni di Ciperano? The former, however, seems the more probable author.

"Mais revenons à nos moutons." I have made a

careful comparison between the text of the 'Legenda Anonyma' and those of the writings of Thomas of Celano, the 'Speculum Perfectionis,' the 'Tres Socii,' and the 'Legend of Bonaventura.' The time at my disposal, however, has been too short for me to have been able to make anything like an exhaustive comparison, but the results obtained are sufficiently clear for us to be able to form certain definite conclusions.

Comparative Table.

Section.	'Legenda Gregorii.'	'Legenda Antiqua.'	'Tractatus Secundus.'	'Tres Socii.'	'Speculum Perfectionis.'	Bonaventura.
Introd.		I A. 7, 1	A. 8, 1			
1		I A. 1	A. 1			
2		I A.	A. 1	4–		
3		I A. 3	A. 2	10–		I 6–
4		I A. 4 *	A. 3	11–, 12–		
5		I A. 4	A. 3			I 5
6		I A. 5	A. 5	13–, 14–		II 1–
7	A. 5			16, 20–		II 1–
8		I A. 6 *	A. 7			
9		I A. 6	A. 7	23–		
10				25–		III 1–
11	A. 8					II 5–
12	A. 11, A. 13					
13	A. 14					
14		I A 10	A. 11	52–, 53–		
15		II A. 1 *	A. 19		102–	XI 10–
16		II A. 3	A. 22			XI 8–
17		II A. 7	A. 27			XI 6–
18		II A. 21 *				VII 12+
19		II A. 16 *	A. 32			
20		III C. 1	A. 45		20	
21		III K. *	A. 65		17	
22		III K. 1	A. 66			
23		III K. 9	A. 78			VII 6+
24		III M. 6	A. 89			VI 9–
25		III M. 7	A. 90			

Section.	'Legenda Gregorii.'	'Legenda Antiqua.'	'Tractatus Secundus.'	'Tres Socii.'	'Speculum Perfectionis.'	Bonaventura.
26		III O. 1 *	A. 97 °			V 4 –
27		III P.	A. 99			
28		III P. 2	A.102			
29		III P. 2 *	A. 101 °			VI 6
30	B. 3 –					XIII 3 –
31			Mir. 2			Mir. I 6 –
32			Mir. 2			
33		III T. 7 *	A. 124		43	
34		?	?	?	?	
35		III Y. 6	Mir. 4			
36		III Y.	A. 139			
37		?	?	?	?	
38		III A. 87	A. 86			IV 9 +
39		III Y. 1 *	Mir. 3		115 –	V {8, 9}
40			Mir. 3			V 10
41	A. 20					VI 1 +
42		III U.	A. 126		39	VI 4
43		III U. 3	A. 129			VI 11 +
44						VIII 9 +
45	?	?	?		?	?
46			Mir. 4			
47			Mir. 4			XII 4 +
48		III E. 3	A. 53			VII 5 –
49		II A. 18	A. 37			XI 9
50		II A. 19	A. 38			
51		III G. 6	A. 63			
52		III DD. 3	A. 160			
53		III DD. 4	A. 161			
54		III HH.	A. 171		88 –	XIV {4 –, 5 +}
55		III HH.	A. 172			
56	B. 8		A. 172			XIV 6 –
57		III HH. 1 *				XIV 6 +
58			Mir. 7			Mir. II 1 –
59			Mir. 7			Mir. II 3 –
60			Mir. 11			Mir. V 2 –
61	?	?	?	?	?	?
62			Mir. 7			Mir. X 6 –
63			Mir. 7			
64	?	?		?	?	
65			Mir. 7			Mir. II 6 +
66			Mir. 10 –			Mir. IV 3 +

NOTE.—* indicates that the passage in the 'Legenda Anonyma' is at any point of difference more like the 'Legenda Antiqua.'

° indicates that the passage in the 'Legenda Anonyma' is at any point of difference more like the 'Tractatus Secundus.'

+ indicates that there is a strong resemblance between the passage and the corresponding paragraph in the 'Legenda Anonyma.'

– indicates that there is only a general resemblance between the passage and the corresponding paragraph in the 'Legenda Anonyma.'

From even a cursory study of the foregoing table it will become evident that for all practical purposes neither the 'Tres Socii' nor the 'Speculum Perfectionis' have anything to offer us. As might be expected, in certain cases they cover some of the same ground, but the language is not the same, except at one point, section 33, where, however, it will be seen that the real version followed is that of the 'Legenda Antiqua.' We have thus limited our studies to the three works of Celano and that of St. Bonaventura. On further examination there appears to be only one passage for which the 'Legenda Anonyma' is indebted to Bonaventura, but even that passage is not of such a character as to make anyone willing to assert that it must have been taken from this author alone. I frankly admit, however, that there are many passages which, without being in any way copies of Bonaventura's work, give me the impression that the compiler was so familiar with those writings as to fall into the Bonaventuran style, which adds force to the argument in favour of holding Bernard de Bessa as the author.

We thus have left only the works of Thomas of Celano, which are without a moment's doubt the principal source from which this interesting work has been drawn.

We now ask, What does our analysis of the 66 paragraphs of this anonymous work tend to show?

Six of the paragraphs are extracts from the 'Legenda Gregorii,' that is to say paragraphs 7, 11, 12, 13, 41 and 56.

Thirty-four paragraphs are found both in the

'Legenda Antiqua' and the 'Tractatus Secundus,' and on examining these still more critically it would seem that there are twelve passages in those paragraphs which point to the influence of the 'Legenda Antiqua' and three which seem to be drawn especially from the 'Tractatus Secundus,' thus leading the student to feel that the compiler of the work was at least in possession of the 'Legenda Antiqua' as we know it. But we have stronger proof. There are certainly two paragraphs, viz., 18 and 57, which do not occur at all in the 'Tractatus Secundus,' and if we decide to treat the 'Miracula' as a separate work, there are two further similar passages in paragraphs 35 and 39.

Turning to the other side of the question we recognise at once that apart from the differences in favour of the 'Tractatus Secundus' already mentioned there is one paragraph, 56, which does not occur in the 'Legenda Antiqua,' but is found only in the 'Legenda Gregorii' and the 'Tractatus Secundus.' I do not know to which we are to attribute the passage, but the strong influence of the 'Tractatus Secundus' is seen in the numerous extracts from the 'Miracula.' Paragraphs 31, 32, 40, 46, 47, 50, 59, 60, 62, 63, 65, and 66, twelve passages, are obviously taken direct from the 'Tractatus Secundus.'

Without, therefore, waiting to identify further passages, we have before us a document of the highest literary value, the work of a composer of the later part of the thirteenth century, who gives a life of St. Francis in as concise a form as possible. To do this he evidently quotes from documents

which are now well known to us, and we are able to show that his quotations are real quotations, and not only the gist of what the earlier writers have said put into his own language.

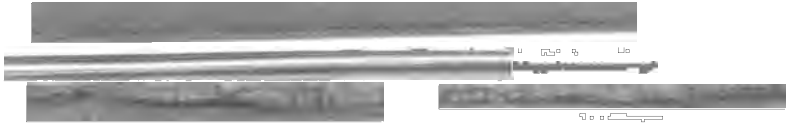
The writer of the 'Vita Anonyma' has given us a work copied almost exclusively from three writings of Thomas of Celano—the 'Legenda Gregorii,' from which he quotes six times, and, excluding the doubtful paragraph 56, there are no fewer than fifty-one quotations from the remaining two works, viz. the 'Legenda Antiqua' and the 'Tractatus Secundus.' Of these fifty-one, at least two are found *only* in the 'Legenda Antiqua,' and twelve others are taken exclusively from the 'Tractatus Secundus.' In other words, all three works are quoted in such a way as to prove without any serious question that these three works were all independent of each other and all known to the writer of the 'Vita Anonyma.'

I need hardly say what a comfort it is to me to have been able to bring this corroborative evidence to bear on the bold departure that I took in renaming the works of Thomas of Celano in the recent work which I have seen through the press.

The obligation to give to each work the title which is accorded it by the contemporary writers was forced home upon me as soon as I went deeply enough into the subject; but to venture to upset the accepted view of any matter has always been fraught with difficulties, and in this case the large number of quotations in the old style used by innumerable writers made me dread to complicate their references by a new style. Still Truth and Fact were

the more important considerations. It was not, however, till after submitting the proofs of my Critical Introduction to such men as Dr. Collins (Bishop of Gibraltar), Professor Little, and the President of the Society of Franciscan Studies in this country, that I dared to make the necessary correction in the nomenclature of the texts produced; but the 'Vita Anonyma,' which I have the honour of bringing to the notice of men of letters for the first time to-night, through the medium of this Royal Society, is at least to me, and I trust it will be to you, more than a vindication of the somewhat difficult position that I was forced to take up in editing the works of Thomas of Celano.

Here we must leave the subject for the present; but only for the present, for I feel convinced that scholars will now be disposed to consider the whole question of this literature, in an even more truly historical and critical spirit than has been the case in the past. May they elucidate more and more, for there is nothing that the disciples of the Little Brother of Assisi, the man of Simplicity and Truth, would wish for more sincerely than to be able to get at the real Saint, more saintly for being human, more charming and inspiring for the absence of the hiding veil of tradition which has tended to obscure him from us in the past.



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